PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1978 $2.00

IDI AMIN: AMBASSADOR BREAKS SILENCE ON AFRICA'S ABOMINABLE BLACKMAN

STEVEN SPIELBERG: EXCLUSIVE ENCOUNTER OF THE BEST KIND

THE INFLATIONISTS: BLEEDING AMERICA DRY

RACHEL ENGLISH (HER REAL NAME): MY FIRST 500 MEN

SENATOR ABOUREZK: THE ISRAELI PROPAGANDA MACHINE

Austria 68 S
Belgium 109 BF
Denmark 20.00 DKr
Finland 11.80 FM
France 15.00 FrF
Germany 9.00 DM
Greece 160 Dr
Holland 7.50 Hfl
Italy 2800 L
Japan 980 Y

How to make a good drink great.

Make any drink with Seagram's 7 and make it a great one. For a smooth, refreshing 7 & Cola, pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass. Fill with cola and garnish with lime.

Seagram's 7 Crown

Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

ANNOUNCING THE END OF THE EITHER/OR ERA IN CAR STEREO!

Up to now, car stereo has been something of an either/or situation. Either you got plenty of power. Like a whopping 20 watts. Or sensitive controls. Like dual-gate MOS/FET. Either maximum stereo separation. Or minimum distortion. A local-distant switch or a mono-stereo switch.

But the time has come for something revolutionary in car stereo. The and. 20 watts of power per channel and separate bass and treble controls and dual-gate MOS/FET and a phase-locked-loop multiplex demodulator and automatic fine tuning and dual ceramic filters and integrated circuitry and a local-distant switch and a mono-stereo switch and even more, all in one. In The SuperPowers. The CAS-600 in-dash cassette AM/FM stereo (below right). Or the TPB 4000 in-dash 8-track AM/FM stereo (below left).

If you're tired of hearing either this or that, drive over to your Audiovox dealer for a test-listen. You'll find the sum of the parts sounds a lot better than just some of the parts.

THE SUPERPOWERS BY AUDIOVOX®

We build stereo for the road. We have to build it better.

© 1977 Audiovox Corporation, Hauppauge, NY 11787

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out — yet the wild must win in the end." Robert Service
Soft-spoken and smooth, its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks, or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.
The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.
Yukon Jack®
100 Proof Imported Liqueur
made with Blended Canadian Whisky.
Yukon Jack 80 and 100 Proof. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. *©1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/February 1978
Worldwide sale: 5,350,000*

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: JAMES GOODE
ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT: JACK H. SILVERMAN
SECRETARY-TREASURER: ANTHONY J. GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER		Photo by Stan Malinowski	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	23
FEEDBACK	Opinion		30
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Robert S. Wieder	35
SCENES		Robert Stephen Spitz	36
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	38
WORDS		Nick Tosches	40
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	41
CARTERGATE IV:		Introduction by Craig S. Karpel	
THE INFLATIONISTS	Article	Profiles by James Davidson	44
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE	Pictorial	Photos by W Shaw	52
IDI AMIN HITLER	Article	Thomas and Margaret Melady	62
MY FIRST 500	Humor	Rachel English	68
STORM WARNING	Pet of the Month	Photos by Earl Miller	75
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service		88
THE RELENTLESS ISRAELI PROPAGANDA MACHINE	Essay	Sen. James Abourezk	90
WILD IRISH ROSE	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	92
STEVEN SPIELBERG	Interview	Herbert Margolis and Craig Modderno	100
WOMEN IN LOVE	Pictorial	Photos by Gajda	110
THE LATEST SKIN GAME	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	124
DATSUN: COMPACT CLASSIC	Service	Joe Kelleher	128
COUPLES: FOREIGN AFFAIR	Survey		131
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	160

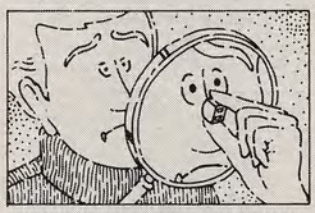
PENTHOUSE, 1978, U.S. Volume 9, Number 6. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp. and distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by the Conde Nast Publications Ltd., Circulation Division, Belmont Road, London W4 5UJ. Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd. 1978. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to *Penthouse* or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$20.00 one year; Canada and elsewhere — $26.00 one year. Single copies $2.00 in U.S., Canada, and AFO ($2.50 December and January issues). Address changes, etc., to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.
Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *West Coast:* Penthouse International Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, California 90067; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331 — Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York © August 12, 1969 Penthouse International Ltd.
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

When in reality what they should be complaining about is their tapes.

Because the fact is, a lot of the problems that plague tape recorders can be attributed to bad tape.



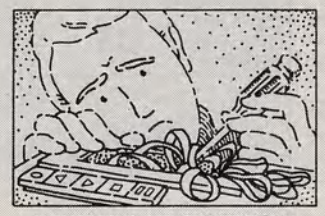
HEAD WEAR IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

If you have to clean your tape heads more than usual, for example, it could be your tape doesn't have a special nonabrasive head cleaner.

Maxell has one.

If your recorder jams, it can be any number of things. Maxell does something to prevent all of them.

We make our cassette shells of high impact polystyrene. And then so they won't crack



JAMMING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

even after years of use, we finish them to tolerances as much as 60% higher than industry standards.

Inside, we use free rolling Delrin rollers so the tape doesn't stick.

And finally, we screw instead of weld everything together because screws make for stronger cassettes.

If your recorder frequently suffers lapses in sound, it could be the tape is of inferior quality. And nobody's bothered testing the tape for dropouts before it leaves the factory.

DROPOUTS ARE CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR ARE THEY?

Maxell tape is made of only the finest polyesters. And then every

POOR TRACKING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

step of the way it's checked for even the slightest inconsistencies.

So if you're having problems with your recorder, try a Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape.

You might find there's really nothing wrong with your tape recorder, just with your tape.

MAXELL. THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

RACHEL ENGLISH

CRAIG KARPEL

MARGOLIS/SPIELBERG/MODDERNO

Earl Miller

JAMES DAVIDSON

THOMAS & MARGARET MELADY

HOUSECALL

Inflation affects society like a cancer—festering and spreading until its victim dies. In this case the victim is you, and inflationitis is the malignant economic climate in which you live.

As part of our continuing Cartergate series, *Penthouse* takes a hard look into both the nature of the disease and its perpetrators. "Inflation doesn't just happen; someone is *making* it happen," says series author **Craig S. Karpel** in his introduction to "The Inflationists" (page 44). Free-lance writer **James Davidson** then presents portraits of five inflationists—an international banker, a soft-drinks executive, a municipal labor leader, an oil company president, and the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—who have dedicated themselves and the full powers of their respective fiefdoms to making *your* money worthless. If you are making a yearly income of $17,763 today, the amount of money that the inflationists will have taken from you by the time you retire at age sixty-five is $299,985.16. James Davidson is a regular contributor to *Penthouse* and the author of *An Eccentric Guide to the United States* (Berkeley). His articles have appeared in *Playboy,* the *Wall Street Journal,* and the *Washington Post.*

Yet another cabal, united by youth, talent, and enormous commercial success, is forming in Hollywood, and Steven Spielberg appears to be its leader. Spielberg, thirty, is one of the industry's hottest directors, sharing the prodigy status with such equally gifted friends as Martin Scorsese, Brian de Palma, and George Lucas. Spielberg's third major motion picture, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind,* is having the same kind of early box-office response as his blockbuster *Jaws* had, making him one of the most successful directors in history. In this exclusive interview (page 100) with West Coast Editor **Herb Margolis** and Assistant Editor **Craig Modderno**, Spielberg reveals his own feelings about his success, his films, and the UFO phenomenon, and explains why he believes that *Close Encounters* will lead experts and laymen alike to the inescapable conclusion that "we are not alone."

Editor Margolis has had his own "close encounters" with the film industry. He has created and brought to fruition a number of successful projects for movies and television and currently serves as a senior vice-president at Penthouse Films International. Modderno has been a free-lancer for *Rolling Stone* and a staff member of the *Oakland Tribune.*

Since 1971, when Idi Amin Dada seized the reins of power in Uganda, he has turned this African republic into a chamber of horrors by slaughtering more than 150,000 people. The analogies with Hitler's Germany are terrifyingly exact, and Amin, once dismissed as a mere comic figure, sadist, and madman, is finding a place in history for his regime, which rivals in its tortures and genocide the Third Reich. The last U.S. ambassador to Uganda, **Thomas Melady,** and his wife, **Margaret,** were witnesses to this African tragedy—the savage tortures, bloodlettings, castrations, mass executions, and disappearances that decimated all strata of Ugandan society, leaving no one safe from Amin's bloodlust. Their long-awaited chronicle of this modern-day Hitler (page 62) calls for action in a world that is tragically and historically content to sit back and watch.

Israel has long enjoyed a special relationship of sorts with the American government, but Sen. **James Abourezk** of South Dakota takes an apostate's view of Washington's seeming partiality in "The Rentless Israeli Propaganda Machine," this month's "Advise and Dissent" (page 90). It's Abourezk's opinion that Israel's American lobby is enlisting support for the Israeli side in a manner that may well jeopardize the best interests of the United States.

Abourezk is not one of your typical everyday senators. He has been an engineer, a bartender, a rancher, a nightclub owner, a used-car salesman, a surveyor, and a blackjack dealer. Of late, he has been dealing blows on the floor of the Senate—his most recent victory being a filibuster that he and Sen. Howard M. Metzenbaum of Ohio managed to keep going throughout the night against attempts to end federal price regulation of natural gas. But no matter what the issue, this maverick senator remains his own man.

Now if the armies of Cairo and Tel Aviv had the likes of **Rachel English** on their side, no one would have time for war. In this excerpt (page 68) from her first novel, *My First 500* (Dell), the lusty Miss English takes you stroke by stroke through her Olympian sexual past—from number One, a determined fellow Englishman who reveals a curious tongue in the backseat of his car, to number Five hundred, her babysitter's boyfriend, with whom she romps in her husband's bed. Please note that this is Rachel English's *first* 500. We can but guess at the second.

Rachel English was born in England but migrated to California at a tender age. She currently makes her home there in the company of "two beautiful children, eighteen Great Danes, two cats, one pet rat, two pet mice, one turtle, one parakeet, three white doves, one bunny rabbit, one chicken, one hermit crab, a handful of lizards, and four boa constrictors."

We trust that along with the ovarian odyssey of Rachel English and the uncompromising beauty of our Pets, there will be enough spirit and passion herein to incite a heat wave on even the coldest of winter nights.

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL

Lower in tar than all the Lights. Only 7 mg. tar.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's
The great taste of fine Pall Mall tobaccos.
Not too strong, not too light.
Not too long. Tastes just right.

PALL MALL RED
with a filter.
America's best-tasting king-size cigarette...
made to taste even milder with a filter.

PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
The low tar with the taste that could only come from Pall Mall.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pall Mall 100's . . . . . 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Pall Mall Filter King . . . 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

Not bad for one evening.

Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a vodka and soda, try white rum and soda next time. You'll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. H-2, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

© 1977 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION
Bob Guccione *(chairman and president)*
Irwin E. Billman *(executive vice-president)*
Kathy Keeton *(senior vice-president)*
Jack H. Silverman *(senior vice-president)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*

EDITORIAL
Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Editorial Director:* James Goode; *Managing Editor:* Heidi Handman; *Senior Editors:* Peter Bloch, Robert Hofler, Gerard van der Leun; *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Fiction Editor:* Paul Bresnick; *Fashion Editor:* Ed Emmerling; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Service Editor:* Gwenn Lewis Norman; *Assistant Editors:* Cynthia Convery, Aileen Gorschman, Laurie Lister, Kay Shaw, Scott Thomas; *Senior Copy Editor:* Michael Schrader; *Associate Copy Editor:* David Grambs; *Research Editor:* Susan Bidel; *Editorial Assistant:* Lean da Costa; *Contributing Editors:* Kingsley Amis, Art Ford, Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Henry Morgan, Frederick Mullally, Edward Sorel, Nicholas von Hoffman; *Director Book Society:* J. Winston; *West Coast Editor:* Herbert Margolis; *Associate Editor:* Toni Biggs

ART
VP/Art Director: Joe Brooks; *Associate Art Director:* Frank DeVino; *Designers:* Richard Aloisio, Wendy Talve; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Stan Malinowski, Pat Hill; *Photo Editor:* Elizabeth Biondi

ADMINISTRATIVE
Associate Publisher: Kathy Keeton; *VP/Advertising Director,* Marianne Howatson; *VP/Advertising Administration,* Woody Katsoff; *VP/Promotion Director,* Alma Moore; *VP/Administrative Services,* Jeri Winston; *VP/Circulation Director,* Tom Montemarano; *VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *VP/Corporate Counsel:* Gerald Adler; *Associate Advertising Director,* Jay Remer; *Midwest Advertising Manager,* Norman Kamikow; *Circulation Managers,* Richard Fogel, Robert Castardi; *Controller,* John Holland; *Advertising Production Director,* Toni Wagner; *Research Director:* Carole Rossant

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York (Kathy Keeton): Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *West Coast:* Penthouse Intl., Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067, Tel. (213) 277-7125. *U.K. & Europe* (Peter Goldsmith): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England, Tel. 01-262-0331, Telex no. 919865

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 8737 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 652-8070. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

Penthouse Publications Ltd.
(U.K. & European editions)
Directors: Bob Guccione *(Chairman)*, Gerard van der Leun *(Managing)*, Joe Brooks, Kathy Keeton.
Editorial: *Executive Editor:* Neville Player; *Art Director:* David K. Jones; *Production Editor,* Harriet Blaney; *Contributing Editors,* Kingsley Amis, John Blunsden, Frederick Mullally.
Administrative: *Advertising Director,* Peter Goldsmith; *Director of Public Relations,* Molly McKellar; *Circulation Director,* Jim Burns; *Assistant Circulation Director,* J. Phillips; *Accounts Manager,* J. Herbing.

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin:* Hans Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Herzlia Pitua:* Leonard Stone, 46 David Hamelech St., Herzlia Pitua, Israel. *Rio de Janeiro:* Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest:* Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb:* Cedomir Komljenovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia

FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Peep show

I thought that I'd write and tell about something that happened to a couple of friends and me while we were attending a large western university. This particular university was very religiously strict; so our sex lives were almost killed. My two friends lived on campus, but luckily I had secured an apartment in the basement of a house close by. It was the only place we could watch TV and read the latest edition of *Penthouse*.

One weekend, when my friend and I left for a sojourn on the ski slopes, we left the keys for my place to a friend, whom I'll call Pete. He told us of a girl he had met on campus and was taking to a local dance. He needed a place to take her and try to break his imposed sex fast. We skeptically left, and when we returned a few days later, we found him all smiles. The story he had for us could have come from your pages. Hiding our hard-ons, we told him not to put us on. He then made a bet with us, and we set up a plan for the following weekend.

He invited this girl over to watch TV. When they both arrived, I and my other friend informed them that we found TV a drag; so we were going out for coffee. No sooner had we left than we ran to the window. The curtains had been arranged earlier and the TV left on for light. The show had already begun. After taking off her shirt, she stood up and very slowly undressed for him (and us). Then she pulled him up and stripped him slowly. By this time we were hard, and so was he. We could see her take his shorts off last, and to her pleasure and our surprise, out popped a ten-inch cock. It was so big around that she couldn't get her hand around it; she had better luck with her mouth, swallowing a good part of its length and stroking his huge balls and what she couldn't fit in her mouth. She was so talented that it almost brought me off just watching. Then they settled into a very good sixty-nine position about five feet from us. This was the first acknowledgement he gave us. From between her wet and swollen pussy lips he smiled, waved, and mouthed the words, "I won." I didn't even care, and what followed was one of the best fuck sessions I have ever witnessed, or been a part of.

Finally, when he started to come, she climbed off and told him to fuck her between her huge tits, and for the finale he dumped his load between her knockers, up her neck, and all over her face. When she finished licking the drops off his dick, she lifted each breast and licked off what come she could reach. Then with her fingers she gathered every drop and savored it as if it were honey.

After allowing them about ten more minutes, we strolled in. They all went home, and I finally got to masturbate. I'm happy to report that a few weeks later I got my turn with her.

Oh, the pleasures of a basement apartment!—*D.H., Harbor City, Calif.*

Female dominant

Several of your letters concerning female domination have encouraged me to share with your readers my relationship with my wife. Neither one of us is into pain or heavy degradation. We have (or should I say she has), however, found an exceptionally stimulating method of satisfying my submissive streak while making the household easier to maintain.

Although she is generally responsive to my sexual overtures, she occasionally has an exhausting day at work and is in no mood for either a sexual workout or housework. So she elects to handle the evening's activities as follows.

First, she makes it quite clear that she is tired and is in no mood to do anything but be catered to. This statement, which usually follows several glasses of good sherry, is all I need to start feeling the submissive pangs of my own sexuality. As soon as the warm glow of the wine appears in my eyes, she instructs me to remove all of my clothes and stand in front of her as she reclines on the couch. I am then told to entertain her by playing with my prick until it gets good and hard. Once the tempo of my hand play becomes more rapid, she demands that I stop playing with myself and forbids me to touch my prick without her express permission. By now I have completely surrendered to my submissiveness and am willing to follow her instructions to the letter.

Before I start my housework, I must first get her a pillow, a copy of the latest *Viva*, a fresh glass of wine, and anything that she may want to eat. Then, as she reclines comfortably in her most elegant full-length nightgown, she quite simply states, "This house is an absolute mess, and you're going to clean it. You'd better start with the dinner dishes. Don't forget to clean the sink when you're done." This kind of directive gives me a rock-hard erection, which she casually looks at. She laughs irreverently and says that I must return to her as soon as the kitchen chores are done.

When this job is completed, I again ask her for permission to jerk off. She informs

RABBIT. THE #1 SELLING IMPORT IN JAPAN.

The Japanese obviously know a good thing when they see one.

And so more people in Japan are buying Volkswagen Rabbits than any other imported car.

Fascinating. But not astonishing.

The Rabbit has more total room than any Japanese car in its class.

The Rabbit hops from 0 to 50 mph in 8.3 seconds.

Most Japanese cars don't.

If you're interested in superior handling and maneuverability, you'll get them in a Rabbit, because the Rabbit has front-wheel drive.

Most Japanese cars don't.

If you're interested in economy, a VW Rabbit with a diesel engine got the highest mileage of any car in America for 1978: 53mpg on the highway, 40mpg in the city.

The gasoline Rabbit is no slouch, either, with 38mpg on the highway, 25mpg in the city. (EPA estimates, with standard transmission. Your own mileage may vary, depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment.)

In short, the Rabbit delivers precisely what thoughtful people anywhere want in a car: performance, room, handling, economy.

So next time you have a yen for a terrific sukiyaki dinner, drive to the restaurant in a Rabbit. And enjoy the best of both worlds.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

me that my evening of servitude is just beginning, but I can ask again after the bathroom has been entirely cleaned. As I'm obediently heading for the bathroom, she offhandedly adds, "While you're in there, do all the laundry." By now, to her amusement, my prick is perpetually hard, my balls are aching, and I am completely in her control. She occasionally will come into the bathroom to make sure that I am doing a satisfactory job.

Once the bathroom and laundry have been done, I must attend to her wishes in the living room. She will telephone a friend and just talk and laugh while I'm standing with a hard-on right in front of her, ironing the clothes that she will need for the next day. (She has on occasion tied a piece of string around my balls and held the other end so that she can give a sharp tug if she is displeased with the way I am ironing her panties. She doesn't like to be disturbed while she is on the phone.) After the ironing is done, I am required to remain in the living room, dust, paint her nails, brush her hair, and do anything else she might require of a personal servant.

By now I am trembling with desire and would do or say absolutely anything to jerk off. This situation is one she excels at taking advantage of. With the housework now done and the laundry and ironing finished, she rolls over and tells me to eat her. Within minutes she has an earthshaking orgasm. After sucking all the juices from her, I must give her a genital sponge bath, followed by a powder rub and a tall, cool glass of wine.

By now I am literally at the point of tears and am shaking uncontrollably. I am told to kneel directly in front of her and *slowly* jerk off. My climax fluids that flow from my prick I must wipe off with a finger and eat. She now tells me that she wants to hear some genuine, sincere begging. She generally makes me promise to do something for her before I'm allowed to climax. Her favorite demand is to make me promise that the following day, whenever she wants me to, I must at her command pull down my pants and jerk off for her. (She never forgets a promise.)

For any of your readers who might feel this kind of relationship odd, remember that no one gets hurt, the wife gets a welcome respite from housework, and both partners have satisfying orgasms. You women should see if your lovers or husbands are receptive to this. Once they try it for the first time, you may find that you both love something that makes housework fun.—*Name and address withheld*

Let us know whether you make house calls. We know of a lot of people who would be interested!

Would-be incubus

Before Jean and I got married, we both lived with her best friend, Sue. Jean has a pretty nice body, and I must say that she is also great in bed. But Sue has a body so perfect that it's too good to be true.

She has light brown hair and a figure like a model's. She never wears a bra, and when she walks, her firm, well-rounded tits bounce very nicely and her erect nipples point upward. Seeing her is an intense turn-on for me. When she wasn't wearing tight pants that subtly revealed her sweet pussy and the crack of her ass, she was parading around the apartment in a pair of tights that snapped at the crotch.

One night, after Jean had gone to bed early, I was up watching TV and smoking a joint when Sue came home looking half loaded. She said hello and then disappeared into the bedroom. About ten minutes later she returned to the living room, with a pillow in her hand. She was wearing those enticing black tights. She lay down on the couch with her legs spread so wide that I could see her entire crotch; the tights were pushed up into her cunt, and her pubic hair was peeking out the sides. I had a first-hand look because I was sitting on the end of the couch that she was lying on. As we talked, I just couldn't keep my eyes off her crotch and proceeded to grow an enormous hard-on.

Soon she fell asleep, and I became increasingly horny. I felt that I had to come, and the thought of seducing her crossed my mind. She usually sleeps pretty soundly; so I daringly decided to look straight into her pussy and get myself off. I leaned over and sniffed her sweet aroma with my nose only a quarter of an inch from her cunt, meanwhile jerking off my throbbing cock. I decided to go one step further: very slowly and carefully I unsnapped her crotch strap and uncovered the most dynamite pussy and ass hole that I have ever seen. By now I was about to shoot my load any second; so I positioned myself between her legs and started to pump like crazy. As soon as I was ready, I noticed that there was some juice oozing out of her pussy and all of a sudden she exclaimed, "Please stick it in me quick!" Though I was surprised, embarrassed, and scared all at the same time, I did just what she told me. My cock sank into her to the hilt, and my index finger went up her ass hole, and my tongue went down her throat.

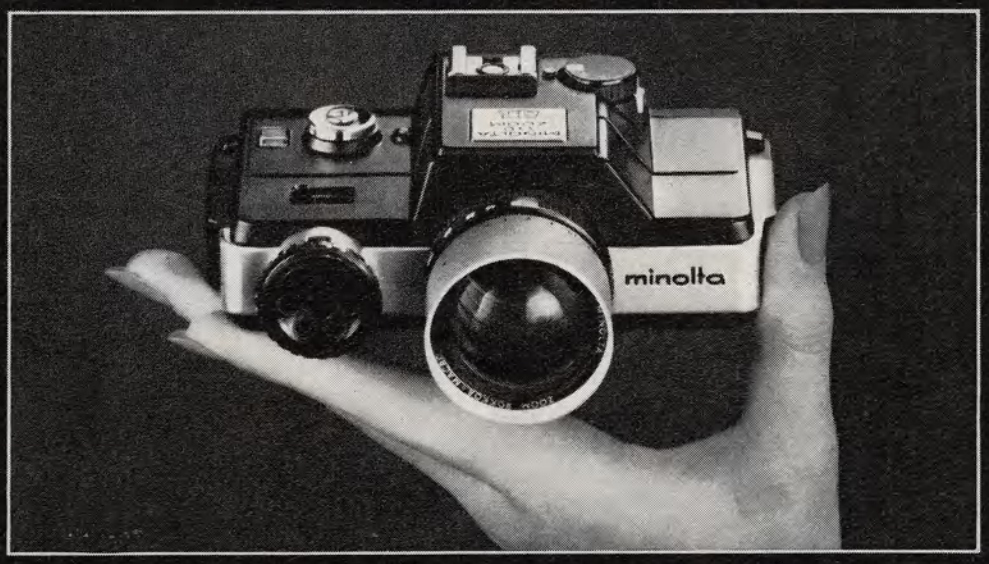
I was thrusting my cock in her with such force that my balls were banging against her wet ass and making an exciting kind of slapping noise. She began to moan and dig her nails in my ass cheeks, and I knew that she was coming along with me. Suddenly, my come filled her hot, juicy pussy, sending shivers up and down my spine.

Then I just lay there, still inside her, kissing and fondling her breasts. But we did a foolish thing: we fell asleep in each other's arms, with my soft cock in her. Luckily for us, I woke up around 6:00 A.M., an hour before Jean got up.

Since then Sue and I have had a few sessions, including a couple of all nighters at a local motel. She now lives by herself and is due to come home for two weeks around Christmas. I know by our phone

". . . But how do I know you'll still respect me?"

At last. A little cartridge camera that does what the big cameras do.



The one and only Minolta 110 Zoom SLR.

Those little 110 cartridge-loading cameras give you lots of convenience, but not much versatility.

Big single lens reflex cameras give you lots of versatility, but may be more than you want to carry around.

Here's a new kind of camera that gives you the best of both worlds: the little Minolta 110 Zoom SLR.

How little is it?

Only 5.3 inches wide by 4.3 inches deep by 2.1 inches high. And it weighs only 15.1 ounces. You can carry it anywhere.

How easy is it to load?

Use drop-in film cartridges for color slides or color or black-and-white snapshots. You just slip in the cartridge. The camera sets the film speed automatically, including the new super-fast ASA 400.

It's a reflex camera.

A single lens reflex camera means that you look through the lens that's taking the picture. So you see beforehand what your slides or prints will be like.

Focusing is through the lens, also. It's quick and easy because of a microprism circle that breaks up the image until it's perfectly clear...and in focus.

And when you look through the viewfinder, you'll also see glowing lights which tell you if your batteries are O.K. and warn of over or under exposure.

Zoom lens.

This handy feature lets you zoom in for a bigger image or zoom back to get more into the scene. And it's built into the camera, not an extra-cost accessory.

Close-up lens.

For even closer shots, there's a built-in "macro" lens that lets you take pictures as close to your subject as 11.3 inches.

Automatic exposure, too.

You just choose a lens opening and the 110 Zoom SLR selects the precise shutter speed you need, automatically, anywhere from an action-stopping 1/1000th of a second to a full 10 seconds. And there's an "override" control for unusual lighting situations.

Automatic flash. Slip the optional Minolta Auto Electroflash 25 onto the 110 Zoom SLR and you've got an automatic electronic flash camera that you can hold in the palm of your hand. You'll never need flashbulbs again.

The 110 Zoom SLR even comes with its own rubber lens shade to keep stray light from interfering with your pictures. And there's a safety lock to keep you from taking pictures accidentally.

If you'd like to know more about this revolutionary little camera, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

MINOLTA

110 Zoom SLR. There's never been a camera like it.

Minolta products are featured in the new 20th Century-Fox motion picture "HIGH ANXIETY" starring Mel Brooks.

conversations that she misses my cock just as much as I miss her sweet snatch. For some strange reason, I seem to have more sexual excitement with her, and my cock always seems harder. I'm in the middle of living out a marvelous fantasy, but I do know that I love my wife and would never leave her.—*Name and address withheld*

Sneaking a snack

I never would have believed the letters in your column until I had this experience a few days ago. My girl friend and I both work for a magazine publishing company. Although we keep things pretty quiet around the office, I have to admit that we occasionally sneak away to grab a quickie in one of the conference rooms when no one is likely to notice.

Last week we were both assigned to man an exhibit booth at a large convention in town. We had not had a chance to get it on for a few days, and I was feeling pretty trigger happy. I thought she was, too, but I had no idea to what extent.

My girl friend is tall and slim, with legs that go on and on, and up and up. She was wearing a maroon skirt with slits up the front and back that opened practically to her cunt when she sat down. That day she sat next to me in the booth in the exhibit hall, and as we talked to passersby, she crossed her legs repeatedly, providing tantalizing glimpses of her other ample slit through her filmy, almost nonexistent panties. After this display had gone on for some time, I was forced to move my chair in under the table so that our visitors and business associates wouldn't see what was happening to my very hot rod.

The curtain around the bottom of the table hid my state from everyone but my girl friend. She moved her own chair closer to mine and let one hand stray casually to her side and then to the inside of my upper thigh. I was straining against my fly when her hand moved quickly to liberate my cock and her fingers captured my steaming flesh. I could barely contain myself now, and I forced my own hand high up through the slit in her skirt and under her panties. She moaned softly and swayed almost imperceptibly toward me. My fingers slipped and thrust without mercy, back and forth over and into her pulsating pussy. I had to use every ounce of will power and concentration to hold my load while I was pushing subscriptions to the magazines. I knew that what we were doing was ridiculous and that we should stop, but I was feeling too good to really care.

Her hand was rhythmically massaging my balls and teasing my cock. My own fingers relentlessly stepped up their frenzied pace against her clit as I went uncontrollably higher and higher.

A pink flush crept up her long, lovely neck, and her breath came in short, rapid gasps. I knew that it would be only a matter of moments for her. She arched forward against the table and stifled a soft gasp. Her clutch on my own organ tightened deliciously, but then, after she came, I was left hard and hanging.

She paused for only an instant before she boldly announced that she was climbing under the table to open another carton of magazines. In a flash, her warm, moist mouth was around my bursting shaft. She had never taken me so deeply before; all eight inches of me were being sucked and licked. As my heavy rod rammed deeper, I lost all sense of my surroundings. I clutched her to me and, with one last thrust, shot my wad down her throat right then and there under the table.

She surfaced several moments later, looking like the cat that had eaten the canary. I had barely caught my breath when our boss arrived on the scene, asking her if she'd like to join him for a snack. She smiled sweetly and replied, "No thanks, I've already eaten."

That evening, when we got home, we had a good laugh and a fuck, which, she said, rated fifty on a scale of one to ten!—*Name and address withheld*

Orientation fornication

Last summer during college orientation I had a crush on Gerry, a beautiful, buxom resident assistant. One day my whole dorm was invited by another dorm for a swim at a nearby lake. When we arrived, everybody but me jumped into the lake. Well, when Gerry took off her shirt and revealed her supreme beauty barely concealed by her yellow bikini, my cock quickly went on the rise and I was only vaguely aware that someone had pushed me into the lake. But because there were so many people around, I fought off my urges and stayed away from her.

On the way back, however, Gerry sat on my lap, and I could control my dick no longer. Shortly after she sat down, it was erect again. Too nervous and scared to say anything, I wondered if she had noticed. That night I found out.

When we returned, I showered. Since there were three other guys showering alongside me, I decided not to masturbate. It was a good thing that I didn't. When I got back to my room, there was a note from a "secret admirer" under my pillow. It said, "Want the time of your life? Put on your sexiest bathing suit and go out to the little beach in front of the lake at 9:00 and lie down in the sand."

Not knowing exactly who the writer was, I did exactly as the note said. Sure enough, at the appointed time along came Gerry, in a bathrobe. When she reached me, she removed her robe and showed off her yellow bikini! The bulge in my bathing suit could be spotted a mile away. She got down on her knees beside me and bent down and kissed me. As I trembled with delight, her hands slid down to my nipples and she caressed them before mouthing them sensuously.

She then moved her hands down my chest to my navel, showing more cleavage

"If you move in with me, I'll give you a one-year guarantee or 12,000 smiles, whichever comes first."

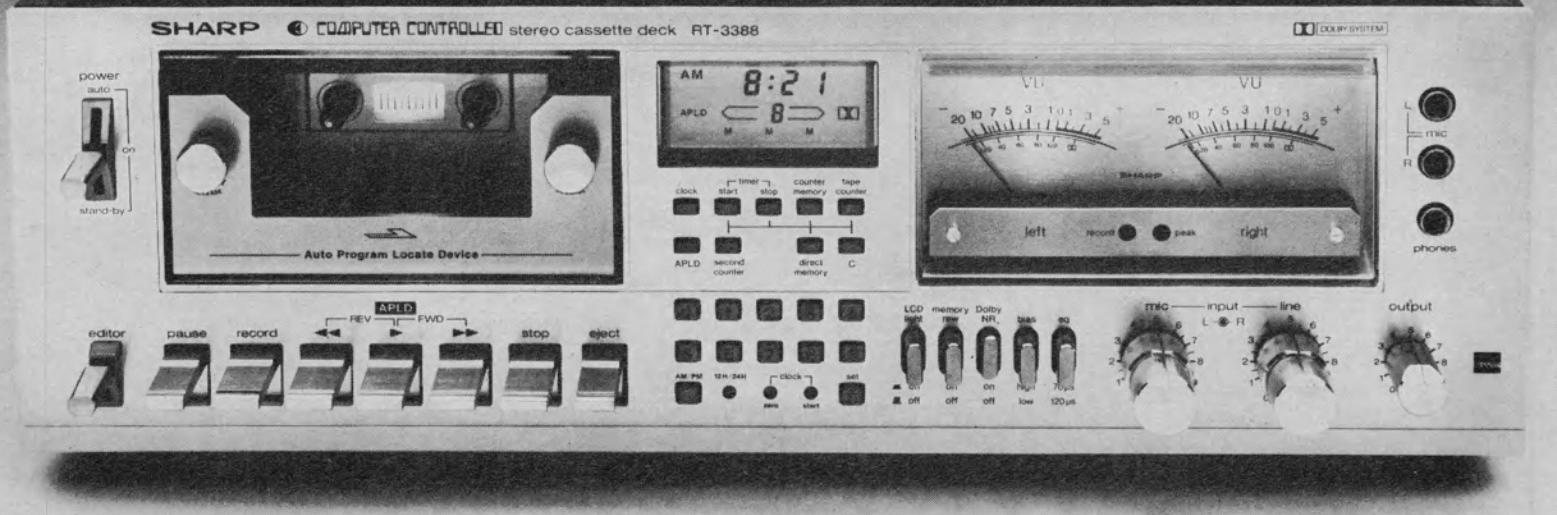
New Benson & Hedges 100's Lights

Who could make light of themselves better?

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

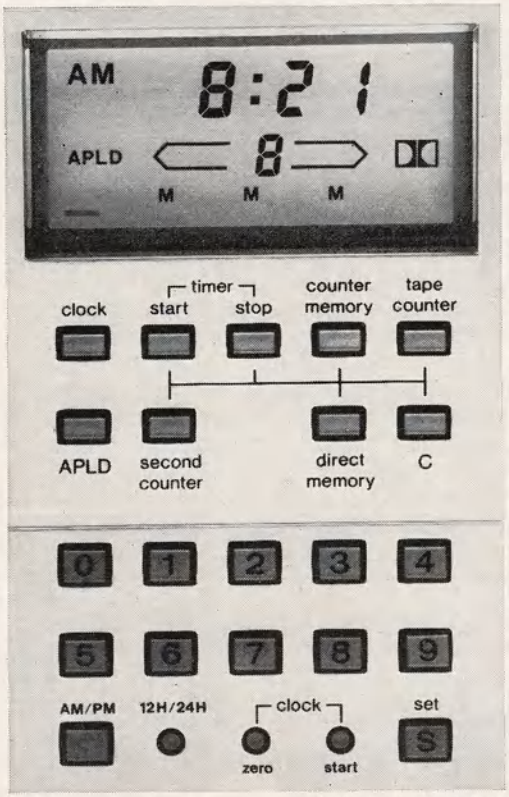
SHARP®
INTRODUCES THE FIRST COMPUTER THAT PLAYS MUSIC.



RT-3388. THE WORLD'S FIRST COMPUTER-CONTROLLED CASSETTE DECK.

Thanks to Sharp, the age of the computer has finally caught up to the age of music.

It's all come together in the RT-3388, the first stereo cassette deck that's actually controlled by a microprocessor with no less than five memories. And the remarkable quantity of the functions it can perform is matched only by the quality of its sound reproduction.



First of all, the Auto Program Locate Device—another Sharp exclusive and just one function of the "brain"—can skip ahead, or backward, up to 19 songs on a tape. And automatically play just the one you want.

The Counter Memory can find a specific number on the tape counter and stop there or start playback automatically. The Memory Rewind can rewind to any pre-selected point automatically and play it if desired.

You can even mark off a section of a song or speech and commit it to the machine's memory for immediate recall later by using the Direct Memory Function.

For pinpoint accuracy, it features Electronic Tape Counting as well as Second Counting. Which also can be used to determine how much time is left on the tape when recording.

A Liquid Crystal Display indicates what tape function is in operation, while the built-in digital quartz clock is tied in to the timed-programming operations. For example, you can program the machine to turn itself on at a selected time, record a program from a radio or TV, then turn itself off.

We've even programmed the "brain" to switch to battery power in case of a power shortage. Thereby maintaining the correct time and keeping the memory intact.

Now if all that sounds impressive, you can be sure we didn't waste it on a machine that didn't have an impressive sound.

So the RT-3388 also features:

Dolby* Noise Reduction System.

Bias and Equalization Selectors for optimum performance from any kind of tape.

Editor Function.

Ultra-hard Permalloy Recording/Playback Head.

Friction-Damped Cassette Holder.

Output Level Control.

Spectacular Specifications: Wow and Flutter runs a minimal 0.06% WRMS. Frequency response covers the 30-15,000 Hz (±3dB) range for CrO_2 tapes. Signal-to-noise ratio of 64 dB (Dolby On).

The price for such an incomparable piece of equipment? Only $349.95.** Which is about what you'd expect to pay for a deck of comparable quality without any of Sharp's exclusive features.

But you'll own something so advanced it'll be ahead of its time years from now.

See your Sharp Dealer for a mind-boggling demonstration.

Sharp Electronics Corp.
10 Keystone Place
Paramus, N.J. 07652

SHARP

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.
**Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price. Optional with Dealer.

every second, and fingered it playfully. After a French kiss there, she massaged my crotch area. Then she turned me over, massaged my ass, and then pulled away my bathing suit, sliding it down my legs until it was off. She massaged my ass again, followed by a half dozen more French kisses. She turned me over again, caressed and sucked my bare balls, and then presented me with the orgasm of my life by sucking me off. When I came in her mouth, she swallowed every drop of come, seductively and lovingly. This *had* to be heaven!

That wasn't the end of it, either. She got up and did the sexiest and most seductive belly dance possible, at the end of which she shoved her huge and shapely ass in front of me. Now it was my turn. I slid the bottom of her bikini down until it was off and did to her rear what she had done to mine. Then she turned around, and I sucked her off. I was really flying!

After I had finished her cunt and navel, she bent down again. I reached around, unfastened the hook, and, trembling as I had never trembled before, removed her top. What fantastic tits! Gerry then gave me a double thrill: while I caressed and kissed and sucked and licked her breasts and heavenly nipples, she straddled me and her cunt came down on my cock. Within thirty seconds our crotches had become as one. The excitement of it all so exhausted me that I fell back. Gerry went with me, and we held each other until six the following morning, at which time we returned to our rooms.

I hope to God that I'll run into her again soon.—*S.L., Philadelphia, Pa.*

Unexpected pleasure

Lynn and I are a couple happily married for six years and swinging for four of those years. We are in our twenties—she is twenty-four, and I'm twenty-eight—and we have restricted our swinging to those in, or near, our own age group. Until last month, that is.

In early summer we placed an ad with a photo of us in one of the national swingers' publications, stating that we were both bisexual and interested in similar couples or in single bi women, but we didn't specify any age limitation. Within two weeks of the magazine's publication, we received a total of seventeen responses, all but a few from people who were living too far away or who were too far-out in their sexual preferences.

One reply was sent by a fifty-two-year-old woman who wrote that she and her fifty-four-year-old husband were interested in meeting us for a look-each-other-over drink. Enclosed were two sharp color photos of them totally nude. Moreover, they lived less than five miles from us, both were bisexual, and their time was quite flexible.

My first reaction was to drop them a "no thank you" note, but after gazing at the woman's lovely and very youthful body and noting what a fantastic cock the man had, plus the fact that they both looked like professional models. I had a discussion with Lynn. We agreed that it would be interesting to meet them, if nothing else.

The following day I sent them a short note with our phone number and a request that they call as soon as possible. That was on Tuesday, and Thursday evening the woman called. Lynn spoke to her. She set a date to meet them for cocktails at seven o'clock Saturday evening in the lounge of Charley Brown's at Marina del Rey.

The couple, Glen and Evelyn, were pure British gentility. He was in the import business, and they had come to the United States eight years ago, with the intention of staying no more than six months. Once they had experienced the California weather, however, they had decided to remain and planned to become citizens. Lynn and I were greatly impressed by their manner and speech and found them to be even more attractive than their photos had indicated. After downing two rounds of Scotch and soda, the four of us left in their car and in twenty minutes were in their lovely condominium.

Glen put a tape on the stereo, Evelyn fixed the highballs, and we sat down to drink and chat. There was no pressure brought to bear by any of us, nor were any overt advances made until Lynn commented how much she had been impressed by Evelyn's photo and I added a remark concerning Glen's genital endowment.

"Perhaps seeing the genuine article would be more satisfactory," Evelyn said, rising from her chair. "Come, Glen, let us disrobe and be completely immodest about ourselves."

The two disappeared into their bedroom and returned in a few minutes, stripped to the buff. "We're rather candid about nudity," Glen explained. "We find it ever so much more comfortable and always go about the place like this in the evening and on the weekends."

Limp, his cock hung to a length of an honest six inches, and I felt certain that it would swell to a size close to eight inches. Evelyn had her pubic hair cropped quite close, though not shaved, and the lips of her cunt were plainly visible. Lynn's eyes were directed straight at Glen's cock, and she began removing her clothes. Once I had feasted on both fantastic nude bodies for another minute, I also started to undress.

Evelyn made the first move by grasping my cock gently and offering her mouth to mine. My right hand went to her cunt, my left to her breast, and we tongue-kissed fervently for a full minute, my cock rising to full erection immediately. Then Glen knelt in front of my wife, pushed her legs apart, and tongued her clitoris lightly, his hands caressing her tits lovingly. Evelyn leaned down to take my cock into her mouth and with fine ability had the head right down in her throat with no apparent problem. Lynn was moaning softly, her hands pressing

Glen's head into her crotch, and in another minute she went into the ecstasy of a violent climax. It lingered on for no less than ninety seconds, and then Glen took her hand and led her to the bedroom.

Evelyn ceased sucking my cock and suggested we follow. Once we were in the bedroom, our orgy got into full swing. Glen mounted Lynn, she guiding his pulsating cock to her cunt, and he was soon fucking her with a steady rhythm. Evelyn asked me to lie on my back, and when I did, she impaled herself on my cock, which penetrated her snug vagina right to my balls after a few lubricating strokes. I swear that she was as tight as Lynn and that the sensation I felt in fucking her was tremendous.

Being a considerate gentleman, Glen made certain that Lynn enjoyed a solid orgasm before he exploded his come into her body, and the sight of her in a state of such intense gratification brought my own discharge gushing into Evelyn's vagina, as she grinded down onto my groin to drain every last drop from my cock.

Moving off my body, the woman bent down to kiss Lynn lightly on the mouth, and then she slowly kissed her way down my wife's body until her face was between Lynn's legs. Tenderly, Evelyn licked the moist flesh for a few moments, and then she sucked the flesh into her mouth and was obviously retrieving her husband's come by strong suction, which was implemented by Lynn's bearing down to force the fluid into Evelyn's mouth.

Glen and I sat quietly watching the lesbian scene. When Evelyn swung her body around to get into a sixty-nine position with Lynn and my wife began sucking the proffered cunt hungrily, my cock began rising slowly and was soon as hard and stiff as a ramrod. Glen, too, was beginning to get erect, and as if by prearranged signal, we reached for each other's cock and were quickly into a frenzied fondling session. Our eyes met intensely and in mutual understanding we silently arranged ourselves on the bed, facing cocks to mouths, and we ardently gave each other head.

Both Lynn and Evelyn were having multiple orgasms, their bodies in a state of frenzy with each release, and the stimulation this sight afforded me brought me to ejaculation after Glen had been sucking my cock for ten minutes. Just as my spurtings subsided, his warm come splashed onto my tongue, and with his huge, thick, cock filling my mouth, it felt as though he had discharged a torrent.

Except for the women having one more brief cunt-eating party, during which Evelyn sucked and tongued Lynn deeply, that ended our first visit with the Britishers. On the way home we agreed that we had both been more satisfied by our affair with Glen and Evelyn than we had been with the majority of younger people in the past, and we vowed that we would expand our age limitations to include those wonderful, incredibly sensual, totally considerate "older people" from then on.

The Sansui G-3000

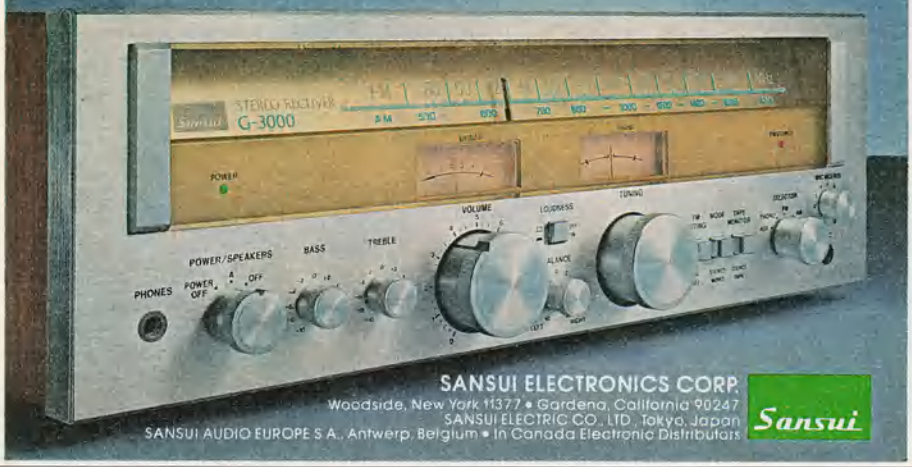
High-class standards in a budget-class receiver.

The beautifully styled G-3000 is an unusual achievement. It delivers sparkling clean tonal quality at a moderate price.

Here's why. Incredibly low total harmonic distortion, less than 0.15% over the entire audible range, 20-20,000Hz. An ample 26 watts/channel, min. RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms. Stepped attenuator volume control for superb accuracy. And mic-mixing capability, symmetrically placed signal and tuning meters, and an extremely wide frequency linear dial. That's more than you'd expect even in much higher priced receivers.

It's all set in a simulated walnut grain cabinet with a rich-gold front panel for less than $280. That's the approximate nationally advertised value. See your franchised Sansui dealer for his price, which is set at the option of the individual retailer.

We know you'll be impressed by the sound of the G-3000, and you'll be proud to own it – for years to come.



SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.
Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium • In Canada Electronic Distributors

Sansui

We've partied with Glen and his wife three times since that night and have also become acquainted with another middle-aged couple, Collier and Janet. Our advice to other young swingers is this: don't sell older people short; you might be missing the most beautiful sex experience of your lives!—*Name and address withheld*

Traveling companions

I would like to relate a fantastic experience I had one weekend. I am a college student at a large midwestern college and live on the East Coast. One weekend I decided to go east to visit my family. Since it would cost too much to go alone, I decided to look for some students who would share the expense of the trip, and as it turned out, that wasn't all the "spending" that we shared.

I checked the ride board, which is a service for students who need rides or riders, and found one note that stated, "Two girls need a ride to East Coast." What better way to travel, I thought, than with two girls? I might even get lucky and they could be gorgeous and interesting.

I contacted them the next day, and we decided to leave on Friday afternoon, since the ride would take twelve hours. I picked up the two girls, Susan and Diane, at their dormitory, and they were both beautiful and had great bodies. What luck! During the drive we had several conversations ranging from college to politics, but the tenor leaned increasingly toward sex. I found it very easy to talk about sex with the girls. As you can imagine, the topic of conversation led to a magnificent bulge in my pants. Susan, who was sitting closer to me, saw the bulge, and suddenly she proceeded to massage my prick and balls, surprising me beyond my wildest dreams. Diane, who was also sitting in the front seat, noticed what Susan was up to and asked for her turn. I couldn't believe what was happening to me; this was something that I thought happened only in novels.

Diane massaged my stiff cock and proceeded to unzip me and pull out my bulging, stiff rod. She grasped it and put her moist lips around its throbbing head. The feeling of her darting tongue prompted me to pull the car to the side of the highway, for fear that I would lose control of it. Then all three of us proceeded to the backseat.

I fondled Susan's right breast—or was it the left?—and began to stuff the gorgeous globe into my mouth. Meanwhile, Diane worked her way down to my prick and proceeded to give me a thorough sucking. I couldn't hold back much longer; so I decided to sock it to Susan first, because she was the one who started the whole thing.

Susan helped me guide my cock into her tight, dripping pussy. As we screwed, Diane began to nibble at my ass. This was too much for me, and I started ramming my cock up Susan with renewed vigor. When we were done, my cock was limp as a noodle, but Diane wanted her hot, juicy pussy fucked and proceeded to suck me

off again in order to get me hard. I soon had another hard-on, and I put my throbbing organ between Diane's thighs and slid it up her while Susan sucked and licked my ass hole and balls.

This incident lasted for about half an hour, all told, and then we got back in the front seat and began to head east again in a euphoric state.—*M.B., Ann Arbor, Mich.*

Now that's traveling in style.

Conciliatory gestures

I've seen some letters in "Forum" from people who have had affairs with their mothers-in-law, but not from one who screwed his sister-in-law. That's my story.

Early this summer my wife, Maggie, was hospitalized for a couple of weeks. I packed the kids off to stay with their grandparents, and my time was pretty much taken up with holding down my job and visiting my wife in the hospital. As though these worries weren't enough for me, my wife's older sister, Karen, came to stay for a few days to see how she was doing. Maggie insisted that Karen stay at our house, a demand that didn't please me much because I've never gotten along with Karen, and the feeling is mutual. However, I've always tried to hide my animosity from Maggie.

Aside from being eight years older than her sister (and six years older than me), Karen is very different from Maggie. Where Maggie is tall and blonde, Karen is quite short and has dark hair. They both have the same slim build and fair skin, though. Karen never thought that I was good enough for her sister, since I didn't have the sort of high-class job and large income that her husband has.

Karen stayed longer than I had expected she would, much to my irritation, and after a week I was quite ready for her to leave. She showed no signs of doing so. And on a Saturday, when I was stuck in the house with her, I was glad to go out and do something because it got me out of her presence for a while. When I got back, I could see from the driveway that she was in the backyard, using the pool that she didn't think we could afford. Since it was a hot day, I thought a swim would be a good idea, even though it meant that I would have to put up with Karen in the pool. So I quickly went into the house and changed into my trunks.

I was never so surprised in my life! When I stepped onto the back porch and looked out at Karen in the pool, she was stark naked! Now that wasn't much cause for worry, because the yard is well sheltered by trees and a fence, and I knew that the neighbors weren't going to get a look at her. But I did, and I guess that was her idea. I just stood there, speechless, while she swam toward my side of the pool. Even though I disliked her, I was certainly aware that she was an attractive woman. And when she raised herself up on the edge, with her short, wavy hair framing her face and her tits sticking out, I almost got a hard-on right there.

You get more fun out of life with the
fun portables
Turn work into pleasure with an RC-828 radio-cassette recorder. Enjoy bold, clear stereo sound. Or play the new binaural recordings on it for a stunning feeling of the height, depth, and distance of music. See your JVC dealer for a great selection of JVC portable radio-TVs, radio-cassette recorders, radio-TV-cassette combinations, and personal TV.
JVC
We build in what the others leave out.
JVC America Co., Div. of US JVC Corp., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expwy, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378. Canada: JVC Electronics of Canada, Ltd., Scarborough, Ont.

"Come on in," she said. I still didn't move, and she climbed out of the pool, standing with arms akimbo. "What are you waiting for? You've seen a nude woman before, haven't you?"

I wanted to say that I had indeed, but not her—not my thirty-four-year-old sister-in-law, looking both good and provocative. I just nodded and walked slowly to the side of the pool away from her. I tried not to think about her as I slipped into the water and began a slow lap around the pool. She went back in, too, and I didn't see her for a minute. Then, as I was standing in the shallow end, I felt her presence behind me.

"You want something?" I said.

"Just wondering," she answered. "Wondering why you need those trunks in here. After all, no one will see except me. And I'm family, right?"

"Right," I said, "but——" She suddenly grabbed the waistband of my trunks and pulled them down. I turned around, protesting, but as I did, I stepped out of the trunks.

"Much better," she said, standing only a few inches away from me. "You know, you've got a nice ass." And she smiled, one of the few times she had ever done so in my presence. Looking at her, I couldn't fight back my desire any longer, and my penis began to rise. It stiffened quickly and brushed against her belly. "Mmm," she murmured, "and a great cock, too. So this is what Maggie sees in you." With that she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. She pressed hard against my body, rubbing my prick with her smooth stomach.

I couldn't help myself. Neither of us had had sex for quite a while, and I didn't waste any time in getting into it. We left the pool and lay in the grass. She rolled me onto my back and straddled me, inserting my penis into the tight slit hidden by the little triangle of dark hair between her legs. It was terrific, and we both came very quickly.

When it was over, she confessed that she had had a yearning for me ever since she had known me. She praised my physique while she fondled my cock, and it soon grew hard again. Karen then gave me the best blowjob I've ever experienced, and I brought her off manually.

She stayed another week, during which time we had sex at least once a day, and I was honestly sorry to see her go when my wife returned from the hospital. It is interesting to realize that I still dislike her, and she dislikes me. The only place we can get along is in bed, and we fuck up a storm there. In fact, each of us agreed that we were perfect sexual partners. Maybe the hostility makes for more excitement.

At any rate, I no longer dread Karen's visits. The only problem is finding an opportunity to fuck—and avoiding all other social contacts with her. I guess in-laws are always a problem.—*J.L., Northampton, Mass.*

Resident assistant

I consider myself a man of the world, but I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

How to read a face.

This is, perhaps, the finest book on the history of the portrait in photography.

380 compelling, finely printed photographs accompanied by a narrative by Ben Maddow that is equally rich in image — a narrative that is as much social history as photographic criticism.

To order: send check or money order for $35 plus $1.50 p and h or charge to your American Express, Master Charge or Bank Americard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank No. for Master Charge.) Mail to The Penthouse Photo World Book Society, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax.

To expedite your charge order call toll free number (800) 223-7763. N.Y. residents call direct (212) 593-0334. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

Faces.

©B&WT Co.

8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

I'm realistic. I only smoke Facts.

FACT 1: We don't want your taste buds to go to sleep.

FACT reduces the aldehyde* gases that we believe muddy the flavor of fine tobaccos so you can enjoy wide-awake taste.

FACT 2: We have smoke scrubbers in our filter.

These Purite® scrubbers work like magnets to reduce these same aldehydes and let the fine flavor come through.

FACT 3: We have a patent on flavor in low 'tar' cigarettes: #3828800.

Our Purite filter helps deliver flavor in a way so new we've been able to patent it.

Add it all up. Low gas, low 'tar,' great flavor. That's a FACT.

*Formaldehyde, Crotonaldehyde, Acrolein

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Available in regular and menthol.

"Almost all men find lesbian sex
a horny turn-on, and I'm
sure your husbands will be no different.
Believe me, doubleheaders
work better in doubles."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

I just finished my first year in college. Before I went home for the summer, my roommate for the past year asked me to spend a week or so at his home, visiting with him. We get along great, so I agreed. We arrived on Friday evening, and, after I had met his parents and gotten settled in the guest room, Bob and I spent that evening just relaxing. Bob made several calls to set up dates with his high-school girl friend. She arranged a date for me for Saturday night.

But before we were supposed to go out on Saturday, Bob got a call from his girl saying that the date set up for me was off; something had come up, and the other girl couldn't make it. Bob called at least eight or ten other girls, but it was too late to set up a short-notice date. I told him to go ahead, that I would just relax in the den and watch TV. After Bob left, I settled down in the den. About thirty minutes later Bob's mother came down and told me she was sorry that I wasn't going out and asked if I would like a drink. I told her that I didn't drink alone, and she said that she would have one with me. Meanwhile, Bob's father had gone to a retirement dinner for one of the men at his company.

For about two hours we sat and talked and drank. She asked me all about school and what the kids of today did for fun. She commented about how things had changed since she was in college. Soon we were both giggling and laughing at things we did in school. She asked me how kids kissed, necked, petted, made love, etc. Before I realized it, she was sitting very close to me and patting me on the leg. I noticed that her dress was almost up to her hips. She suggested that I show her how the kids of today warm up their girl friends. We kissed a few times, and we were both becoming excited. She said that she was going to change into something more comfortable and mix another round of drinks. When she returned with the drinks, she was wearing a black negligee that you could have read a newspaper through. She was completely nude under it. I could see the nipples on her huge breasts and the pubic hair between her legs.

We drank another round, and when I reached to put my arm around her, I realized that it had gone beneath the negligee—I was feeling her naked body. I tried to withdraw my hand, and when I did, Mrs. O'Neal pressed it firmly against her breast. Then she started darting her tongue in my mouth, and her hand came up my leg and gripped my cock, which was about to burst my pants. She unbuckled my pants, opened her negligee, and lay down on the couch. She guided my cock into her sopping wet cunt and took the entire length on the first stroke. We screwed for about an hour. I came twice. The last climax that she had must have been a violent one. Mrs. O'Neal jerked and clawed and gasped and moaned and half-scared me, since I had never seen this type of reaction before. Afterwards, she lay there exhausted. I got up and looked at her nude body. She had the biggest tits I've ever seen. I left her and went to my room, regretting what had happened and wondering what repercussions would come from this adventure.

The next morning I was awakened by the shower running next to my room. A short while after it stopped, Mrs. O'Neal came into the room in the same black negligee. I pretended to be asleep. At the bedside she dropped the negligee to the floor and slipped into bed with me. I felt her perfumed, naked body next to mine. She began to run her hands all over me as I still pretended to be asleep. She moved the covers back and began kissing my chest

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

and stomach. She fondled my cock, and soon I felt her warm mouth as she took it into her mouth. She sucked me until my cock was hard as a rock. I couldn't stand it any longer; I was so afraid someone might come in, but Mrs. O'Neal told me that her husband was playing golf and Bob was asleep. She then proceeded to straddle me, guiding my stiff rod into her cunt, which was dripping wet. We screwed for about an hour, in many different positions. After my second orgasm, she immediately went down on me and sucked my dick until it was hard again. After my third ejaculation, she went back to shower again.

Mrs. O'Neal must be in her late thirties, but she has a well-built body and loves to screw. She said her husband didn't pay any attention to her and that he was straight and wouldn't let her suck him. Still, I became so uneasy over the whole situation with this woman that I told Bob I had to cut my stay short.

Since returning home, I've had three letters from Bob's mother. In the first two she told me of her plans to visit our school at least once a month to see Bob—but also that she would stay in a motel and that I should plan to spend the entire night with her. I had to hide the third letter—it was so sexy. She wrote ten pages, telling me how she loved sucking my cock, how she could feel it deep inside her, how we would screw for hours without stopping, and how her body was mine to enjoy. So I just don't know what to do next fall, if she starts coming to the college.

To be honest, I had had sex with only one other girl before meeting Mrs. O'Neal. I think I screwed this other girl about four times during the three months I dated her. It was all straight sex, with no variations, and I had never had oral sex until Bob's mother went down on me. However, I loved it and would love to have her continue sucking me and to keep on screwing her. My girl just lay there when we had sex, but Mrs. O'Neal would go wild and do most of the work. Besides, I loved those huge tits! However, I feel that if this continues, and if I stay out all night when she is in town, Bob will somehow find out about us. He may even find her letters, with the details of how she loves to suck my cock. In her last letter she stated that she wanted to feel the sensation of her mouth being filled with my semen, to know that she had fully satisfied the sexual urge behind my huge cock. I don't want to make her mad, but I don't know how to get out of this situation and keep from messing up my friendship with Bob. On the other hand, I hate to give up this arrangement, since she is one hell of a woman, who truly loves sex.

One more thing: she sent a picture of herself in her last letter, in a bikini that leaves nothing to the imagination. I don't know where to hide it.—L.W.

It is obvious that you are under the spell of this older woman, who is teaching you the ropes. It is entirely up to you whether you want to continue seeing her or think it time to spread your wings and find yourself a young girl, one who suits you better and causes less problems in the long run. Maybe—if you have gained enough experience with Mrs. O'Neal—it might be somewhat of a thrill to you to initiate a younger girl and teach her a few new things as well—spread the wealth, so to speak.

It is not to be recommended that you stick to the mother of your friend. At least take a look around at other women, screw around a bit, see what else is happening. If you really get hung up on this woman, it may well be that you'll develop a mother complex—and then where will you be? You may never like young girls again.

Her fanatical love letters are obviously a sign that she is desperately hung up on you. She is working on your mind with these letters. If she didn't possess you in this way, keeping your mind occupied with her communications, I'm sure that you would soon wander about on your own, in search of new horizons.

As far as the riskiness of the letters and pictures is concerned, maybe you should go to the nearest bank and get yourself a safe-deposit box, or leave them with a reliable friend in a sealed envelope. Or burn them. If you want her correspondence to cease completely, then write back to her, leaving off your name and address. Thank her for your education and then describe what you would like to do to *her*. This will put her in your present position, because she won't want her husband to find your letters (he'll never know it's you, since there will be no identification; in fact, sign it with your initials only and mail it from another town). Mrs. O'Neal's teaching degree should be revoked if she plagues her students.

UNHAPPY HOOKING

I'm a hooker like you, and I have this problem: I have a pimp whom I love very much. I give him almost all my money, so I have almost nothing to show for the long hours I work. What should I do? I don't know whether to leave him or stay. I am tired of taking his beatings. Should I try to go straight, with a straight guy?—T.M.

Men like yours enjoy victimizing women like you. You have to be pretty strong-willed to get out from under the smooth-talking, velvet tongue of a pimp, especially if he knows every step you take, what bars and discos you go to, and who your friends are. One solution is to disappear quietly and not notify anybody—not even your best girl friend—where you can be found. You might even try going back home for a while to cool out and get your head together. After you've gotten yourself together a bit, you can decide what to do with the rest of your life.

WORSHIPS THE WHIP

I am five feet eight inches in height and 120 pounds, and people tell me I am very at-

tractive. I live with my boyfriend, and we have a pimp-prostitute angle in our relationship. We make the most of it in our sexual fantasies.

I am a regular working girl, but every Friday night, after work, I work as a whore for the evening. It is not mainly for money that I do it but rather because I get turned on by the fact that I work as a whore. I usually turn a few tricks. Since I am very attractive, it doesn't take me very long to land customers.

When I come back to our apartment afterwards, my boyfriend is there, waiting for me. He asks for the money that I earned. I hand it over to him except for ten dollars. He accuses me of holding out on him. I deny it. He then slaps me hard on the face a few times. He also beats me. He keeps on beating me until, finally, I break down and confess. Then I hand over the remaining ten dollars. He decides to teach me a lesson. He removes all my clothes and takes me on his lap (he is quite big and can easily flop me down over his legs) and spanks me on my ass until it turns red. After that, he orders me to lick his ass and ties me to our bed. He usually ties my hand and feet with ropes and takes a belt or a whip to beat the shit out of me. All this gives me a fantastic turn-on.

By this time, his cock is hard and bulging out of his pants. He unties me, and I take his huge cock in my mouth. When he comes in my mouth, his load is so big that it takes me a while to swallow it all. If I keep sucking, he stays hard so that he can fuck me up the ass and in my cunt. Since my ass is already smarting from the spanking, it hurts when he fucks me between the cheeks. But I love it! We go on fucking and sucking each other all night long.

Sometimes he asks one or two of his friends to join us. They usually wait in the living room while I get my whipping and blow my boyfriend. I always take on two at a time, one in my ass and one in my mouth. I have tasted the semen of many guys, but the semen of my boyfriend is utterly delicious. Of course, I like taking in the semen of any man.

Now my boyfriend is asking me to become a full-time whore for him. I have only one objection. If I work as a whore full-time, I will miss the whippings. My boyfriend will not beat me as often as he does now (since he obviously will want my body to be free of any whipping scars for my customers). I really enjoy those beatings and whippings. I am fully aware of the consequences of becoming a whore for a pimp. Please guide me, if you can. —B.B.

You are certainly one of the purest physical masochists in the field. You are smart enough to realize that if you become just another common, seven-days-a-week whore, the fun of being whipped and spanked and forced to do what he and his pals want might just wear off fast. He has to be more careful with your body. Rather than let his friends fuck for free, he might get greedy and tell you to work seven nights a

For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21", send $2 to Box 929-P, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey is one of the heaviest birds capable of flight. Yet it is unusually fast. The male bird has been clocked at speeds as high as 55 miles per hour.

As America's most treasured native bird, the Wild Turkey is an apt symbol for Wild Turkey Bourbon—America's most treasured native whiskey.

WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

© 1977 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

week and not to give it away to anyone but himself.

Honey, you are in this game so far for the fun of it. But as you've already observed, your boyfriend seriously wants to turn your fantasy into hard reality. I hope you make the right decision: either stop this fantasy game altogether and invent some other game (whereby he has to punish you) or keep on doing what you've been doing so far. Or else leave your boyfriend.

The real pain (not physical—unfortunately for you!) will be that he'll become unbearably demanding in the long run, and it will eventually become more and more difficult for you to escape from his grip.

MP IN THE PM

Being stationed in Germany as an army MP, I am quite accustomed to pulling an assortment of duties. One night, while my partner and I were on guard duty, we happened to meet our company supply officer, who was working late that night. Yes, she was a delight to anyone's eyes. She was five foot three, about 110 pounds, with long blonde hair and dazzling blue eyes. Well, it was quite cold outside, and as I hadn't any gloves on, she noticed that my hands were a bit raw. To my surprise, she promptly insisted that I wear her gloves until she had finished her business inside her office. She then asked my partner and me if we needed anything else. I was amazed when my partner grabbed his crotch and said, "You can guess what I need."

More amazing, she took one look at him, smiled, and dropped to her knees to give him a blowjob. I watched in utter bewilderment. After several minutes, my partner exploded into her mouth, and she gulped down all but a few drops of his come. Then she turned to me and asked if I had the same "need" that my partner had. Before I could finish saying yes, she was kneeling before me, sucking and licking away. It took just a couple of minutes before I shuddered and exploded into her mouth. She swallowed most of my come and licked the rest off my throbbing cock.

She got to her feet, licked her lips, smiled, and said, "Aside from the mission, the welfare of the troops is of prime importance. Good night!" She proceeded into her office, and we walked away, smiling and laughing happily. We can't wait to pull guard duty again.—B.T. and O.P.

So there really are hot-lipped ladies in the army! I wonder if any other readers have interesting stories about army adventures?

FORMERLY FIRM

I have a sad and serious problem. My husband and I are happily married. My figure isn't the greatest, but it's acceptable, except for my breasts. I've always been a 34 B and used to have nice, firm breasts.

After I had my first child, I made the greatest mistake of my life: I squeezed the milk out with my hands, because I didn't know how to get rid of it. (The doctor never told me that the milk would dry up by itself.) I really blew it, because ever since then my breasts have sagged. They look sort of like Oreo cookies. When I look at myself sideways in the mirror, I have no breasts at all, only big, brown nipples, like big suckers, pointing down. This is really upsetting to me, since having my breasts played with by my husband is the biggest turn-on for me sexually. I used to get turned on from just looking at them in the mirror. Our sex life is fairly normal, but now, even when my husband fondles my breast, it must feel to him like he's fondling some handicapped woman. He doesn't go at them like he used to, and I don't feel sexy anymore. I feel literally deflated. I'll do whatever you tell me, Xaviera.—W.H.

Fortunately, we live in an age in which a plastic surgeon can change just about any unattractive spot on the body and remodel it. I spent the month of February in Rio de Janeiro this year, and I met a number of plastic surgeons (Brazilians are supposed to be the best in the world). One of them showed me some pictures of the miracles a plastic surgeon can perform with sagging, flabby, big, or small tits.

I would recommend that you see your family doctor and have him refer you to a plastic surgeon, who can determine whether you need an uplift (no silicone implant) or maybe the removing and transposing of the nipples to higher spots on the breasts. Yes, with a bit of money, some spare time, and the right address, nobody has to suffer from ugly breasts anymore. Good luck, and please write me if and when you have this done.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Being a musician of almost thirty years of age, I have enjoyed many sexually fulfilling relationships. However, I am now a house husband, and I have a wife who is so self-conscious about her weight (she's five foot seven, 205 pounds) that we have problems, and she is beginning to dissatisfy me sexually.

She is the best fuck I've ever had, completely open-minded and absolutely astounding in bed. We enjoy oral sex, we masturbate together—she watches me and then I watch her—and we wind sessions up with a fantastic fuck of one or two hours. It's come after come in our round bed with red-satin sheets.

But all this is enjoyable to her only if the lights are out. She closes the bathroom door when showering, closes the bedroom door when dressing. And when I walk in unexpectedly, she rushes furiously to grab something to throw around herself.

Repeatedly, I have explained to her that this is sheer nonsense. She insists that the sight of her body will turn me off. She has a great neckline, a beautiful face, and breasts of voluptuous proportions. From the hips down she is obese, but I don't mind at all. I understand fully that she is a compulsive eater, and I know that she constantly tries to diet. She arouses me more than any other female I have ever screwed.

Our new AD cassette takes the normal bias position to extremes.

Our new AD delivers superior performance, especially at the critical high-frequency range where many mid-priced and even premium-priced cassettes tend to fall off too quickly.

In the "normal" bias/EQ position, AD provides the lowest noise, highest frequency response and widest dynamic range of any pure ferric oxide cassette we've ever produced.

AD can bring its audible benefits to all cassette decks, with and without switchable bias/EQ.

We think it's the finest pure ferric oxide cassette tape you can buy. And we back it with a full life-time warranty.

Available in 45, 60, 90 and 120 minute lengths.

TDK

The machine for your machine.

TDK Electronics Corp., 755 Eastgate Blvd., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. In Canada: Superior Electronics Industries, Ltd.

Finally, tennis tops from someone who really knows women: Penthouse.

Even on the court we let you look your greatest. You'll love the incredible way these tops fit, the way they retain their clinging shape (you know we believe in staying in shape).

These terrific tops are of a luxurious 100% light weight soft spun Acrilan® knit* that's machine washable and dryable.

In rust with a beige Penthouse logo (#638) or beige with a rust Penthouse logo (#636). The logo is embroidered. Sizes S, M, L.

Whether you wear these tops on the court or off, you'll be a smash. $14.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling.

FULL ONE YEAR WARRANTY
WEAR DATED
YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR OR WE PAY FOR IT
Monsanto

Send check or money order or charge to your American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank # for Master Charge). Mail to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax.

Mail this coupon with your check or money order (or include required charge information) to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Please send me: _____ top(s) in size _____.
(quantity and code #) (S,M, or L)

Name _____

Signature _____
(for charge only)

Charge # _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

To expedite your charge order call toll free (800) 223-7763.
Allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

*Warranted for one full year's normal wear, refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.

PENTHOUSE VIVA TENNIS COLLECTION®

As for blowjobs, I didn't know how alive my cock could feel until I was sucked by her.

How can I convey to her that she is, in fact, appealing to me, whether she is large or small? She is so ashamed of her body that at the sight of a slim female, she immediately becomes depressed, believing she is ugly. We can't even watch TV anymore. I feel that I may develop a complex from this if things don't change. I want to see skin once in a while, not play tag in the dark.—E.R.

Well, that was a helluva nice letter—nothing kinky to that one. You are just a great guy who loves his wife no matter how she looks. Which I think is fine. And if more fat women in this world had husbands like you, there would be a lot fewer frustrated females.

It is my belief that once a woman starts to gain weight, she becomes more self-conscious about her appearance, and out of pure frustration she will eat more to console herself. It becomes a vicious circle. But in your wife's case, she shouldn't feel frustrated, for you love her very much and dig her voluptuousness. Maybe you should tell her that you'll *leave* her if she *loses* weight.

But in the meantime, why don't you settle for the following solution? Make her promise to show more skin, while you promise to put dimmers on all the lights. This way you'll still be able to see her but in a softer light, and she may lose her inhibitions. You could also try candlelight or colored bulbs.

Maybe she would consider going to a health spa. Within a few weeks she would lose a substantial amount of weight. It would be a trifle expensive but well worth it. After all, too much fat is also damaging to one's health. Diabetes, heart disease, maybe even a stroke, are dangers to be reckoned with when overeating becomes a compulsive life-style.

THE DOUBLEHEADER

My girl friend Kay and I were talking over coffee one day, and we started to discuss the different ways in which we made love to our men. In no time at all we became very, very horny. I told Kay that I had a rubbery, double-headed dildo and said that we really didn't need our men in order to get off.

Kay took me seriously and said, "Lock up the house and let's give it a try." So without any hesitation I locked up, and we proceeded to the bedroom. After getting the dildo from a drawer, we removed our jeans and panties. After we got down on our hands and knees, ass to ass, Kay inserted the dildo into her slit and so did I. We both laughed, as the dildo kept falling out. But soon we got our rhythm going together, and our giggles turned into hot and heavy breathing. We jammed that dildo far up into our cunts. I managed to balance myself on one hand, and with the other hand I massaged my clit. After about ten minutes of this, we both reached tremendous orgasms. Then we lay on the floor for a few minutes, completely exhausted. I said that from now on, whenever we were both horny and our men were gone, we could always just use our make-believe man.

The following Saturday we were drinking coffee again, the men were out of the house, and the subject of the dildo came up. Kay said that she'd like to see my make-believe "husband" fuck me. In return I said that I wanted to see her make-believe "boyfriend" fuck her. Well, we came up with an idea. We took the mirror off the dresser and set it on the floor against the wall; this way we could both watch each other being fucked silly. We removed all of our clothes and got down on all fours for another round of fucking with the double-headed dildo.

Shortly after we started our little fucking session, I looked into the mirror. God, I could see the dildo sliding in and out of my pussy as well as Kay's. Suddenly, excitement stormed over me. Seeing that dildo up Kay's cunt and seeing her juices dripping down onto the carpet, I realized how really lovely her cunt was. I was losing control as I looked into the mirror. I couldn't hold myself back any longer. I pulled away from the dildo, turned Kay on her back, and removed the dildo from her hot love tunnel. Then I just buried my face in her pussy. I couldn't believe how hot, juicy, and delicious her cunt was. Kay didn't object one bit. She only spread her legs farther and farther apart as I ate away. Then she pulled me away from her crotch and kissed me on the mouth. Now, this was no ordinary sisterly kiss. Kay kissed me heavy on the mouth, sliding her tongue into me. Kay then turned me all the way around into a sixty-nine position—and we were at it. Her tongue in my cunt did wonders, things I thought no woman's tongue could do. Together we buried our faces in each other's crotches and sucked and licked until we each had super orgasms.

Needless to say, perhaps, we've been doing this for some time now, but the last two times we've almost been caught. Kay and I are in a delicate situation. You see, we love our husbands and need a man's cock in our cunts once in a while. We also love a man's muscular body. What should we do? Should we continue making love to each other and take the risk of being caught? Or should we tell our men the truth and take what's coming to us?—Dee Dee

Instead of telling your men the truth, why don't you *show* them the truth? No, I don't mean that you invite your husbands in for Saturday morning coffee, whip out the double-headed dildo, and do it to each other on the kitchen floor while the two men watch. Instead, why don't you suggest that you all have a little four-way? Almost all men find lesbian sex a horny turn-on, and I'm sure your husbands will be no different. Of course, you must reassure them that you lust for their male organs above all else. Believe me, doubleheaders work better in doubles.

"Here's looking at you."

©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1977

Alive with pleasure! Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box & Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

CLUB MED

FREE!

This beautiful, full-color book will open your eyes to the unique vacation philosophy of Club Med.

For your free book see your travel agent or call Club Med toll free any day of the week. 800-528-3131.

Join the gentle people. Come to Club Med.

NOW, from the Penthouse Collection

Top off your outfit with the exclusive Penthouse TAM or SKI CAP—guaranteed to put flair into every winter occasion.
These 100% acrylic knit caps in Penthouse tan on brown are $5.95 each plus $1.00 postage and handling.

Send your check or money order for the TAM (Code 6416) or the SKI CAP (Code 6516) to Penthouse Products, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022. NY residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Karpel's Cartergate

I would like to take issue with Craig S. Karpel in regard to his sensationalistic article "Cartergate: The Death of Democracy" (November 1977).

The picture that Mr. Karpel paints of the members of The Trilateral Commission is one of sneaky, evil men, secretly plotting to deliver the free world into, if not slavery, at least legal servitude, with their only driving force that of blind greed. If this line of reasoning were followed through, the same thing could be said about the Girl Scouts trying to take over the cookie market.

It is the basic right of every man in this country to receive profits from his efforts. The farmer doesn't grow food because he's concerned about people getting enough to eat. I don't sell televisions in my store because I want people to be entertained. *Penthouse* didn't publish this article for the informational benefits of its readers.

I see The Trilateral Commission as a group of businessmen who have banded together to protect what they and their ancestors have worked long and hard for. I do not condemn them for their actions any more than I condemn the farmer's son who tries to maintain control of the family farm in the face of inheritance taxes.

The so-called Third World nations and the OPEC countries are out to get whatever they can. I see nothing wrong in this. Nor do I see anything wrong with the people who have what they're after trying to prevent it from happening, as long as no laws are broken in the process.

The single biggest problem that we have in this country now is government interference with business. If the government left business alone, things would go much smoother and would be cheaper for everyone. We could abolish the huge bureaucracies set up to control our private lives and probably abolish income tax at the same time. Let me remind you that there were no income taxes before the mid-forties.

Interference with free trade, whether it be from governments or unions or wherever, only serves to drive up the cost of doing business. And that cost is paid by you and me and David Rockefeller and Craig Karpel.—*W.R. Keaton, Lake City, Fla.*

The editors reply: We certainly did *publish "Cartergate" for "the informational benefit" of our readers. While we are, of course, very happy and gratified that* Penthouse *makes a profit, we feel that the facts presented by Mr. Karpel are vitally important to our readers—and to all the citizens of the United States.*

With regard to the article "Cartergate" by Craig S. Karpel, I would like to express my utter disgust regarding the continuing and obvious blundering of the Carter administration and the banking policies and principles of David Rockefeller.

It seems strange that the administration's policies and actions coincide with those of The Trilateral Commission, until one learns that 70 percent of the people appointed to posts in the administration belong to the commission.

Laws that restrict the press and the media as to what they print and when they print it are the first signs of government manipulation of the people. And it is close to insanity to assign $3.2 billion to a world bank that would in turn distribute the money as aid to less-developed countries so that they may continue to pay back already defaulted loans. To think that my tax money indirectly ends up back in the pockets of Chase Manhattan and the like really *excites* me about filling out my 1040 this year.

This is democracy?—*J. DeMarco, Concord, Calif.*

Well, I really didn't think this would happen so soon. "Cartergate" is the first real and specific outline of what is actually happening along national and international lines.

I'm glad to see that someone in the media is intelligent enough to realize what is really behind this antisocial (or should I say antifreedom) activity—activity that many groups have been nibbling away at for years, but only attacking the symptoms, not the cause. I thought that it would be years before anyone would look beyond the agreed-upon image of government to see the most suppressive group of human beings ever to evolve on this planet.

My hat is off to Mr. Karpel and to *Penthouse* for being bold enough to take a first step in exposing a menace that, if allowed to, could and would swallow us all. I look forward to the continuation of this exposé of the powers behind our leaders.—*Dave Vernon, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I had feared that the multinational corporations were trying to run our government by sacrificing public interest for their own profit. But, until reading Craig S. Karpel's revealing article, I had not realized the extent of their influence and the frighteningly systematic nature of their campaign for subjugating public interest and curbing freedom of the press. I look forward to further enlightenment from Karpel's pen.—*David Kanagy, Coos Bay, Oreg.*

I plunked down two dollars for Craig S. Karpel's article "Cartergate" (rather than for the pretty—uh—faces), and reading it, I am particularly interested in Karpel's observations on the bill he terms "Son of S.I."

I'm not surprised at the Trilateral involvement. Did you ever compare the people on Nelson's "Critical Choices" group with those "linked" to the events, post-Watergate, leading to Nixon's resignation? Heads, it's Nelson; tails, the other. As for me, how do I get to be a Trilateraler?—*D.Z., Bronx, N.Y.*

The Trilateral Commission is not a "membership" organization. To become a member of The Trilateral Commission, you must be invited and then voted on by the commission. You can, however, be placed on the mailing list of the organization by calling or writing it at:

The Trilateral Commission
345 East Forty-sixth Street
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 661-1180

I think that Craig S. Karpel's "Cartergate" should be required reading in every university and college campus in North America. I further believe that *Penthouse* is performing an extremely important public service by publishing his continuing series.

Your readers may be well advised, though, that The Trilateral Commission is not a new thing. It's just that the plotters have decided to be brazen enough to come out into the open. And now they have handpicked one of their own to be the president of the United States. If anyone doubts what I'm saying, I suggest that he read Taylor Caldwell's book *Captains and the Kings*, which fully exposes the threat that the international banks and industrialists pose to the entire free world. Although the book is fiction, the author includes a full bibliography so that anyone can check out the data for himself.

I imagine that most people who read Karpel's article will not believe it. I hope that he will reach enough who will rise and protest loudly against the abuses to their political system. If not, America is doomed and with it the rest of the free world.—*Chris O'Neil, Ontario, Canada*

So what's new? I think that it was Joe Stalin who said, about fifty years ago, that the government of the social democratic state is but an upper committee of the capitalist society. I'm still for the Carter brand of it, since that's the choice.

If you really want to inform the public, just publish the extent of American corporation investments in various areas of the world by name. Show the full circuit of our "foreign aid" money from the taxpayer to the coffers of the American multinational giants and their hangers-on.—*Francis R. Walton, Daytona Beach, Fla.*

The twenty worst

Having cheered the Vanderbilt University

How Bob and Jennie saved a lot of money, their record collection and their relationship.

By reading Warehouse Sound's free 1978 stereo catalog, that's how. Bob liked folk-rock loud and deep, while Jenny liked country high and sweet. They couldn't find a stereo system within their budget that could do both. You know how silly some arguments sound when they start . . . Meanwhile, their old record player was slowly ruining their collection.

In the nick of time the new Warehouse Sound catalog arrived in the mail: 64 pages of information on over 100 brands of stereo components with recommendations for ear pleasing complete systems at all price levels. They found a music system that could satisfy Bob's bass desires and Jenny's high frequencies for a lot less money than they expected to pay. So far, they've lived happily ever after.

We've helped more than 100,000 people like Bob and Jenny in the seven years since the bright idea hit us: ship stereo components direct to the customer's home and eliminate the middleman's profit. The catalog is free. Our guide to stereo buying, *The How To Hi-Fi Guide*, is a dollar and worth it. So give us a try: see how many things you can save.

Warehouse Sound Co.
Railroad Square, Box S
San Luis Obispo
CA 93405, 805/544-9700

FREE Stereo Catalog

☐ Enclosed is $1 for your hot new catalog and the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" sent via Priority First Class Mail.

☐ Just zip me your free catalog via Third Class Mail.

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Warehouse Sound Co.
Box S, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405, 805/544-9700 BD

football team for fourteen seasons now, I am embarrassed for Lawrence Linderman, for not including it in "The 20 Worst College Football Teams of 1977–78" (November 1977).

Surely one cannot write of the twenty worst without considering the 1-6 Commodores. Their stunning 3-0 victory over Wake Forest has marred an otherwise perfect record, including a 36-7 rout at the hands of Tulane, which placed sixteenth in Linderman's list. Only a chance win over the Air Force Academy (fifteenth) could prevent the Commodores from being the worst of 1977.—*Thomas Hardesty, Houston, Tex.*

When I read "The 20 Worst . . .," I wondered why my school was left out. Cal State Fullerton, a member of the PCAA in all sports, has not fielded a winning football team in quite some time, and we are a Division I school in football.

To date this year, the Titans are 2-4, the only victories being against Cal State at Northridge and Northeast Louisiana, both Division II schools. Doesn't this performance indicate that the Titans are also extremely crummy? Next time you cover this subject, make sure that you include all the truly lousy football teams.—*Gary Van Zandt, Fullerton, Calif.*

Just who do you think you are, Lawrence Linderman? Are you supposed to be an expert? I think that your article about the twenty worst football teams stunk! If you're so smart, why aren't you a coach instead of making this attempt to be a writer?

I happen to be an alumnus of Iowa, and I'm very proud of the Hawks. They had a 5-6 record last year, and I can guarantee a better record this year. The Hawks are quite capable of beating anybody in the league.

I think an apology is in order, not only to Iowa but also to the rest of the teams.—*Timothy Ferch, Charles City, Iowa*

I'm not trying to be critical of Lawrence Linderman's wisdom, but I think he should have done a little research on football at the University of Florida before he placed it on your "20 worst" list.

The Gators have one of the fastest offenses in the nation and a defense that is working on keeping the points down. I realize that I may not have as much knowledge of the subject as Mr. Linderman does, but I feel that Florida deserves better. I think you will be surprised at the year-end record.—*Jon Surrency, Lakeland, Fla.*

Mr. Linderman replies:
I have written numerous articles on football not only for Penthouse *but also for several other men's and sports magazines. Although I will admit that Florida was a long shot, I stand by my list.*

Formula 1

I really enjoyed the article on Formula 1 and the Watkins Glen Grand Prix (October 1977). It was a refreshing change from the football and baseball jock stories appearing in many magazines. It's about time that road racing got the coverage it deserves.

I race Formula Fords and someday hope to make it to the top like Rupert Keegan, driver of the *Penthouse*/Rizla Hesketh. Because of my involvement with the sport, I can really appreciate any sponsor who helps out. I hope that other companies will see the potential this sport has and that I will be able to land a sponsor myself.

Incidentally, I attended the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen. How the Hesketh mechanics were able to work on the car with the *Penthouse* Pets in the same stall is beyond me.—*Bob Coury, Lowellville, Ohio*

The FBI

I totally agree with your article "Inside the FBI" by Abbie Hoffman (October 1977). The FBI has outlived its usefulness. This country would be much better off if the organization were abolished. The last thing we need is thousands of spooks running around the country, sticking their noses into everybody's business.

After all, most of the violent crimes are solved by the local police. The crooks that the agency should worry about are right in its own hometown, Washington, D.C. When the FBI is gone, we can start to work on the CIA and the military.—*T.G., Fairbanks, Alaska*

Defining the First Amendment

I found "How the Supreme Court Is Violating the Constitution" by Nat Hentoff ("Advise and Dissent," November 1977) very interesting and informative.

However, I must take exception to one point Mr. Hentoff makes. He writes: "Their thumbs go down on the basis of whether, as a juror in the Reems trial said, they find the material 'revolting.' Where, in the First Amendment, is 'revolting' speech declared criminal?"

He missed the jurors' point. They are concerned mainly with pictures and movies, not with speech. This distinction presents a difficult problem, because visual pornography is, more or less, a product of the technological age. Therefore, the Founding Fathers did not take that into consideration when they wrote the First Amendment. If they had, chances are that there would have been a clause prohibiting visual pornography.

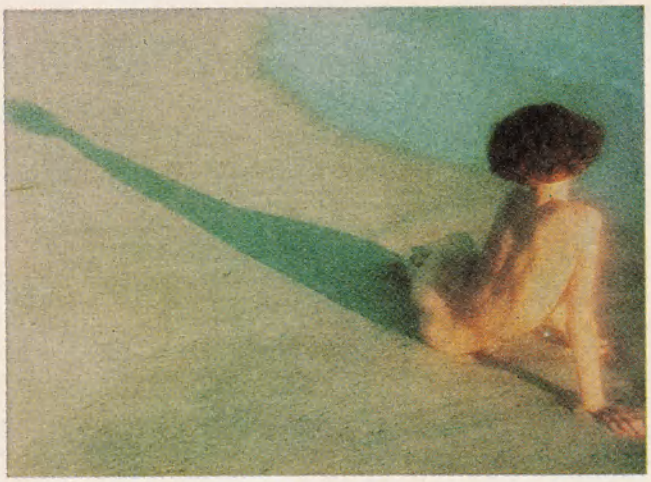
We will probably have to live with censorship until the sexual revolution comes of age. One must remember that these judges come from a time when "the air was clean and sex was dirty." They are good ole country boys who have probably never had sex with the lights on; so they are naturally shocked by explicit sex. They are old men with older morals.—*Neal Walker, Houston, Tex.*

Hacker interview

God spare us from the incompetent slop of Dr. Frederick J. Hacker (November 1977). David Haldane, interviewing Hacker for *Penthouse*, asked whether *many* terrorists

KONICA:
35 MM
MADE EASY.
THE KONICA TC
COMPACT AUTOMATIC.
THE WORLD'S FIRST INEXPENSIVE EXPENSIVE CAMERA.
Konica has been making automatic SLR's longer than anyone, so we know how to make them easier to use and easier to afford. The new Konica TC sells for under $300.
We did all the work, so it's easy for you to have all the fun. The TC is 25% smaller and lighter than traditional SLR's. It has automatic plus manual exposure controls!
The "Control Center" viewfinder makes focusing and shooting easy. It's part of the Autoreflex system, with 30 lenses and over 100 accessories.
See the exciting TC at your Konica dealer. Or write for full details to Konica Camera, Dept. 5205, Woodside, New York 11377.
DIVISION OF Berkey PHOTO INC.
Konica
KONICA

Images of Woman



Robert Farber

With over 70 sensuous full-color nude photographs, IMAGES OF WOMAN is a testament, a stunning statement of talent by a gifted, impressionistic Young Master.

Farber's art is grounded in imagination and the camera. There are no darkroom "tricks", only the artist's eye, a camera, colored filters, multiple exposures and a myriad of lenses. It is the first ingredient, the eye, that sets this stunning book apart from the pack.

The gap between film and painting has been bridged by Farber's photography and a concise test by Gail Lighthipe. How Farber photographs nudes — and how you can too — is the subject of IMAGES OF WOMAN.

How to create; to capture a mood and transform the image through color and light; the handling of composition, indoor and outdoor settings; the use of film; technical problems and solutions.

An outstanding professional, Mr. Farber's work has appeared in several international photography magazines, as well as assignments in advertising and fashion. Most recently, he has shown in VIVA, G.Q., and Penthouse. His camera art has been likened to that of Bruegel and Degas but, taken strictly from life, it can only be called "unique".

Here's your chance to learn from this brilliant young stylist and, at the same time, own a portfolio of photographs which in itself is a work of fine art. Study IMAGES OF WOMAN and your eye will never be the same again.

Send check or money order for $16.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling or you may charge on your American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge card. Send to Penthouse Book Society, Dept. PA02, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. NYC residents add 8% sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

How to earn your stripe on the tennis court.

Get your first serve in.
Don't be ashamed to wear whites.
Get your first serve in.
In mixed doubles, aim for the woman. But if the woman is better, by all means aim for the man.
Get your first serve in.

Off the court you can earn your stripe by serving our Stripe.
Usher's Green Stripe Scotch.
A fine Scotch Whisky, at a very decent price.

80 or 86 Proof • Brown Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky. © 1976.

The Usher's Tennis Catalog, featuring Dunlop racquets and equipment, is available, free.
Just write to: Usher's Pro Shop, P.O. Box 1080, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

are trained by the KGB. Hacker dismissed this excellent question with the casual remark that "it is a total myth." In support of his reply, he cited the Hanafi incident. Yet this incident refutes only the complete generalization that *all* terrorists have KGB connections. This generalization was not advanced by *Penthouse*; so Hacker's reply really misses the point.

As I take it, the *spirit* of the question was that many internationally significant acts of terrorism, such as those of the Japanese Red Army or Black September, receive KGB support. Hacker totally ignores such groups, even when their weapons come from the Eastern bloc. And may I ask who trained Carlos? Was it the Boy Scouts?

Like most liberals, Dr. Hacker simply won't face up to the ugliness of communism.—*David Hume, Vancouver, Canada*

Palestinian homeland

I have just read "The Myth of a Palestinian Homeland" by Moshe Decter ("Advise and Dissent," October 1977) and would like to offer my opinion.

It is obvious to anyone who knows something about the subject that Decter left out all the information which would prove that Palestine belongs to the Arabs. The land was given to the Jews by Britain in 1917, when the British foreign minister, Balfour, promised the land of Palestine to the Jews on the basis of sympathy. That land was given to them by someone who didn't own it, and at the time the Arabs were not militarily strong enough to fight Britain for the land.

I also disagree with the premise that the Arabs started claiming the land only after the Jews had turned it into a good agricultural area. Because of the wars that had taken place there, the land wasn't in very good shape then, but if its people had been permitted to stay, they would have improved and cultivated the land the same as the Jews did.

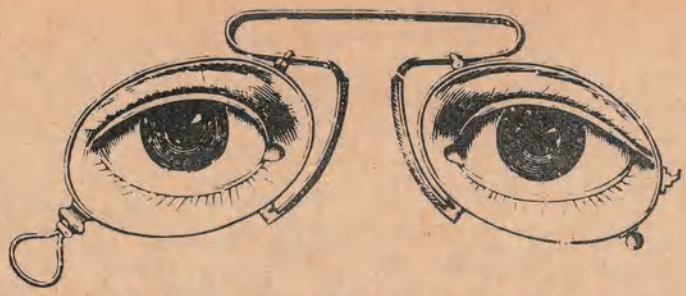
I strongly feel that if one is attempting to prove who owns a country, he must have more than an opinion. The facts must be examined more closely.—*Gary Holden, Stillwater, Okla.*

I am writing in regard to the article by Moshe Decter about Palestine. I think that it is about time someone from the left-wing black community spoke up about this subject.

Mr. Decter writes as if the Jews have suffered more than any other people. Let us not forget that we blacks were kidnapped from our homeland, subjected to mass genocide, and, during the last 400 years, reduced to either chattel slavery or various forms of economic and cultural repression.

It is our opinion that Zionism is just a high and mighty word for racism and that Israel is actually a police state, bent on destroying Islam and black nationalism in the Union of South Africa.—*F.S., Springfield, Mass.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE CASH 'N' CARRY AWARDS

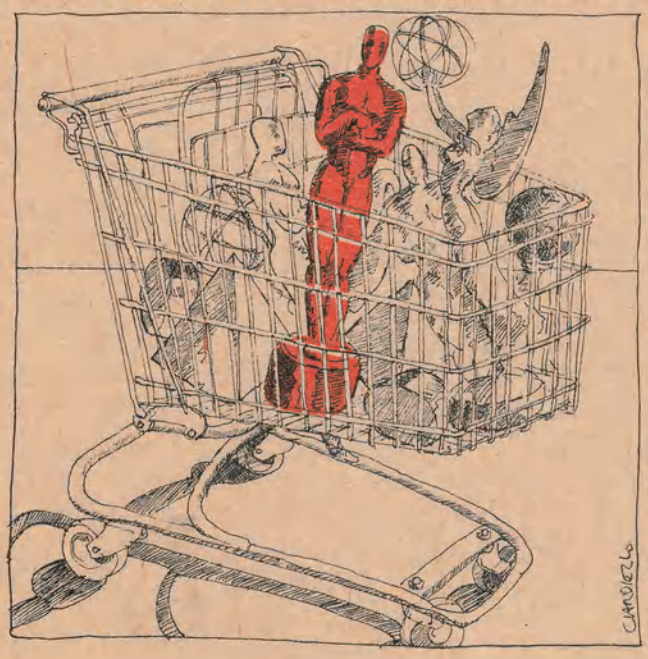
BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

Oscars, Tonys, Emmys, Grammys, Golden Globes, and *Photoplay* Gold Medals; awards for American music, country music, rock music, and entertainer of the year; TV Critic's Circle and People's Choice awards; the M.V.P., Heisman Trophy, and Hickock Belt; Misses America, Universe, and World; Prizes Pulitzer and Nobel—we have made a veritable industry out of *honoring* ourselves. New awards ceremonies are springing forth like lawyers around a collision, complete with mediocre talents praised like the Salk vaccine, with rituals that would try the patience of a macaw, with gaudy make-work projects for choreographers, and all with the biggest salvo of hype since Lindbergh.

This booming proliferation of self-reward is appropriate for a media culture in which recognition has become less a matter of actual performance than of titles. Media honchos—critics, columnists, reporters, broadcasters—are our culture priests, and they thrive under the age-old imperative: maintain viable gods or die. The quickest way to do this is to portray otherwise mundane souls in heroic dimensions, odd superlatives, and towering metaphors. *Newsweek* entitles a Jasper Johns profile "Super Artist," knowing that's the surest way to get people to read the piece.

TV, especially, fattens up by methodically manufacturing new "personalities"—Fonzie, Farrah, Chevy Chase, etc. Alas, fame isn't just carnivorous but insatiable, making quick snacks of instant idols. The First Law of Fame is that today's superstar is tomorrow's relic, and the media observe this law like they'd gotten it from Moses. Supplying enough "names" to fill some sixty-five hours of weekly, prime air time is no snap; thus more and more of those hours are filled by trifles—celebrity game programs, talk shows, TV-star "olympics"—that do little more than create and sustain personalities.

The celebrity angle in media is so box-office—from *People* to Rona Barrett to "The Tomorrow Show"—that *Newsweek* did a "celebrity gap" article, chiding the media for consuming personalities so voraciously that they must be mass-produced. Unfortunately, this gulf between supply of and demand for genuine talent produces dim-witted media clowns, on whom are squandered our limited reserves of admiration and respect. Gabe Kaplan is both amusing and unbearably cute, but if he's a superstar, I am Trigger. Bruce Springsteen's greatest artistic achievement wasn't his music but the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. And who is Florence Henderson to pop out of the tube at us twice a day?



The simplest and most direct means of establishing somebody's stardom is to just arbitrarily *bestow* it. Thus the media maintain a handy woodpile of celebrities by invoking awards as the insignia of Instant Excellence. Merit is no *prima facie* concept; human beings decide what it is, and isn't. Most awards for it are based on little more than crowd appeal. And even when they're determined according to fixed canons of professionalism, this produces tyranny as often as objectivity.

The West Coast has such a lock on the movie unions that a U.S.C. drama major will get a film-editing Oscar before a New York cutter does. But twelve guys in Manhattan determine excellence in American journalism, call it the Pulitzer Prize, and we eat it up. The New York Film Critics pick the best of cinema, but who picks the Film Critics? The Swedes can't get us to buy Saabs, but they've sold us the idea that their Nobel Prize is the ultimate standard of beneficial intellectual achievement. Sportswriters, whose taste and impartiality rank with Mussolini's, decree national standings and bestow 80 percent of sports' individual honors. Phew.

Awards competitions get more air time than Carter, because to many of us they're more important. The sports boom is solid evidence of our ravenous hunger for escape—from the cruel ambiguities of real life—to nicely definite outcomes, however irrelevant, which can be known, scored, simplified. The antidote to vague reality is simply being able to see How Things Came Out. And we care not who determines life's outcomes, so long as *somebody* does.

Our eager acceptance of arbitrary rankings boils down to a simple but pervasive desire to know who's the best. The category isn't so important as the simple resolution of debate. Great acting, pitching, or science are arguable matters, but the Oscar, M.V.P., and Nobel are *faits accomplis*. What The Best are best *at*—from punting to gag writing—may be stunningly frivolous in terms of the real world. So what? Most of us will never know who's tops at whatever we do—there are no awards for plumbing, cab driving, or accounting (yet). Why not at least know who is the number-one sprinter, physicist, or new rock band?

The "people's choice" gambit is effective here. Fans have few things of value to bestow, but their opinion is one of them, and they take it very seriously. There's no more authoritative source than ourselves, whether or not our tastes are artistic, intelligent, or literate. Who needs taste when you have numbers?

TV is the prime flywheel in this fame factory, thanks to network programmers, whose approach is not *What is entertainment?* but *What isn't?* Ratings are everything, and to a TV exec a thirty-four-share sounds better than his own heartbeat. The Oscars, World Series, and Miss America pageants repeatedly drew such audiences that programmers needed oxygen. As a result, we're up to here with the Tonys, the People's Choice, the Super Bowl, Miss You-Name-It, et al.

Awards ceremonies are prefab big events, star-studded contrivances designed to build ratings. Barry Manilow, for example, was given a Tony largely to get him on the show. *In extremis* this commercial coronating produces such rot as *Photoplay*'s "Greatest Entertainer of All Time," whose nominees included, not Shakespeare, Babe Ruth, or even Walt Disney, but Lucille Ball and John Wayne. The only talent being honored here is the talent to beef up the audience.

And this celebrities-on-parade ploy pays two-for-one: each award means not only a winner but also a presenter, who's often billed higher than the award itself, and who needn't even be in the trade. Nowadays persons with all the credentials of passersby commonly proffer the honors. Norman Mailer may be our primo essayist, but what qualifies him, besides his drawing-power, to hand out Best Screenplay Oscars? And what were *Star Wars*' Darth Vader and R2D2 doing giving out Don Kirshner's Rock Music Awards? Or, for that matter, Don Kirshner? There's so much bullshit in this business, you could plant crops.

Our contempo Barnums have discovered that it is those activities involving clear winners and losers—sports and elections—that are the gigantic draws. With the war, the revolution, and TV violence all in decline, our conflict habit is now fed by these and other surrogate confrontations—TV Superstar Olympics, Miss Teen America, the Golden Globes. Also, we're instinctive heap-climbers, who, given the limited number of available heaps, tend to heap-climb vicariously by identifying with people lucky enough to be scaling the more conspicuous or glamorous heaps. America's leading patriotic chant is "We're Number One!" and that means us—winners by association, if not for real.

Tony Korody/Sygma

Oscar with an admirer.

Beauty queens, shortstops, actresses, musicians—stars—are generally misunderstood ciphers who symbolically act out everyone else's fantasies. Celebrities make especially good fantasy selves, since we all figure we could be doing whatever the hell they do and as well. These awards shows don't spotlight performance or even real competition, but personalities. It's *us* up there, being touted like the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Incarnations of our fantasy selves are called heroes. Create one that bowling-alley America can identify with, and you create the key to the mint. Fortunately, heroes exist, not in reality, but in the mind, a fantasyland wherein ink is the magic fluid, and where invention can easily whip up a contest, from Miss World to the Southern Division Play-offs.

But awards create more than heroism; they create *marketability*. By manufacturing the silk-purse superstar from the sow's ear of the merely talented, they make the mediocre performer suddenly worth his/her weight in coffee. Awards are the fulcrum that agents use to exert leverage in salary-contract negotiations. In an area as subjective as talent, any form of accolade becomes hard data. If the Best can do nothing else, at least they can *charge* more. One's creative peak now comes, not via the stage or studio, but when one signs a gigantic contract with Revlon or Buick; and a good agent, given a bit of "official excellence," can put you on easy street faster than an inheritance.

If the land of media becomes an Oz of confabulation and absolute irrelevance, it is basically because that's how we and the media want it. Burned out from a decade of relentless cultural input, we now seek relief in mindless diversion. And diversion we will get, as long as it remains a vital public service. That is, as long as it sells soap.

SCENES

THE MERCHANT OF MENACE

Tobe Hooper is ardently discussing a film he is making with Dick Clark called *The Dark*, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to pay attention to what he's saying. "It's about evil," he grins through tightly clenched teeth, diffusing his subliminal sentiments with a billowing, psychopathic chuckle.

That word *evil*—it hangs menacingly in the dreary Universal Studios director's bungalow, a swirling emission, a portent, from this unassuming little man. It's not the word so much; it's the way he so frequently expresses it: slowly, textured, with considerably more relish than one would evince in describing a Cézanne landscape. "Eeee-vil." He laughs again, this time more congenially, as if to say, in his patented, West Texas bear growl, "Hey, man, I'm only foolin' with ya." But the disparity is unsettling enough to cause the spirit of Peter Lorre to rise in protest.

Tobe Hooper insists it's all in good fun. "My God, you've got to have a sense of humor toward your work," he says, sliding a Sherman from a gold cigarette case and twirling it delicately between thumb and index fingers as though it were a lethal weapon. "As a director, I have to see the humor in horror movies to create that unexplainable madness that surrounds my work." Like creating a box-office sensation out of a Black & Dekker single-blade rotary saw—which is kept well-oiled by a fleshy assortment of human limbs—as he so

facetiously did in the cult classic *The Texas Chainsaw Massacres*?

"Exactly. In *Chainsaw* I didn't try to explain the madness and even had the opportunity to get a bit ludicrous with the proceedings. People laughed when they saw the ads for the film, and that's a . . . a *healthy* reaction."

Healthy? Here is a euphemism for the $33 million gross the film accumulated in a little more than two years, and if anyone's laughing now, it is being done along that famous Hollywood hegira: all the way to the bank. Tobe Hooper has made his name, and it's paying off in spades. Universal has anointed him with a five-picture, nonexclusive deal under the aegis of talent-exorcist Billy Friedkin, and outside offers are pouring in almost daily. He is undoubtedly the newest star of the silver scream, but to Tobe Hooper that's the rub.

"You see, I don't really want to make horror films for Universal," he admits frankly, "but they don't know that yet. I can't really afford to get into that, because I'll get the reputation of only being able to make frightening pictures, when my real goal is eventually to adapt novels and do some comedy. But I'm rapidly becoming known as Mr. Fright." This newfound reputation has, at times, been a heavy cross to bear. "Hell, when you make a picture like *Chainsaw*, you pay the price. I've been associated in print with the movement to kill the Easter Bunny. But really, in my heart, I hope he's still alive and hopping around out there."

A half hour later, after rationalizing his slight income from *The Texas Chainsaw Massacres* even though he held a generous share of its points ("The distribution company just simply never kept a set of books," he says, disclosing the *real* horror story with mock amusement), he is still flirting with the notion of smoking. The sun has begun dramatically to edge below the Hollywood Hills, bathing the room in somber opalescence—the perfect ambiance for an obvious question: how does one conceive a film like *Chainsaw*?

"Well, one day I was walking through a department store and saw a chainsaw display and a lot of people around," Hooper begins, resuming a fiendish snickering. "I said to myself, 'My God, what's to keep someone from revving one of these damn things up and winging it into a wall of people?' I mean, it's almost every day that things as gruesome as that happen in isolated areas across America."

Filmmaker Tobe Hooper.

Listening to his lurid description of bizarre killings, one recalls Hooper's own history and is suddenly struck by a chilling premonition, like listening to an account of a fire on the radio only to discover it's your house that's burning. "I know what you're thinking," he says, "and you're right: I was on the campus of the University of Texas when Charles Whitman was puttin' people away from his place on the tower." A rush of ice-cold reality sweeps through the room. "Then I took an old Wisconsin story about a fellow who skinned people and made furniture—chairs and lampshades—from their bodies. *Chainsaw* is an amalgam of all these things, of watching the news on TV and just generally observing how bizarre the real world is. That was the beginning of it, and it was also a matter of making a horror movie and pulling out all the stops, letting the audience have what they want."

There are those who would say that exploitation on this scale is the chief cause of spiral-eyed schizophrenia, that TV-poisoned Ronnie Zamora was a misunderstood martyr with a bad case of public relations. "Well, I've heard of *Chainsaw* causing people to throw up," Hooper concurs, "but I haven't heard of even one chainsaw massacre occuring since my picture opened."

Hooper now lights his cigarette with conviction, pausing to consider his next statement. "Listen, if you want the truth, the fault lies with Hollywood—the film industry, the moguls. They are geared up to answer the question: how can we shock the hell out of an audience? It's not a case of their wondering how they can shock horrifically, but rather of how they can blow people's minds. They are interested in drawing that 'fragile' audience element to the theater, those who watch violence on television but feel they can't get a very good view of the blood and guts."

Hooper's rotary-blade epic was the target of scores of self-righteous critics, who saw *Chainsaw* as a threat to the humanist tradition of cinematic art. Classic hyperbole. The same critic who praised the virtues of *Taxi Driver* called the entertaining *Chainsaw* "a degrading, senseless misuse of film and time." Hooper takes this criticism with the same, characteristic sense of humor he utilizes in directing the hoisting of a woman in the film onto a meat hook. "Listen, beauty is in the eye of the beholder," he muses. "The Japanese thought that *Chainsaw* was an erotic film, for many of their pictures are founded on blood and sex. I guess their reaction has something to do with bondage.

"Up until a few years ago, film people didn't want to become involved in horror films, because horror was considered a low-budget, B-feature line of cinema. They were failing at it because their idea of frightening images—corny stuff like Godzilla—doesn't really make it in today's world. There are so many of these so-called horror films that really don't apply, because they don't touch on the one and only *real* monster—the Grim Reaper. If a filmmaker cannot make that aspect very personal to the audience—touch on the things that really haunt people in their dreams—then it is very hard for a horror film to work."

The dream is an integral component of the Hooper Scare Inferno, an intangible plateau to which his

Directing Marilyn Burns in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacres*.

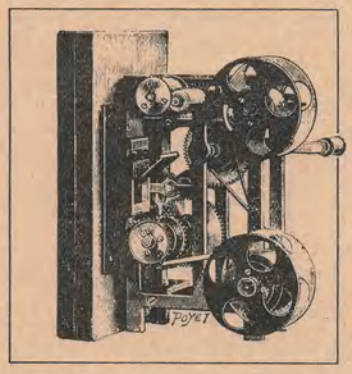
audience is first transported and where they then must learn to fend for themselves. "I dream quite a bit," he admits. "I've studied Jung and Freud and have played with my dreams. And what I've learned from them is things that would ordinarily frighten other people. Symbols like falling and flying—I try to utilize them as allegories. But I don't die much in my dreams. In fact, in some of my nightmares, dying would be a release." His peculiar laugh is an unrestrained arpeggio, a mad, Poe-like testimony to his participation in the creation of personal-encounter motion pictures, horror style. What did Hooper call it—the celebration of madness?

"I've taken a lot of these allegories and have incorporated them into a film I'm currently planning, called *Screamers*. It will take place within the dream syntax but will be an extended scream. The heroine—who will be played by Marilyn Burns, who starred in *Chainsaw*—will be both the aggressor and the victim. As the story unfolds, the audience will already have parachuted into an ongoing situation; they'll have woken up in a nightmare. The story taps on those closed doors, and in some it will have kicked them wide open, into areas that we sense are there but that we really don't want to enter."

Tobe Hooper is tuned in to a responsibility to his audience. But to him there are other intrinsic considerations at stake, artistic qualities that he feels are worth the risk in bringing his films to the screen.

"Sure, my films cause nightmares," he allows emphatically, "but that's okay with me." He smiles and immediately clears the air of any undue allegations. "What they are *not* are collections of quantitative violence—blood, guts, brains, and eyeballs. But if a horror film is to be effective, you have to tap those realms that are really accessible for the viewer. I just want to really please the audience. And if the audience wants to take that ride into fantasy and take the *real* one at the same time—to become frightened out of their minds—well then, I say, 'Climb aboard!' "—*Robert Stephen Spitz*

FILMS



MORE ABOUT WOMEN

Not so long ago, if you had punctured a film critic, the chances are that out of him would have flowed an essay on how there were no more decent women's roles in movies. Not just the standard desperation piece the critic writes when there is nothing to write about (though it would certainly have served), but rather a reasonable response to dozens of films cast with maybe ten men and a girl, or maybe three men and no girls, or maybe five men with Helen Hayes in a cameo role playing somebody's gutsy grandmother.

Those were the days of "male bonding," which is obviously different from "female bondage," and which stands apart from gay liberation in that the men involved might have liked women—if they thought about sex at all.

Now, as you may have noticed, things have changed. I don't know why. It may be that, years late, the movie business has finally caught up with the women's movement—like the way the studios released 1968 student-protest films in 1972. Or it may be that somebody out there noticed what an incredible resource all those underworked actresses were.

In any case, there have rather suddenly appeared a lot of roles for women. Some are in conventional boy-girl movies, such as ***First Love*** or ***The Goodbye Girl*** (neither of much interest, except for Marsha Mason's vigorous performance in the latter). Some are in such unconventional boy-girl movies as Bunuel's brilliant ***That Obscure Object of Desire*** (about which more in the future) or Truffaut's ***The Man Who Loved Women***. But most of the roles turn up in a whole slew of girl-girl movies or in movies about women alone—in which men retreat into guilty, and not always graceful, subservience.

The tenderness I used to feel toward the lone woman among all those otherwise-occupied men in movies a few years ago I now begin to feel toward the men hovering in the background of the new women's films. Thus Jason Robards, as the slightly extraneous Dashiell Hammett, is altogether the most appealing figure in Fred Zinnemann's none-too-appealing ***Julia***. And Richard Gere, as the semipsychotic stud Tony, almost steals the show from Diane Keaton in ***Looking for Mr. Goodbar***.

Actually, nothing steals the show from Diane Keaton, who is superb and who comes close to redeeming that messy movie both by being so competently beautiful and by playing not so much against her part as against her destiny. I'm sure everybody (except me) read Judith Rossner's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* long before there was a movie, and so everybody knows the story of how bright, attractive, Catholic Theresa Dunn winds her way down from the Bronx to New York's East Village in the 1960s to a succession of singles' bars and one-night stands, until finally she picks up and brings home the young drifter who murders her. The film more or less keeps the story but drops the location (in favor of some composite city) and ignores the decade—and so loses half the sense of its character's decline and fall. It does come up with explanations. And with Diane Keaton, who brings such spirit and grace to even her deepest degradations, it's hard to believe she's doomed. The characterization suffers. Her Theresa Dunn seems at each moment too well integrated ever to be undone by simple sex. But the pathos is increased, as is the shock effect, and some sort of humanity is infused into the assorted tics and cheap shots of Richard Brooks's movie.

Not even Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave can salvage Fred

First Love, *featuring William Katt and Susan Dey.*

Diane Keaton with Richard Gere in Mr. Goodbar: *simple sex.*

Zinneman's direction of *Julia*, nor can Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine rescue Herbert Ross's ***The Turning Point***—though I prefer the sentimental kitsch of the Ross film over Zinnemann's fashionable seriousness. *Julia* follows quite faithfully one part of Lillian Hellman's *Pentimento*, a collection of remembered portraits from the author's past. Julia (Vanessa Redgrave) was a rich girl who, in the 1930s, went to Germany to spend her money and finally her life in a futile struggle against the rising Nazis. Her friend Lillian Hellman (Jane Fonda), though committed to her own developing career in the American theater and to her long, sometimes uneasy relationship with Dashiell Hammett, becomes involved with Julia's cause and—in what is the centerpiece of the memoir (and the film)—even agrees to smuggle a secret fund of Julia's money from Paris to Berlin. This adventure provides the movie with its best moments and Fonda with her best acting—though it really is an adventure, rather Hitchcockian, and not part of the film's self-proclaimed exploration of a deep personal relationship.

The trouble in *Julia* is partly that the relationship as such scarcely exists, not going much beyond mutual admiration and a few key meetings over a dozen years. That doesn't hurt Hellman's sketch, but it does cripple the movie, which tries to invent an intimacy through flashbacks that seem forced. But a deeper trouble lies in Zinnemann's ham-fisted direction, a compilation of overemphatic clichés standing for "love," "nobility," "fear," "joy," "sadness." At a very rarefied level, this is cartoon movie-making, undone by its own elaborate simplifications.

Nobody would accuse *The Turning Point* of needless complexity, this story of how a great ballerina (Anne Bancroft) now facing retirement, while coming to terms with her own declining career, also has it out with a dancer (Shirley MacLaine) who was formerly with the same ballet company and is now a wife, mother, and midwestern-small-city dance teacher—because years before Bancroft had more or less tricked her out of her chance to star. The two enemies really are the best of friends, and they also are a marvelous blend of acting styles. Putting them together is the major excuse for the film.

The Turning Point also has a lot of dance-celebrity guest appearances, a style that recalls the fancier Deanna Durbin musicals of the 1930s. Thus we have a chance to watch Mikhail Baryshnikov dance, a real pleasure—not quite cancelled by also having to watch him make love (with Leslie Brown, as MacLaine's aspiring-dancer daughter) in what may be the tackiest poetic fuck sequence in the history of the movies.

Nevertheless, *The Turning Point* is more fun to deal with than *Julia* or even than Agnès Varda's ***One Sings, the Other Doesn't***, a good-natured, very equitable account of two young Frenchwomen on the way to personal liberation. Varda's film has been attacked by some feminists for not going far enough (her heroines love both men and babies), and in a way I think they may be right. It wants to attach itself to issues but without working into them. With its gentleness and its mildly militant didacticism, it has a half-way or opportunistic air: a movie playing with a theme.

Claude Goretta's ***The Lacemaker*** goes the other way, submerging theme in portraiture, the picture of a shy young French beautician (Isabelle Huppert) who falls in love with a college student (Yves Beneyton) and then, when the affair breaks up, retreats into a quiet semimadness for which she is institutionalized and from which she may not recover. Goretta, who is Swiss, has so far specialized in the superdelicate, small-subject movie of private frustrations—*The Invitation*, *The Wonderful Crook*. *The Lacemaker* signals no change, though it is his loveliest work so far and the first to make me think that he must be taken seriously as a filmmaker. More than anything else—above his sense of place, the ease with which he tells his elegiac tale—Goretta has provided a context for his leading actress, who must rank among the major discoveries of the year. With her beauty, her intelligence, her extraordinary presence, Isabelle Huppert takes a role that might have produced mere pathos and turns it into a calm triumph of silence and ambivalent acceptance.—*Robert Greenspun*

Baryshnikov in Turning Point.

The Lacemaker, *with Beneyton and Huppert: elegiac.*

WORDS

LOVE AMONG THE ADVERBS

In the world of romance, no one lives in Cincinnati. No one lies in bed, thinking about pizza, listening to the small, droning glare of Bert Convy's soul. In the world of romance, few come of age without having had intimate relations with a swarthy person in the family employ. You have trysts with destiny, as those in Cincinnati have dental appointments.

Women claw your back with febrile lust in the Chichén Itzá dawn. Your brother, a former Golden Gloves champion and now president of a television network, comes at you with a knife. You know no fear, but only truth, and that truth must finally be told.

"If you kill me, you'll be killing the father of your only son."

High above Mayfair, you gaze into the night and ponder the meaning of it all: your brother killed by his own hand, the woman of your past locked in a home for the sweepingly insane. You sip the fine Armagnac, watching passion pull at the face of the Countess. She grasps your arm. You look into her eyes and see something that words could never express. She speaks, and the sound of her voice makes you think of the Aegean and that night in Kassandra—how many years ago was it?

"I'll let you be in my saga, if you let me be in yours," the Countess says. She seems more vulnerable, yet more beautiful than ever before. "I know we would be simply sprawling together."

The earliest novels, such as the ten-book *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus, written in the third century, were romantic sagas, lavishly plotted tales of love and adventure. In 1800 the Marquis de Sade, age sixty, announced the fall of the romantic novel, for it was becoming "merely monotonous." But fifty years later, in his preface to *The House of the Seven Gables*, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the most respected American author of his day, defended the undying genre in philosophical terms.

The romantic novel is still the most popular breed of literature, although it no longer commands the devotion of our better writers. (There are exceptions. John Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor* is one.) It is hard to imagine Hawthorne coming to the defense of a literary type that has devolved into *Gone with the Wind*, *Peyton Place*, and *Roots*.

This season has brought a handful of Sweeping Sagas or, if you prefer, Powerful and Dramatic Sagas. Robert Elegant's ***Dynasty*** (McGraw-Hill, $10.95) tells the story of one woman's life in China, from 1900 to 1970. There is much here of Chinese history and culture (the author is a former Hong Kong bureau chief for the *Los Angeles Times*), but the heart of the matter is romance, and the sneaky sex of *Dynasty* would have wet the inscrutable panties of Pearl Buck. Like most journalists who turn to fiction, Elegant seems unwilling to give us a noun without an adjective: "The spare figure gnarled by great age was cocooned in cashmere shawls against the chill of the crystalline winter afternoon." Very nice, Mr. Elegant. And tomorrow we'll do adverbs.

Christopher Nicole's ***Black Dawn*** (St. Martin's, $10.95) is the third volume of what promises to be an interminable saga of the West Indies. For the author of *Black Dawn*, nineteenth-century Jamaica was a place of voodoo, rape, big black bucks, and, foremost, *groins*, which lumber toward the reader copiously: "her groin pulsing on his," "her buttocks in his groin," "to search the dampness of that groin." See, sagas are classy. No cocks or cunts here. *Groins*, that's the stuff!

Stephano Massimo

Patriarchs of the soap-saga: Sidney Sheldon and Irwin Shaw.

Speaking of interminable sagas and big black bucks, ***Look Away, Beulah Land*** (Doubleday, $10.95) is Lonnie Coleman's sequel to his successful *Beulah Land*. The Civil War is over now, but things are not calm in Beulah Land, where rape, shooting, and interracial groining are the order of the day and night. Lonnie Coleman is a very skillful writer, but what he is doing in Beulah Land is a mystery.

Westfield (Crown, $10), by Roderick Thorp, covers a century in the life of a New York family, a century filled with murder, nymphomania, alcoholism, true love (as opposed to mere groinness), adultery, and more murder. And, most of all, *coincidences*. Indeed, among contemporary romantic novelists, Mr. Thorp seems to be the leading exponent of *coincidentalism*, that literary movement that seeks to break the shackles of realism imposed by, say, "As the World Turns." Thorp spent four years writing this book, a fact I wouldn't advertise.

Only slightly less sweeping than the sagas are the Romantic Adventures, an adventure being a somewhat briefer unit of time than a saga. Here there is less groiniloquence, more intelligence, and often a very good book. Graham Shelby's ***The Cannaways*** (Doubleday, $8.95) impressively breathes life into late-seventeenth-century England and into the story of Brydd Cannaway, an apprentice wheelwright with a passion for money and finely wrought coaches. The romance is set around the intriguing doings of seventeenth-century highwaymen, gamblers, and tradesmen, and the sex and violence transcend the usual genre stuff.

Another nice surprise is ***Black Orchid*** (Dial, $8.95), by Nicholas Meyer and Barry Jay Kaplan, a romance set in the late 1800s in Manaus, on the Amazon, the only place in the world where rubber is grown. Two soldiers of fortune are sent by the Royal Geographic Society to steal rubber-plant seeds and thereby shatter the South American monopoly. Death, malevolence, and much jungle humping ensue.

Set in modern-day Iraqi Kurdistan (turn right at Beulah Land) is Christopher Kean's ***The Heir*** (Morrow, $8.95), a tale of oil-company assassins, Muslim nooky, and money.

In ***Cry Wolf*** (Doubleday, $10), Wilbur Smith presents three stock characters—Jake, the humble individual with a dream; Gareth, the English gentleman;

and Vicky, the sexy genius—then has them run about, caressing one another's adjectives and rescuing each other from evil tribesmen in Ethiopia. As for Thomas Gifford's ***The Man from Lisbon*** (McGraw-Hill, $9.95), I will say only that the writer has succeeded in creating something even more boring than French surrealism. Evelyn Anthony's ***The Silver Falcon*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $9.95) will satisfy all of us who enjoy horse racing, introspective sex, and mixed metaphors.

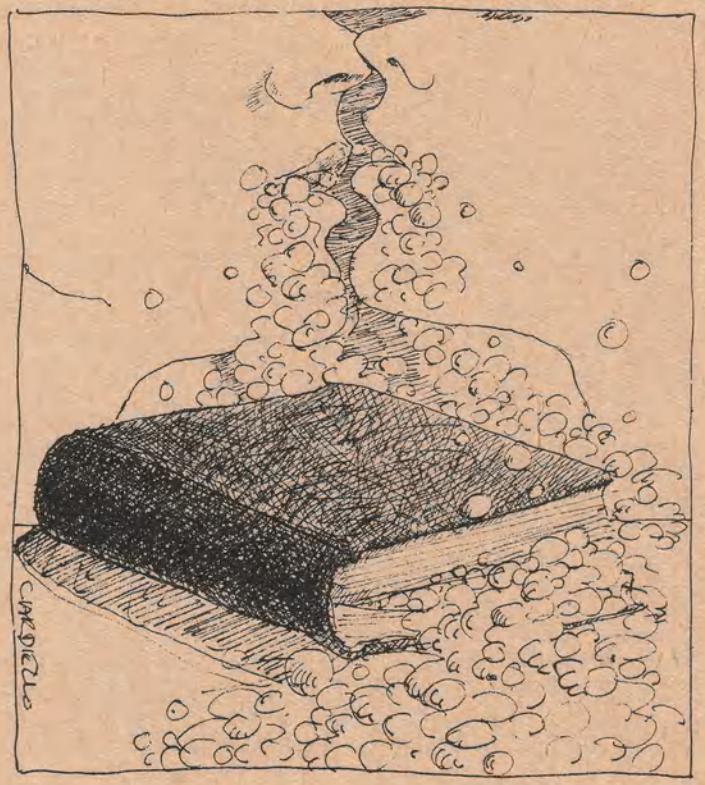
Many romantic novels are mere soap operas. Howard Fast's ***The Immigrants*** (Houghton Mifflin, $9.95) is an absorbing but forgettable story of transplanted Europeans in San Francisco. Of course, the son falls in love with Fen Wo's daughter (no black bucks in S.F.). The best passage is one describing a Chinese meal; the worst is one describing the San Francisco earthquake—if there be such a thing as literary stock footage, this is it.

The Lorimer Line by Anne Melville (Doubleday, $8.95) is a sort of new-wave romance, very mizzy. The story here develops in sudden, soapy coughs. Our heroine is deprived of her lover, so decides to become a doctor—and so it goes.

From the author of *The Other Side of Midnight* comes another sticky opus called ***Bloodline*** (Morrow, $9.95). This time out Sidney Sheldon has peopled his book with a sordid family of sexual blanks and insatiable studs. Sheldon's novel brings to mind Nazism. Which doesn't reflect well at all on Nazis, I'm afraid.

Beggarman, Thief (Delacorte, $9.95) is the sequel to Irwin Shaw's celebrated *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Shaw is one of the patriarchs of soap-saga, and there is a perverse sort of beauty in his work, which does not demur from giving us characters who are alone in crowds. He is like a Hemingway who doesn't give a fuck. "Many brave men asleep in the deep. Tom now among them." Heap good sentences, Irwin.

Perhaps the Marquis de Sade was right. But then, he'd never been to Cincinnati.—*Nick Tosches*



SOUNDS

PICKING THE GUITAR

The sound of acoustic and electric guitars dominates American popular music so completely that most people never stop to ask why. "They just accept it," says George Benson, a jazz guitarist who has sold 5 million records in the past two years, "like a man who has lived with a woman for a long time. He doesn't analyze why he's there any more. That's his woman."

Analyzed or not, a guitar fever is raging in the land. Almost 11 million amateur and professional guitarists are picking and plucking away, and in 1976 alone they bought 115,755 electric and 157,475 acoustic guitars, at a total cost of approximately $100 million. It was not always so. Before the arrival of hip-wiggling, guitar-strumming Elvis Presley, most pop singers did not play their own accompaniments, unless they happened to tickle the ivories. Guitar playing was reserved for backup musicians or for blues singers, country cousins, and other ethnic minorities. Elvis made it possible to play the guitar and be sexy at the same time. When the Beatles came along, they finished the job. Guitar sales skyrocketed, and the saxophone, once the principal rock-'n'-roll instrument, faded into relative insignificance.

But why the guitar? Why not the piano or the xylophone? It's true that there are some 20 million pianists in the U.S., but for the most part they are of the parlor variety. They take lessons and play the classics. Guitarists are different. They are rebels. "Educators have found that most of the students who take guitar are kids who wouldn't be taking music otherwise," says Bob Bishop of the American Music Conference. "A quarter of all the high schools in the country now offer guitar instruction as part of their music programs, and most of these programs were started after 1970, because of the increasing popularity of the guitar as a solo instrument."

Bishop offers a cogent reason for the instrument's popularity among students. "It's one of the easiest instruments to pick up and play," he says, "although it's also one of the hardest to play well." George Benson, who is probably our greatest living jazz guitarist, feels that there is more to it than this. "The guitar is more versatile than a piano or saxophone or set of drums," he reflects. "It can be played so that it sounds like piano, vibraphone, a trumpet, a sax. And it has found a niche in so many different categories of music that no matter who's playing it or what kind of sound he's getting, there's going to be a certain bloc of people

Raymond Ross

Coryell: fast and flashy.

Raymond Ross

Tal Farlow: virtuosity and an endless flow of inspiration.

who are lovers of just that type of guitar playing."

Increasingly, the style of guitar playing that young musicians are turning to is rooted in jazz. In part, this is due to the burgeoning popularity of jazz itself, but one suspects that professional rock and pop guitarists and guitar students also have a great deal to do with it. According to jazz saxophonist Ornette Colemen, who recently broke a long-standing commitment to acoustic music by forming a band featuring two electric guitarists, "Most rock guitar playing is coming from a southern blues thing. But if you ask any young guitarist to talk about guitar music in terms of quality, he'll name you Charlie Christian or Django Reinhardt." These are virtuoso jazz players, and Coleman is correct. Even the crudest heavy-metal guitar bashers tend to seek out quality players, and outside the classical field, quality guitar means jazz.

Guitar Player, a mass-circulation slick magazine, tells the tale. Though it is geared largely toward students and rock and folk players, most of the articles tend to be about jazz or jazz-related musicians. A double album put together with the magazine's blessings and also entitled ***Guitar Player*** (MCA) features jazz guitarists exclusively—unless one refuses to accept B.B. King, the jazziest of bluesmen, in the category. It is a splendid introduction to the art, all newly recorded, with King and Larry Coryell sharing honors with such venerable masters as Barney Kessel and Joe Pass. Since the album is by and for guitar pickers, the picking is fancy indeed.

Coryell, who was one of the first guitarists to successfully bridge the gap between jazz and rock, usually works in a heavily amplified context. ***Back Together Again*** (Atlantic), by the Coryell-Alphonse Mouzon band, is a furious rock-'n'-roll album, although the group's energy is best experienced live. On *Guitar Player*, though, Coryell plays sensitive acoustic jazz, including a warmly attractive interpretation of the standard "Autumn in New York." His work with jazz giant Charles Mingus on Mingus's recent ***Three or Four Shades of Blue*** (Atlantic) falls somewhere between these two extremes. In this more easygoing context, Coryell often sounds overly fast and flashy. The guitar solo honors on the Mingus disc go to Philip Catherine, a young French guitarist in the Django Reinhardt tradition, whose stunning finger virbrato recalls the master himself.

It seems remarkable that young guitarists entering an already overcrowded field are still able to synthesize their varied influences into styles that are demonstrably original. Perhaps the most original of the young breed are Pat Metheny, who was already playing with the Gary Burton group at the age of nineteen, and Monnette Sudler, a twenty-four-year-old woman who is from Philadelphia and has an astonishing technique and a promising singing voice as well. Metheny's two albums, ***Watercolors*** and ***Bright Size Life*** (ECM), project a strikingly mature sound, rich, multi-textured, and langourous. Sudler's debut LP, ***Time for a Change*** (Inner City), is a complete contrast. Her playing, lean, incisive, and hard-driving, is showcased in a program of original compositions.

Of the most established jazz guitarists, two whose virtuosity and apparently endless flow of inspiration have commanded unstinting admiration from their fellows are Tal Farlow and Pat Martino. Farlow, a semirecluse who occasionally emerges from his New Jersey hideaway to dazzle a new generation with relaxed swing, perfectly articulated phrases, and crystalline harmonics, is heard to advantage on two recent reissues, ***The Red Norvo Trio with Tal Farlow and Charles Mingus*** (Savoy) and ***Second Set*** (Xanadu). The Savoy album chronicles the output of the influential group led by vibraphonist Norvo during the early 1950s and is an invigorating example of intimate ensemble interplay at its most refined. *Second Set* is a privately recorded session from 1956; Farlow solos at satisfying length on four standard tunes. Pat Martino, a lithe, thoughtful improviser with polished-steel tone and voracious speed, has been playing heavy-handed electric music with his touring group of late, but his album ***Exit*** (Muse) finds him crafting exquisite melodic statements in the company of a top-notch jazz rhythm section.

Pioneers of the Jazz Guitar (Yazoo) and ***Fifty Years of Jazz Guitar*** (Columbia) offer a welcome overview of the music. The Yazoo set concentrates on the vintage recordings of jazz guitar's originators, including a sampling of the brilliant Eddie Lang–Lonnie Johnson blues duets and work by figures who are equally impressive but more obscure. *Fifty Years* ranges from Lang and Johnson to the present, with characteristic performances by Django Reinhardt, Charlie Christian, George Benson, and John McLaughlin along the way. Most of the tracks have not previously been issued in the U.S., which makes the album a must for guitar fanciers and guitarists, amateur and otherwise.
—Robert Palmer

Raymond Ross

Jazz giant Charles Mingus: quality guitar means jazz.

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.
©1977 R J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
One of a kind.
While others follow maps, he follows his instincts. And he never goes wrong. He smokes for pleasure and satisfaction. He gets both from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters. Do you?
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
CAMEL
FILTERS
us Camel Quality!
FORD
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

$
THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION
BANCO CENTRAL DE VENEZUELA
EL BANCO DE ESPAÑA
CIEN
PESETAS
UN 1 ONE
CENTRAL BANK OF EGYPT

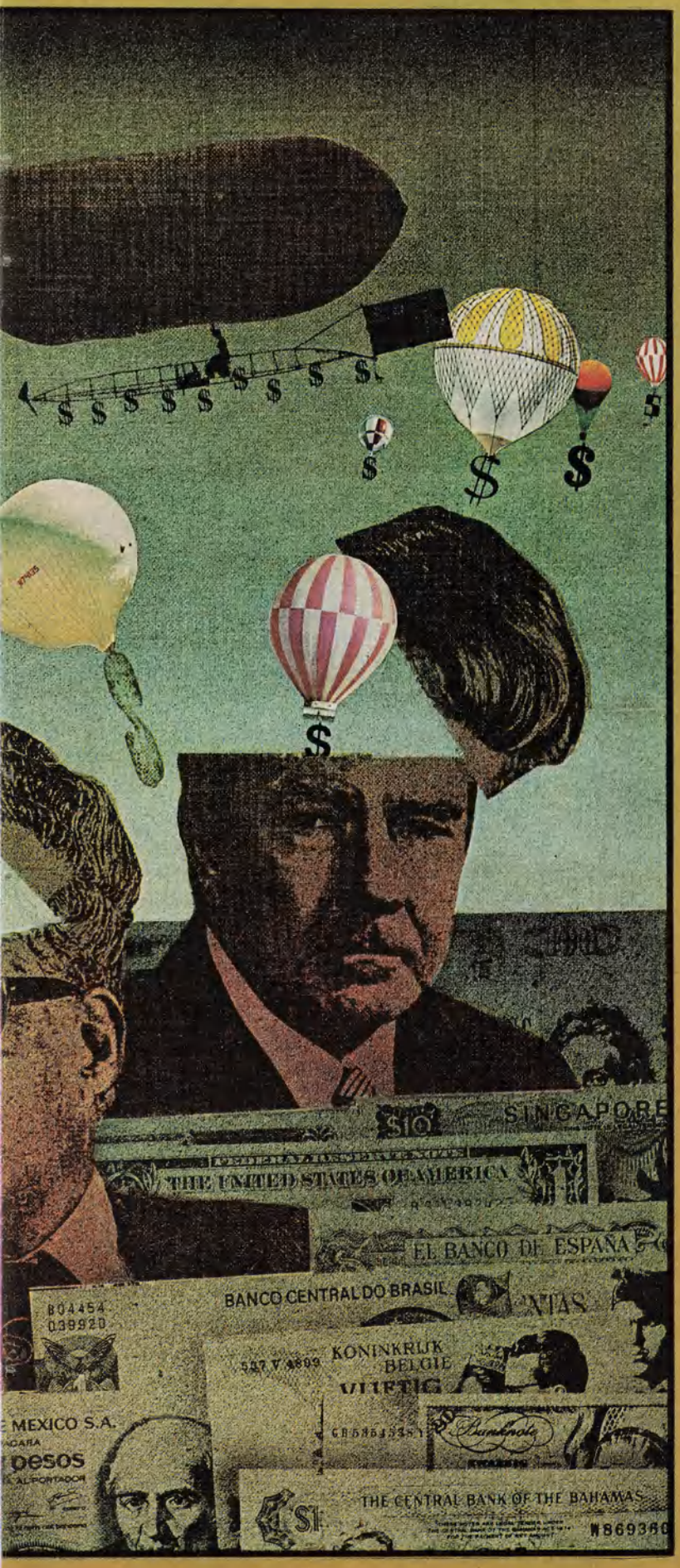


Illustration by Fred Otnes

CARTERGATE IV

Inflation is destroying our way of life—and it's not just an accident of history. Here are five Americans who want it that way.

THE INFLATIONISTS

Introduction by Craig S. Karpel
Profiles by James Davidson

The most dangerous menace confronting humanity at this moment isn't war. It isn't communism. It isn't imperialism. It isn't liberalism, and it isn't conservatism. It isn't excessive poverty, and it isn't polychlorinated biphenyls. It isn't fluoridation, and it isn't Laetrile. It isn't busing, it isn't abortion, it isn't homosexuality, and it isn't gun control.

It is something that makes everything worse. It makes socialism worse, and it makes capitalism worse. It makes a world with many wild rivers worse, and it makes a world with few wild rivers worse.

The greatest threat to civilization today is—inflation. Inflation is a bed of shifting sand under all human relationships. It is a dry rot that eats away at decency and morality and compassion. If money is going to be worth less tomorrow, you'd better grab as much as you can today and the hell with everybody else.

Every social problem is just a mask for inflation. Consumer safety? Inflation forces manufacturers to cut corners on their products in order to keep their prices affordable. Pollution? Inflation makes it too expensive for companies to find clean ways of getting rid of wastes. Abortion? When a winter jacket for a two-year-old costs thirty dollars, no wonder people are afraid of having kids. Energy crisis? In reality there's a glut of petroleum on the world market, and the only crisis is the effect of inflated oil prices on the global economy.

Behind every bumper-sticker issue today is inflation. Inflation causes all of them and then makes the bumper sticker cost two dollars instead of one dollar. Inflation makes fighting for whatever you believe in,

fighting against whatever you don't believe in, cost that much more of your precious time.

The luncheon menu of New York City's Dorset Hotel recently listed four specials. There were scrambled eggs with chicken livers, $5.50. There was broiled supreme of turbot, $7.50. There was corned beef, $6.95. And, lastly, there was fresh California asparagus, $6.95.

The essential question of our day is this: how do we come to be living in a world where a plain green vegetable, which every sane person knows is either an appetizer or a side dish, comes to be listed as a main course at a price that, as recently as seven years ago, represented the equivalent of one-fifth of an ounce of pure gold?

Most people today have the idea that prices naturally go up. Inflation is simply a word that describes this natural escalation, which is somehow woven into the very fabric of reality.

It's fascinating, however, to look at a chart of wholesale prices from 1770 to 1970. For 160 years of American history, there was only a minor upward trend in prices. Then, from 1930 onward, prices begin to climb higher, higher, and still higher, until, on one fateful day, the food-service manager at the Dorset Hotel in New York City reluctantly determines that the lowest price at which a plate of asparagus can be profitably purchased, prepared, served, cleared, and cleansed is equal to three weeks' income for the average resident of Haiti. And so, not only does he inflate the price of asparagus in his dining room, which is his sacred privilege, but, unpardonably, he attempts to inflate the *meaning* of asparagus.

For a thousand years in the Dolpo, the remote border district of Nepal, high among the snow-crested, cloud-wreathed Himalayas, the rates of trade—yak butter of the nomads for the barley of the villagers—had remained constant. During the past five years, the price of barley has tripled.

Inflation is not a fact of nature. The social utility of yak butter has not suddenly changed. Prices do not simply float up by themselves, although they may appear to do so. Someone has to put the helium in the balloon.

In 1957 there were 2.823 billion human beings on earth. In 1975 there were 3.968 billion. In 1957 the amount of paper money on earth, including funds in checking accounts, was equal to $254 billion. In 1975 it was equal to $1,106 billion.

In eighteen years the population of our planet went up 1.4 times. In the same period the amount of paper money in circulation went up by more than four times. The amount of money in the world thus went up three times as much as the population. This increase means that there is three times as much money per resident of the planet as there was before. It is the printing of this vast torrent of intrinsically worthless paper money, outpacing any increases in human productivity, that results in inflation. And money does not print itself.

Inflation doesn't just happen. People—actual, individual human beings with names and addresses—make it happen. These people make inflation happen, not to hurt others, but to help themselves. They promote inflation because it is in their interest to do so, and because it is not in their interest not to do so. They fight for more

How the Inflationists Are Going to Rob You of $300,000

How much will inflation cost you?

If you can consider that question calmly, you don't know the answer. On the other hand, if your pulse has started racing and your throat is drying up, gulp, you may have an idea of the fantastic losses that inflation will impose on you.

Suppose that you are a typical reader of this magazine, about twenty-three years old, with an income of $17,763 in 1977. Your typical taxable income would be $11,563, with a federal income tax of $2,167. According to calculations by economist Ira Artman of the National Taxpayers Union, inflation will raise you into higher tax brackets and, if all else remains the same, cost you $43,916 in additional tax payments by the year 2000—when you will be about forty-five years old. If your income increases so as to keep exactly "even" with inflation, the higher "inflation tax" caused by progressive income-tax rates will take an ever-larger bite from your real disposable income. You can see the exact figures in the following chart:

Year	Income	Taxable Income	Tax	Tax in Real Dollars
1977	$17,763	$11,563	$ 2,167	$2,167
1980	$21,336	$15,136	$ 3,041	$2,532
1985	$28,959	$22,759	$ 5,267	$3,228
1990	$39,305	$33,105	$ 9,124	$4,123
1995	$53,348	$47,148	$15,634	$5,206
2000	$72,407	$66,207	$25,634	$6,289

So you will lose $43,916 in constant dollars by the year 2000 just because of the tax effect of inflation. That's an average loss of more than $1,900 annually. But that is only one aspect of your loss. Inflation also takes wealth from you by reducing the value of each year's income. Since we are assuming here that inflation will continue at the same average rate-percent prevailing since 1970—6.3 percent—you would lose, typically, 3.15 percent of the purchasing power of each year's income. You would also lose 6.3 percent of the value of all insurance policies, bank accounts, or any other assets. But, again, to make things simpler, we'll ignore that loss of yours in this calculation.

Since you'll lose the same percentage each year, your loss in constant dollars will be $560—at a minimum—for each year until the turn of the century. In toto you'll lose $12,880.

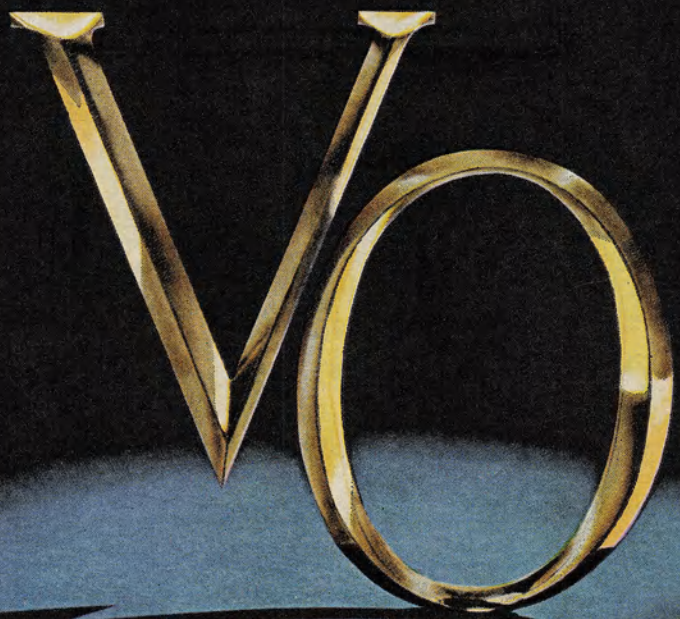
So you lose to the tax effects of inflation	$43,916
plus, from current purchasing power	12,880
for a subtotal of	56,796

But that's just the beginning. Because inflation will constantly lower your standard of living, you won't be able to save as much for your retirement. Instead of your receiving the full value of your earnings, much of that value will be redistributed to the inflationists, so that you will have less capital to supplement your income or to support you when you retire. Instead of losing that $56,796, you should have received interest on it at the rate of at least 6 percent per year. If you take that into consideration, your real loss in constant dollars will be $99,149 by the year 2000.

Unfortunately, it doesn't end there. Even if a massive change in policy succeeded in eliminating inflation completely after the year 2000, your losses would continue to be compounded for another nineteen years until, let us say, you're retired at age sixty-four. By that time, if there had been no inflation, the value of the wealth the inflationists are taking from you would be about $299,985.16. That would be enough to provide you with an annual income in real dollars of about $18,000 for the rest of your life—without ever touching the principal. You could leave an estate of $300,000 and, subject to the tax laws of the next century, give your wealth to whomever you wished.

But that won't happen, because the inflationists want to take that $300,000 and use it for their own purposes, not yours. Luckily, however, this is not something that must happen. It is only something that will happen if everything continues as it is tending today. If inflation were halted now, you could reasonably expect to have that $300,000 and live more happily ever after.

The reputation built by word of mouth.



Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

inflation because if prices were to stop rising, if the amount of money in the world were to stabilize or drop, the institutions for which they are responsible would suffer. These people are in favor of printing more money. They want prices to rise. They are *for* inflation. We call their ideology "inflationism."

To explore the nature of this destructive, subversive doctrine, let us focus on five Americans who are from various walks of life and function as influential and effective proponents of inflationism. We call them the inflationists.

DAVID ROCKEFELLER

Rockefeller, who is sixty-two, has been chairman of Chase Manhattan Corporation, the nation's third largest bank holding company, since 1969. Multinational corporation and international banking executives consider this youngest and most powerful of the Rockefeller brothers to be their spokesman and chief political operative. In 1973 he founded The Trilateral Commission, the group of some 200 financiers and businessmen from Europe, Japan, and the United States that has placed one of its members, Jimmy Carter, in the White House with the goal of "renovating" the world economic system. As leader-by-consensus of an international economic network designed to sustain the highest manageable rate of inflation possible, Rockefeller has the dubious honor of being the world's most influential inflationist.

The basic weapon that inflationism uses to subvert the economy is the constant creation of more and more paper money. When you consider that bankers are in the business of storing, transferring, and renting a certain product, it will be clear that the faster that product is being manufactured, the more of it there is for them to store, transfer, and rent. The main job of international bankers is to work for policies that will result in a constant, rapid, reasonably predictable increase in the amount of money printed. As the bankers' banker, David Rockefeller fights cunningly and effectively for inflation on many fronts.

Since the Arab oil cutback of 1973, U.S. banks like Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan have made loans of more than $77 billion to eighty-six less-developed countries in order to allow them to pay their oil bills. Chase Manhattan itself admits to having lent $3.9 billion to the LDCs. This amounts to a healthy chunk of the assets and the earnings of the big banks. There's no way the LDCs can pay this money back out of their income, which is by definition low; otherwise, they'd be *more*-developed countries. The only way they can meet their loan payments is to borrow yet more money, which gets them still deeper in the hole. As the LDCs have gone further and further on the cuff of the U.S. banks, financial circles have begun to whisper about what would happen to the U.S. banks if for some reason the LDCs stopped making payments on their loans, as Peru almost did in 1976 and Zaire actually did last spring. If the LDCs are having a hard time paying debt service of $24.5 billion during 1977, a year of economic recovery, what will happen during the next worldwide recession, when both the oil bill and the loan payment will be higher? On top of the worry about default, at talks in Paris last spring, the LDCs demanded across-the-board debt moratoriums and cancellations.

The problem is that there's no way the Chase Manhattan Bank can repossess Brazil. So David Rockefeller and his colleagues are using two methods to make sure that the LDCs keep tearing those coupons out of their payment books and sending them in with a check or money order.

First, international bankers support inflationary policies in general, because if dollars are worth less, the LDCs will find it easier to pay off their loans. "To date," says a report by a prestigious stock-brokerage firm, "only a very limited number of LDCs have experienced difficulty in servicing their external debts, at least in part because of the impact of continued inflation on debts previously incurred." The banks figure that it's better to be repaid in cheaper dollars than not to be repaid at all.

> In 1957, the amount of paper money on earth was equal to $254 billion. In 1975, it was equal to $1,106 billion.

Second, Rockefeller and his fellow bankers want the federal government to bail them out by contributing to a special unit of the International Monetary Fund that will lend funds to the LDCs (and other countries with balance-of-payment problems) to enable them to pay back the billions they owe the banks. Last March, in a speech before the elite Economic Club of New York, Rockefeller said that "an adequate supply of public international credit . . . becomes a key prerequisite." Rockefeller made these proposals: "First, enlargement of existing public credit lines or guarantees. This may mean adding to the resources of international agencies such as the IMF and World Bank. Second, increased public credit flows to each of the major classes of borrowing nations." After Rockefeller spoke, IMF chief Johannes Witteveen took steps to set up the special LDC fund, known in the trade as the "Witteveen facility."

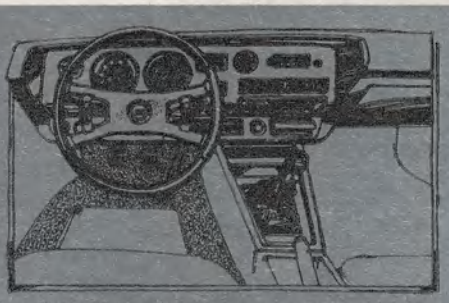
There's only one way for the United States to come up with its contribution to the Witteveen facility's bank bailout operation—by printing more dollars, the essence of inflation.

Another way Rockefeller promotes inflationism is by encouraging the United States to run a balance-of-trade deficit. One of the main goals of his Trilateral Commission has been to put an inflationist at the head of the Treasury Department, thus making sure that the United States trade balance runs in the red. Rockefeller's theory is that the trilateral economies of North America, Western Europe, and Japan should act as "locomotives" to pull along the weaker countries by importing more than we export. Treasury Secretary and former Trilateral Commission member W. Michael Blumenthal has allowed the U.S. trade deficit for 1977 to escalate toward an unprecedented $27 billion. As a result, last summer the exchange rate of the dollar against foreign currencies took a nose dive. Blumenthal said that the United States did not mind the dollar's finding a new level, and he did nothing to cut the deficit or protect the dollar. West German bankers charged that Blumenthal's nonpolicy will mean higher prices for imports like oil—and an increase in the rate of inflation. But David Rockefeller wants West Germany and Japan to join us as we wallow in red ink. In his Economic Club speech, he criticized them for having "failed to . . . show a willingness to incur deficits in their own current accounts."

Both the increased role of the International Monetary Fund and the trade deficit serve another of David Rockefeller's purposes—eliminating the worldwide use of the dollar in international trade. The U.S. voter still has some say concerning how much the dollar can be cheapened. Rockefeller's goal is to replace the dollar with a global paper currency that international bankers can inflate at will, without having to worry about Americans writing their congressmen. His idea is for the IMF to issue "Special Drawing Rights," a paper currency similar to John Maynard Keynes's "Bancor," which would be used in international commerce. Bancor and SDRs are an inflationist's dream—Monopoly money that can be printed up without having to pass Go. If the bankers play a bad game but still want to buy Park Place, all they have to do is to run off a few tons of Bancor.

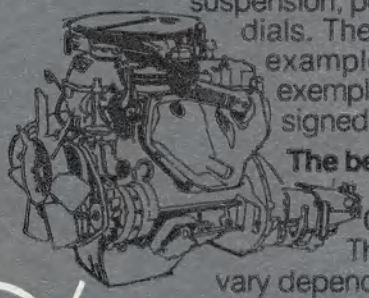
As a result of the dollar's decline, the Arabs have begun demanding that the price of oil be quoted in Bancor rather than in dollars. Nothing could suit David Rockefeller better.

Rockefeller's efforts on behalf of inflationism aren't restricted to the international arena. Right in New York the Chase Manhattan bank has been one of the biggest buyers of city bonds. This line of credit has allowed New York to spend more than it takes in from taxes and has encouraged the city to sign inflationary wage agreements with municipal employee unions. Even after the fiscal crisis, the



The new Toyota Celica. It's here now. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The latest in Toyota engineering advancements and wind tunnel refinements have produced an aerodynamic work of art. The Celica GT Liftback (pictured), GT and ST Sport Coupes.

A beautiful car and a fine machine. The GT Liftback aerodynamics have contributed to increased interior room (4" at shoulders), stability, acceleration and efficiency. The handling formula includes MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, and steel belted radials. The Celica's cockpit instrumentation is a beautiful example of functional engineering. And comfort is exemplified by the reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support.



THE 1980's CELICA

The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers Toyota dependability and economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower. GT Liftback options are for personal taste. Like power steering, automatic transmission or the new sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. The car of the 80's here today.

YOU GOT IT.

TOYOTA

©Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 1977

Only Real the natural cigarette can taste so rich yet be low tar.

Follow your taste to Real.

Your cigarette enhances its flavor artificially. All major brands do. Real does not. We use only the finest tobacco blend and add nothing artificial. Nothing.

Of course, the menthol in Real Menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic. You get a rich and round and deep taste. A total taste that satisfies. Yet it's low tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Only 9 mg. tar.

©1977 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Chase still owned $700 million in New York city and state securities—more than any other bank owned. The city's main source of revenues is the real-estate tax, which is based on the value of land and buildings. So David Rockefeller has a vested interest in seeing real-estate prices rise, so that enough taxes will be thrown off to service the bonds. And since the value of real estate largely depends on how big a mortgage a bank like the Chase will write on it, Rockefeller has the perfect lever to pull to keep inflation—and the banks' bond income—steady.

Inflationists like Rockefeller don't want *too* much inflation. If Americans had to load up the trunks of their cars with $100 bills in order to buy a package of Hostess Twinkies, as Germans did in the 1920s, loans to LDCs, cities, and real-estate developers would get paid off in worthless money. What David Rockefeller works for on the seventeenth floor of 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, on the rubber-chicken circuit, and through The Trilateral Commission's control of the Carter administration is nice, friendly, high one-digit inflation that will keep those payment coupons coming in. You've got an inflationist at Chase Manhattan.

ARTHUR BURNS

Arthur Burns, who is seventy-three, has been chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System since 1970. That makes him the lord high wizard of paper money, the man who flips the switch on the printing press and sees that the other inflationists receive the maximum possible gain from their monopoly over money and credit. He does his job well. His work at the Fed illustrates the great importance of obscurity and confusion to the inflationist cause. Burns has understood that only a small segment of the public pays the slightest heed to his role in creating money. He has capitalized on that fact by constantly denouncing inflation at the same time that he personally supervises its creation. In one speech after another, Burns has spoken out against the evils of inflation, thus creating the false impression that he is trying to restrain the growth of the money supply. In fact, as long as he remains Federal Reserve chairman, he will be one of the key inflationists (he may not remain much longer—there have been reports that Carter may be replacing him soon). He is the single most important individual in the organization that has ultimate, proprietary control over 99.9 percent of America's inflation. Burns decides how much checkbook money the banking elite may create at your expense.

If you are to grasp what Burns does, the first thing you must understand is that you are not meant to understand. Some of the highest-priced experts that funny money can buy have given their finest efforts to making the whole process incomprehensible. And for a good reason—as far as the inflationists are concerned. If the majority of Americans understood how the banking system defrauds them by the abracadabra creation of money, the political pressures to stop this rip-off would be irresistible. To avoid or diminish the prospect that you will catch on, the operation, the composition, and the functions of the Federal Reserve Board are draped in secrecy. You can't just call up one of the Federal Reserve Banks and ask who has profited from the latest issue of printing-press money. And although the Fed is supposed to be a government agency, your congressman knows little more about it than you do.

Arthur Burns, however, knows all there is to know. Back in 1960 Burns put his knowledge to work in a visit to Richard Nixon, who was then vice-president. Burns knew that Nixon intended to be the Republican presidential nominee. He also thought that Nixon would lose. He told him so. It was Burns's theory that President Eisenhower, who was strongly opposed to inflation, had been pressuring and influencing the Federal Reserve so much to reduce credit that

> These people are in favor of printing more money. They want prices to rise. They are *for* inflation.

the money supply was actually declining. Instead of inflation, there was deflation. Burns predicted that Nixon would lose the 1960 election unless Eisenhower could persuade William McChesney Martin, then Fed chairman, to create more inflation—which would in turn create an artificial prosperity in inflationist industries. Of course, Eisenhower did no such thing, and Nixon was narrowly defeated.

Nixon remembered Burns when he became president. The notion that inflation, in its early stages, can create political benefits for incumbent politicians appealed to Nixon. As history would later show, any trick to win an election, as soon as a vacancy arose, appealed to him. So, in 1970, he appointed Burns chairman of the Federal Reserve. Burns knew what he was there to do and did it. Upon taking over the Fed, he abruptly started increasing the money supply at a 5 percent annual rate. As the 1972 election approached, he created inflation even faster. The funny money Burns created gave people the false impression of prosperity. And this helped boost Nixon's majority. Only later, in 1973, did the public suffer the recession and dramatic cost-of-living increases caused by printing more money.

But Richard Nixon was not the only one to profit by Arthur Burns's inflationary reign at the Fed. The large banks that literally "own" the Federal Reserve have handsomely benefited also.

To better understand how the system works, consider the story of the Bank of England, upon which our "central bank" was modeled. In the late seventeenth century, a big-time banker named William Paterson had a bright idea. He figured out how he could obtain a 139 percent return on his money each year. His method was quite simple. He collected 72,000 pounds in gold and silver coin, formed a bank, and printed paper-money receipts for sixteen and two-thirds times the value of his coin. He immediately lent the funny money, 1,200,000 pounds, to the king of England, who used it to finance a war. Since the king paid interest of 8.3 percent, Paterson received 100,000 pounds annually in interest on an actual capital of 72,000 pounds. It was a great deal for Paterson and a great deal for the king. But it wasn't so great for everybody else. Since Paterson actually had only 6 percent as much gold as he needed to redeem the notes, he was clearly defrauding the taxpayers, whom the king obligated to retire Paterson's inflationary loan. When people started grumbling, the king simply granted Paterson a monopoly privilege to print paper money. Thus the Bank of England was established and, along with it, a principle that inflationists have clung to ever since: the best way to bring paper money into circulation is to finance government deficits.

This is how the Fed operates today. The inflationists use their combined political power to build a huge government budget deficit. Then they turn around and make a killing by financing the deficit. If it is $65 billion, the Fed covers it by buying government bonds (whatever cannot be sold to the public). But unlike anything in normal experience, Dr. Burns's organization spends money that never existed before. It creates brand-new checkbook money and deposits it with the banks. The banking system as a whole is then privileged to create six times as much money in loans. This *is* inflation. If the Fed completely monetized a deficit of $65 billion, the banks could end up lending and collecting interest on *$390 billion*.

Burns supervises the whole process. It is his job to keep inflation at the optimum level, which he does by juggling arcane regulations that control interest rates and margin requirements. He wants to be sure that the inflationists do as well as possible. His role is like that of a dealer, in a game of poker, who can surreptitiously create new chips at will and dish them out to his favorite player. The dealer has to be reasonably conservative about it, or the victims will become disgusted and quit. The art is to create just enough funny chips so that the favorite player wins and pockets the largest possible pot. And this requires that the dealer and player stay in fairly close

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

Thoroughly Modern Millie

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. SHAW

Totally liberated Millicent Ann Palmer believes that every woman has the right to set her own priorities. At twenty, Millie has a goal, to forge a successful career as a designer of women's clothes with her own name on the label. "I'm on my way," she says proudly. "I am now 'second'—junior assistant to one of the very best fashion designers in the country—and I love it."

But there's more to 35-23-36 Millie than meets the needle's eye. She is a closet athlete who plays tennis and swims at every opportunity. At night she studies sketching and composition, and on weekends she manages a Madison Avenue boutique.

When queried about her love life, Millie answers with the kind of smile that makes "no comment" a pleasurable experience. Unless the men in this world all need hormone shots, the likelihood of Millie's ever being lonely is quite remote.

Men play an important role in Millie's life, though career comes first. She prefers to be accepted as an equal and demands the right to be involved with more than one man—if it suits her. Ultra-sophisticated men leave her cold, because she feels that they are usually too self-centered to provide the respect a genuine relationship is based on.

Stretching like a cat, Millie admits to being proud of her radiantly healthy body and works hard at staying beautiful. "Exercise is the only way to keep your body in shape," she says. "I strip and spend ten minutes every day working out in front of a mirror. It's a great ego builder to know that I don't need clothes to attract a man."

As for men in her future, Millie says it's too early to tell. Right now she's totally involved in learning the fashion field and doesn't worry about men. "Finding the right man is like buying a new dress. Just as the right dress has to fit perfectly and make me feel beautiful, the right man—for me—has to be closely tailored to fit my needs. When I find the right dress, my mirror tells me—and when I find the perfect man, my head will know."

KU
HN

A firsthand account
of the butcher of Africa by America's
last ambassador to Uganda

Idi Amin Hitler

By Thomas and Margaret Melady

Thomas Melady served as the last U.S. ambassador to Uganda from 1972 to 1973, when the American Embassy was closed on his advice. Melady is a writer and educator, with a special interest in Africa. When he and his wife, Margaret, arrived in Uganda, Idi Amin—despite growing reports of his atrocities—was "regarded by many as merely another dictator. We finally . . . saw by late 1972 his total commitment to torture and death as a routine means to perpetuate his regime."

What Ambassador Melady was quick to see has finally been reported to the world. In 1975 and 1976 the International Commission of Jurists was given testimony similar to this statement by a prison supervisor in Kampala: "I had to give little jobs to the prisoners as well as smashing heads and loading bodies: things like cleaning the blood from the vehicles, supervising picking up eyes, teeth, and broken parts of heads, and making sure the blood was covered with dirt. We used to make a small hole just behind the toilet for the eyes, teeth, and broken skulls and cover it up."

Despite the murders of hundreds of thousands of Ugandan citizens, in 1973 Ambassador Melady was shocked to learn that some people in the American government were more concerned about Idi Amin's attacking Richard Nixon over the war in Vietnam than about his brutal regime. Melady argued that "our embassy should eventually be closed and our ambassador be withdrawn, not for Amin's statements on Vietnam, but rather to show our disapproval of his ongoing genocide." However, when Melady was recalled to Washington, a State Department spokesman said that the reason was an "entirely unacceptable" statement of Amin's regarding Vietnam. As Melady concluded: "Our efforts to have Amin's ongoing genocide serve as the main reason for our withdrawal from Uganda were unsuccessful."

The Ugandan people live in fear.

Day after day come reports of disappearances, arrests, torture, and brutal killings carried out by members of Amin's special killer squads. The police are powerless to do anything. There is no safety in the country. No one is immune from the whims of the soldiers.

In the beginning, those who had been associated with the former President Obote by profession or tribe were listed for elimination. Then, those of certain other tribes with an education were marked. Now, even the barely literate peasant is harassed and hunted by Amin's henchmen.

We had been to Uganda several times before we arrived on diplomatic assignment in 1972.

It was a favorite African attraction for many people because of its excellent climate, its beautiful countryside, its kingdoms with their long history, its wealth of wild animals, and the special flavor of its capital, Kampala, built, like Rome, on seven hills.

From *Idi Amin Dada: Hitler in Africa* © 1977 by Thomas and Margaret Melady, published by Sheed Andrews and McMeel, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

ILLUSTRATION BY DEBBIE KUHN/SKETCHPAD STUDIO

For us it was all of these things and more. Uganda had a special place in our lives, for it was through Ugandan friends that we first met each other in 1960. These friends had studied in the United States and had since returned to their country. As we prepared to arrive, we grew anxious to see these friends with whom we had remained in contact for more than ten years.

When our plane touched down at Entebbe airport in Uganda, it was early morning. The mist from Lake Victoria was clearing as the heat of the day began to soak up the moisture from the swamp grasslands bordering the lake. Members of the U.S. Embassy in Kampala, Uganda, were on hand to greet us as well as officials from the Uganda protocol office.

As we walked through the group at the airport, we noticed an African priest, Father Clement Kiggundu, who was then editor of *Munno*, the only Catholic daily in Africa. He was extremely enthusiastic about seeing us, and we were equally pleased. We had no idea at the time that he had only a few months to live.

In January 1973 Father Clement Kiggundu was found dead in a burned car on the road from Kampala to Jinja. The government tried to pass off his death as an automobile accident, since the Jinja road was notoriously dangerous for motorists. However, an autopsy was performed, and the results, publicly announced from the pulpit of the Rubaga Cathedral, confirmed that the priest had been found shot. Subsequently, the doctor who had performed the autopsy disappeared as well.

We were shocked not only by the ruthless killing but by the bold and crude methods which the government used to deceive the people. We had known Father Kiggundu only a short time, but we were impressed by his competence. It was a difficult enough task to be committed to accurate reporting without incurring the wrath of Amin. Kiggundu evidently became too much of a threat to Amin when he decided to publish a report on a women's conference that had taken place in Kampala in November. At this meeting the women called for an investigation of the disappearances of innocent people and criticized the Ugandan government for not controlling the continued violence in the country.

The massive bloodletting that occurred in Uganda involved other very good friends of ours whom we had known as students in New York in the early sixties.

The fate of Joseph Mubiru was a particularly personal tragedy for both of us, for Joe had, in fact, intruduced us to each other at an international student meeting in New York in 1960.

On the morning of our arrival in Kampala in July 1972, a message of welcome from Joe was waiting for us at our residence. We planned a reunion dinner with the Mubirus and some other friends for the next week.

At the dinner all were cautiously critical of Amin. Their main criticisms fell into two categories—Amin's refusal to take advice from technocrats on the running of systematic government and the fear that there would be an anti-Christian movement. Joe Mubiru had served as governor of the National Bank of Uganda under President Obote. Mubiru continued at the bank after Amin's coup in 1971, until Joe's fiscal policies began to be thwarted by the erratic decisions and actions of Amin and his top people. Amin criticized Mubiru, and Joe answered by publicly printing a rebuttal to the criticism along with his resignation. Mubiru then decided to leave politics completely and go into business. He was doing private consulting at the time we arrived.

To us as Americans, accustomed to a parliamentary democracy, Joe Mubiru's posture was a normal and everyday occurrence. He recognized that he was not in power but believed he had the right to mildly criticize Amin or defend his own policies. He hoped that by making his criticism public—and indeed this criticism was merely on financial policy—he would be able to avoid being suspected of secretive plotting. However, we knew that in many developing societies today free and open criticism is impossible. Even the relatively insignificant criticism of Joe Mubiru would not go unnoticed by Amin, who would be continually suspicious of Mubiru's independence and following. We probably would not have been at all surprised if Joe had been arrested or detained under house arrest by Amin, but instead he was brutally murdered.

> We were reluctant to believe the almost incredible—that someone would actually declare his admiration for Hitler.

Joe Mubiru's fear of action against Christians particularly interested us, but we were not willing to take it seriously enough at the time. Amin had already thrown out the Israelis and had begun an anti-Zionist line similar to that of his new patron, Colonel Gaddafi of Libya. Amin had also emphasized his Moslem religion but up to this point had not attacked the Christians. In fact, he seemed to go out of his way to show his support for religion in general and to encourage all the faiths.

Joe Mubiru was also a member of the Buganda tribe. Christians in Buganda experienced bitter and cruel purges carried out by their *kabaka*, or king, in the nineteenth century. The Bugandans were heavily Christian now. We thought that maybe Joe's fears were exaggerated and unfounded.

The last time we saw Joe Mubiru alive was in the office of Emmanuel Nsubuga, the Catholic archbishop of Kampala. We had gone there to make a standard courtesy call. Joe Mubiru had just finished a fund-raising meeting for the Catholic newspaper. We had not made contact with him for some time. A few days previously I had been warned privately by a Ugandan government official that it would be dangerous for us to continue seeing Joe Mubiru and some of our other old friends who had studied in the United States.

As we greeted Joe briefly that day, Margaret lingered behind a few minutes to convey to Joe the difficulty we had in seeing him and to somehow warn him of possible trouble. There was an immediate understanding on Joe's part. He had always been highly politicized, but now he appeared resolute and perhaps foolishly courageous. Only a few weeks passed after that meeting when news reached us of Joe's disappearance. Somehow we vainly hoped that Joe had really disappeared and would show up at some time outside of the country.

It was useless. There was no doubt that he, along with others, had been killed. Only months afterward did we know the full horror of how Joe had met his death.

Before Joe had been arrested, Amin had threatened that he would be detained under cold water—this referred to a method of torture in which the victim is held under cold water for hours. Mubiru was taken to Makindye Military Police Barracks, located just outside of Kampala, along with many others who disappeared at the time. While we do not know the full details of how he finally met his death, we know some of the cruel methods used on others in the same prison. Amin's threats have often been carried out. It would not be surprising if he had ordered his threat to be carried out on Joe Mubiru.

No chance was even given to have a decent funeral for Joe. No one dared to have a memorial service. His wife and children left the city and went into hiding.

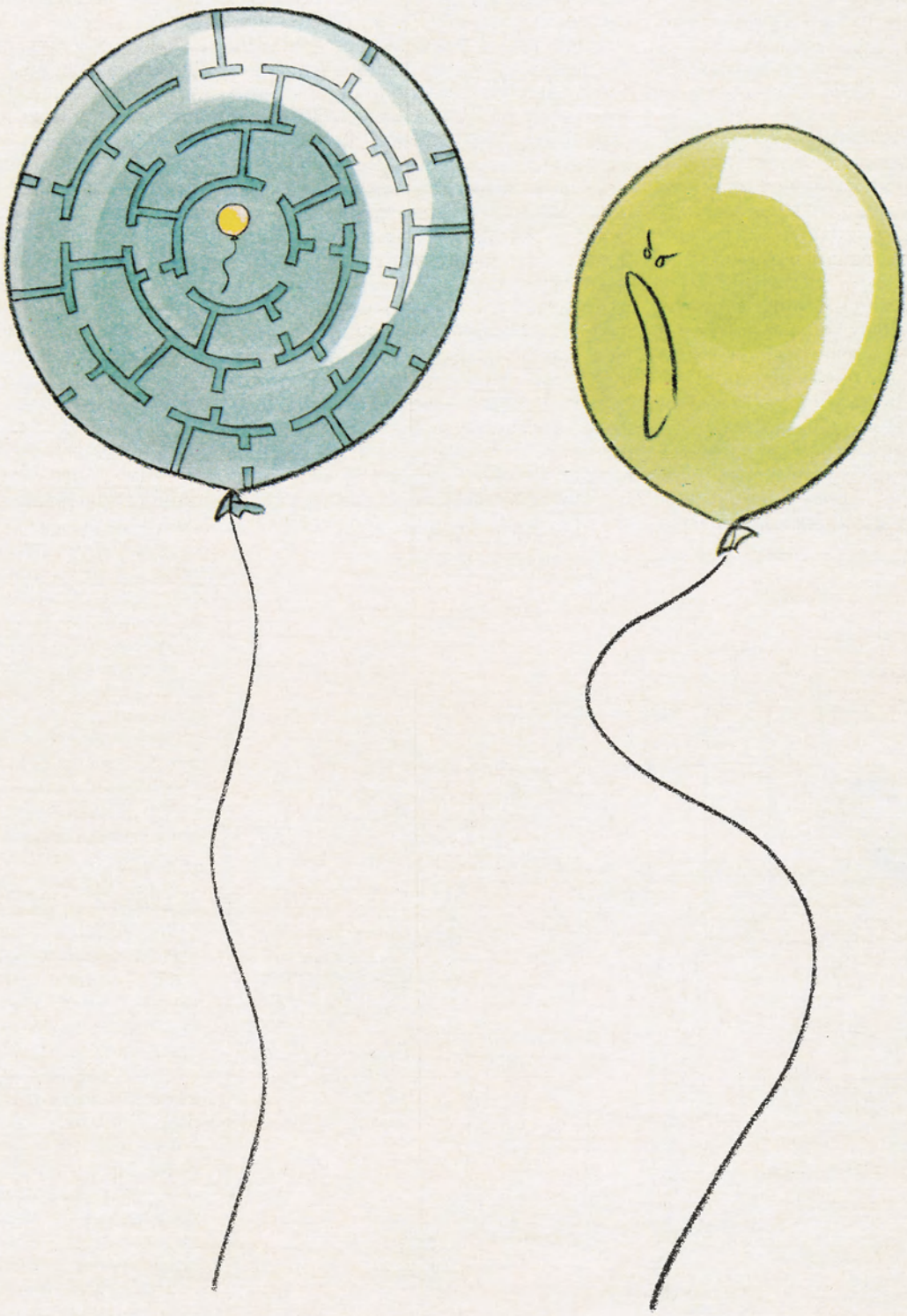
We were both sickened by Joe Mubiru's death. He was no ordinary man. During his studies for his doctorate in the United States he had suffered a nervous breakdown and was forced to abandon his studies and return to Uganda without the degree. We had worried that he would become bitter over his failure, but instead, in a few short years, he became head of the National Bank of Uganda.

Despite the fact that he was out of the government when he was killed, Joe Mubiru was still contributing in positive ways to the development of Uganda. His death proved a tragic loss for his country and a frightful waste of so many years of effort and training.

The story of Joseph Mubiru illustrates

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Your trouble, Ralph, is that no one can reach you."

what has happened in Uganda. There are many more like Joe—lawyers, doctors, teachers, students, priests, bishops, and the chief justice—many people who met death at the whim of a cruel tyrant and his henchmen. The country of Uganda has been deprived of the services of many able and dedicated men and women.

When our Ugandan assignment began, we had read of the killings that had already taken place after Amin's coup. We were aware that many political scientists had classified these killings as the usual purge that occurs after a change in power. American, British, and French specialists in African affairs believed that things would settle down as soon as Amin consolidated his power.

At his first press conference in January 1971, President Amin contended that the coup that thrust him into power had been bloodless. It was true that it was relatively bloodless for the first few days. But thereafter his regime was marked with blood and violence.

When the coup took place, the army was dominated by soldiers from the Acholi and Lango tribes of northern Uganda. Some estimate that they made up about 40 percent of the military force. President Milton Obote had been a Lango, and many other Ugandan officials had been from the Langi and neighboring Acholi tribes.

In the year that followed, about two-thirds of the Langi and Acholi soldiers in the army were killed. On the very day of Amin's first press announcement, the two army officers who had attempted to counter Amin's coup had been beaten to death. Afterward a pattern of systematic routing out of the Acholi and Langi from the military occurred. Large groups of these victims were taken to Makindye Military Prison.

A witness described the scene when thirty-six officers were brought to the room. Some of them were crawling and crying in pain from broken legs and arms. Three or four soldiers moved into the room and started shooting. After a few minutes they stopped, and all that could be heard were the groans and screams of the wounded. The bodies were dragged out, and those who were still alive were killed with machetes or shot to death. The next morning the witness and several other inmates were given scrubbing brushes and pails and were told to clean up the cell. The blood on the floor was almost a quarter of an inch thick, and pieces of skull bones, teeth, brain tissue, and flesh littered the room where the horrible massacre had taken place. After the first barrage of shootings, the army decided to devise other means of eliminating their prisoners to conserve bullets. A witness tells that forty Acholi and Langi soldiers were taken to one cell and bayonetted to death. Another reports that bayonets and knives were used to cut throats and behead the prisoners. This went on night after night as more and more Acholi and Langi were brought into the camp. After each killing, the bodies would be loaded on trucks and taken away for burial.

Hundreds of Acholi and Langi soldiers who were based at Mbarara were separated from the other troops and taken to a nearby farm in June 1971. Their throats were slit. Similar incidents occurred throughout Uganda at various military barracks. In Jinja the violence spread outside the barracks to villages of Acholi families in which even the children were killed.

In the beginning, news of the large-scale massacres of these tribesmen who had formed the nucleus of Obote's political base did not filter out to the people. The Amin government used various means to cover up any suspicious evidence. For example, to explain the killings that took place with the explosion in a military barracks just outside of Kampala, a spokesman for the president's office said that there should be no cause for alarm. The army was destroying a damaged bomb. In effect, thirty-two senior Acholi and Langi officers had been packed into a room at Malire. Explosives were put into the room and detonated, killing all of them.

As the news finally began to leak out to the public, other explanations were used. President Amin suggested that Chinese experts from Tanzania were involved in the outbreaks of violence that had taken place in Uganda. He also charged that there had been border attacks. There had, in fact, been attempts on the part of Milton Obote to launch training camps outside of Uganda, both in Tanzania and in Sudan. The Sudanese venture ended abruptly, when Amin's loyal troops from the Anayana tribes in northern Uganda thwarted a group of Acholi and Langi on their way across the border to Sudan. All were killed by orders of Amin.

The resistance movement in Tanzania, however, continued because Obote was being supported by Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere. During this period, however, the killings of Acholi and Langi soldiers occurred almost exclusively in the military barracks and were carried out by other members of the Ugandan military. Amin, however, used the Obote presence in Tanzania to fool the people into thinking that there had truly been heavy border clashes between Uganda and Obote followers crossing from Tanzania. In truth, only two minor clashes at the border occurred in 1971.

The killings spread to include some civilians and police officers. Michael Kaggwa, president of the industrial court, a tribunal to settle labor disputes, was tied to the steering wheel of his car, which was then burned. Mathias Omuge, formerly of Ugandan television, was driven off in a car with several unidentified men and never seen again.

At the end of December 1971, a large number of police officers, members of the General Services Department (an elite

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

"Mind if I have the last few shakes?"

Please Touch
Key words to discovery and enlightenment...precisely what PENTHOUSE achieves as we touch on every subject that affects your life and lifestyle.
Spend the next twelve months exploring with us...by subscribing to PENTHOUSE today.
Send your check or money order for $20.00 (a saving of $5.00 on the newsstand rate) to: PENTHOUSE Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 900, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

My First 500

A random sample of the *first*
500 men in the sexual history of Rachel English

NUMBER ONE

"Why do you want to kiss me *there*?" I asked incredulously. We were engaged in our usual Friday-night wrestling match at the "Passion Pit," a more fitting name for the local drive-in movie theater.

"Why not? You love me, don't you?" This was One's standard ploy to break down my resistance.

We had been dating for three or four months. He was, in fact, the only guy my mother would let me go out with. His family had emigrated from England just as mine had, and my mother was convinced that only a fellow Englishman would respect my much-prized virginity.

"You are too young to go out with American boys," my mom always told me. "They are too forward."

She should've only known how fast this guy was!

I had been raised with the ironclad rule that sex was a no-no until after the wedding vows. One obviously held no such belief at all, and apparently thought he'd best get all he could before it went out of style. Defending my virtue was a constant battle. Still, he was a date, and a way out of the house, and by this time we had become emotionally involved. I was in love. I thought about him constantly, and I had that yucky feeling in my stomach. My heart skipped a beat when I saw him, and I felt all the pangs of sorrow and joy that go along with the emotional condition that is called love.

"Well, if you love me, then why not?" One persisted. My closed-leg position was becoming increasingly difficult to defend.

"But why would you want to kiss me *there*?" I couldn't understand. I suppose I considered the genital area unclean, unattractive, and unappetizing.

"I know you'll like it," he argued.

"Let's watch the movie." I tried to change the subject. The Passion Pit was a regular stop, and I heard many great movies there but saw only fleeting glimpses of them because I usually kiss with my eyes closed. I enjoyed the hugging and kissing, and I loved the feeling of his hands on my breasts. I had thrilled to the touch of his fingers reaching my clitoris, although I had fought him all the way. I felt obliged to resist his every advance, but I put up an artless defense.

"Let me do it. You'll like it; I know you will," he insisted as he continued trying to pull my panties down while I hung onto them at the waist with all my might. "Okay, then," he said, finally giving up. "How about if you do it to me?"

He undid his pants and pulled out his penis. It was the first one I had ever seen with an erection. In fact, it was practically the first one I had ever

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

From *My First 500*. Copyright © 1977 by Rachel English. Published by arrangements with Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

seen period, unless you counted the four-month-old baby down the street. I have sisters, but no brothers, and I had never had the occasion to see an erect penis before. I was shocked and repulsed.

"It's ugly," I exclaimed.

"It is meant to be functional, not beautiful," he told me patiently. "Kiss it for me, please, would you?"

"Kiss it! I don't even want to touch it," I exclaimed.

He put it away, and we went back to watching the movie. He put his arm around me, and I laid my head on his shoulder. He told me that he loved me and kissed me. I loved him, too, and I kissed him back. He fondled my breast. Hugging and kissing me, he slowly moved his hand inside my panties and down to my clitoris. My passion rose again, and despite my principles, I couldn't resist the craving for physical pleasure that welled up inside of me as he kissed my breasts and caressed my clitoris.

"I love you," he said as he moved his head downward, kissing my belly. Slowly and gently, he pulled down my panties. I didn't struggle. My pulse quickened, and I was breathing heavily. My body quivered with excitement as his lips touched the sensitive area of my groin. Then he kissed me *there*! The delight and joy of my ecstasy overwhelmed and overruled all my previous conditioning. My mind opened to new sensations of pleasure. He was right! I liked it! In fact, I loved it! How could anything so good be harmful? It was truly difficult to think of this as a no-no . . . And yet I uttered the words "No, no . . ."—though barely audibly, for I didn't really mean it. I didn't want him to stop at all, and thank God he didn't! I wanted to tell him that I loved what he was doing to me, but I couldn't; I was too embarrassed. After all, wasn't it wrong? Weren't we indulging in sex before marriage, and wasn't that the ultimate no-no?

His mouth on my pussy. I couldn't believe he would even want to do it. My mind wrestled with this as I lay completely still, lest he should move from the spot, and I let my physical consciousness be enveloped in a new ecstasy—cunnilingus, the warm and delicious wet feeling of his tongue on my clitoris. Soft. Unbelievably gentle. His mouth on my pussy brought me pleasure such as I had never found before with my fingers.

Cunnilingus became our main entertainment at the drive-in movie theater for several months. I buried the guilt that I felt as he buried his face between my legs. I refused to consider it sinful. How could it be wrong? It felt so wonderful that I wouldn't give it up for sin. It had to be good; nature wouldn't play a nasty trick like that. Clearly, I had been misinformed about sex.

Often, on Sundays, One and I went to the beach. We always chose a deserted location where no one could witness our petting sessions. If the weather was cool, we huddled under a blanket. One was undaunted in his constant efforts to seduce me, and one day, after several hours of heavy petting, in the heat of passion, I welcomed his desire for fulfillment.

My senses whirled in exquisite rapture. Penetration. Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged in the space of a few seconds. Words cannot describe the sensation, between pleasure and pain, that engulfed me, a feeling with the magnitude of the splitting of an atom. Apart from and complete with the universe. The unity of a circle, the silence of an explosion. I was no longer a virgin! His semen ran from my vagina, sticky between my legs. I had been fucked!

I remember my first impression of the meaning of the word *fuck*. I was ten years old at the time, playing in the street with other children of about the same age. They were teasing me because I didn't know anything about sex or where babies really come from. When they told me about intercourse and described the act, I was shocked. *Oh my gosh!* I thought. My parents must have done it at least twice! Once for me and once for my sister! Then, when I was twelve years old, my mother announced that she was pregnant. Oh my gosh! They're still doing it! I was flabbergasted.

Words cannot describe the sensation, between pleasure and pain, that engulfed me. I was no longer a virgin! I had been fucked!

And now I had done it, too!

"My God, what does it do to you?" I had wondered. Unvirginal. Does it mean in some way spoiled or soiled? Unvirginal. The impact of the word caused a turbulence in my brain. Now what have I done? And I'm not married! Suppose I'm pregnant? Will I walk differently?

Someone had once told me that you could tell which girls weren't virgins by the way they walked. I certainly felt different, sort of stretched. It was hard to believe he could get all that into me; but he had. We had been joined together by his penis! The emotional impact was as strong as the physical one. Did I now belong to him? We had shared such an important act that I felt committed to him for life. I loved him with all my might. Would he marry me? I was only fifteen; I knew I was too young to marry.

Once a week we had intercourse, usually on Sundays at the beach or in the car. Once we did it in the parking lot of a church, and I remember feeling it was proper to do it there because I felt so much in my heart, more than I had ever experienced in my life; I felt that because of the love, our act of expressing it by fucking was sanctioned by God.

NUMBER FORTY AND A

When we arrived, everyone was fully dressed and it appeared to be a regular cocktail party, which actually was a bit of a bore. We were into grass, not booze; so we felt out of place. Conversation was lagging; so we wandered out onto the balcony to admire the view. It was there that we met Forty and A.

She had beautiful, long red hair, a very pretty face, and a nicely curved body. He was very attractive also, with black, curly hair that was prematurely graying. He was from New York, as was my husband (Thirty-nine); so they hit it off right away, reminiscing about their home state. Our friendship was really cemented when they offered us a joint.

They were swingers, as were most of the people at the party. While we were still out on the balcony, a policeman came knocking on the door to protest the illegally parked cars in front of the house. Police uniforms have an unnerving effect on those who smoke grass, are high, and have a couple of joints in their pockets. We split without further ado.

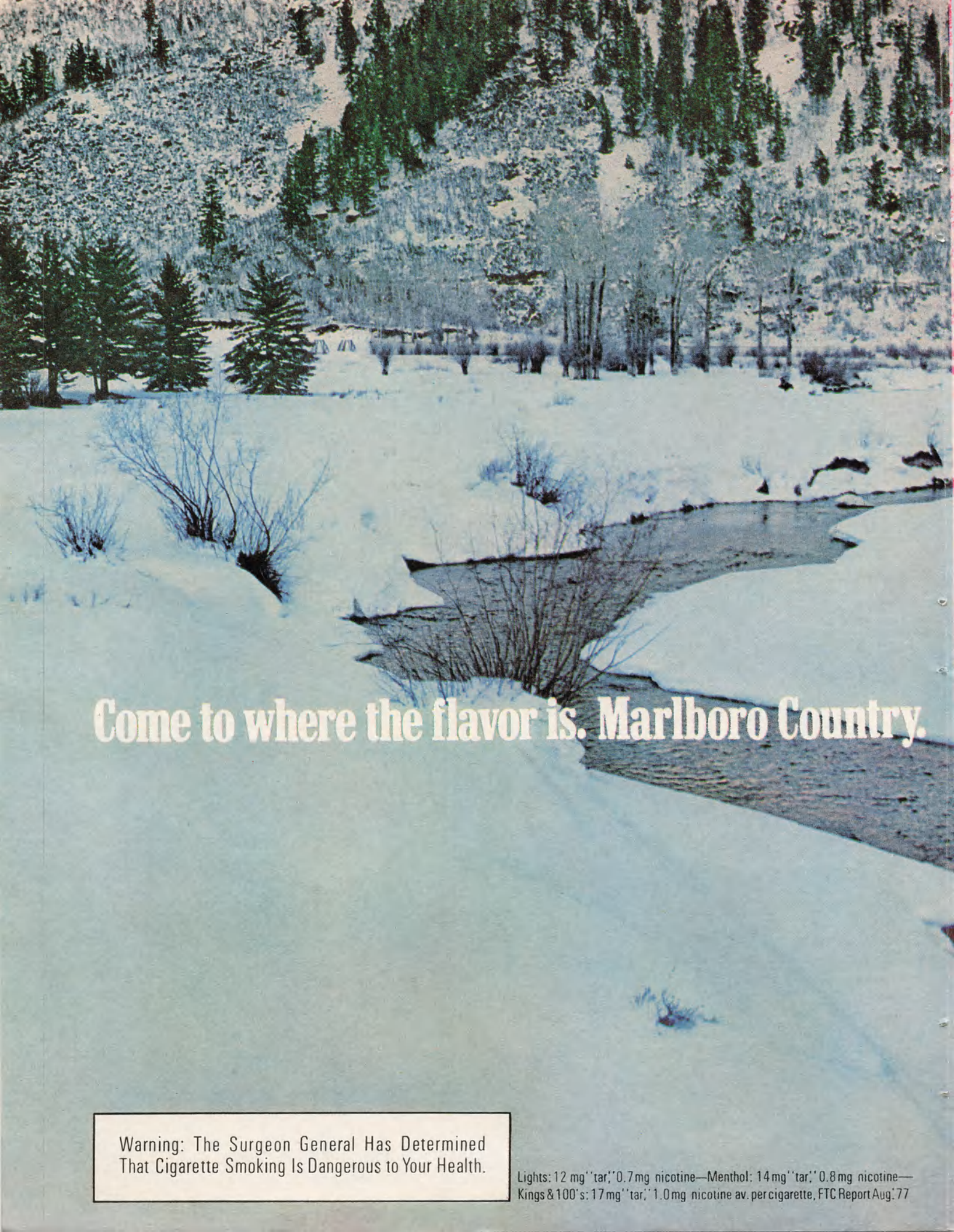
Our next meeting with Forty and A was in the more comfortable surroundings of their living room. Thirty-nine and I had discussed and rediscussed the possibility of swinging and had decided to give it a cautious try. We felt secure in our love for each other and didn't think a single fling at a swing would be harmful. The idea of a mass bash did not appeal to us, but an intimate swap with a couple as attractive and contemporary as Forty and A did tickle our fancies.

We sat smoking pot, discussing how good it was. Gradually, our conversation turned to sex, as many stoned conversations do, given enough time. Sex was indeed the subject most on our minds. We exchanged glances all around as we talked. I caught myself staring at Forty, wondering what kind of a sexual partner he would be. I was attracted to him. *If I wasn't married*, I told myself, *I'd be interested for sure*. And here I was, married and interested, and it was okay with my husband. I could hardly believe it.

Forty showed us a magazine article on wife-swapping. Yes, we wanted to do it, we told him, and we all moved to the bedroom.

The room was richly decorated with velveteen-flocked wallpaper and, of course, a large, king-size bed. A turned down the bedspread, and we all undressed and climbed onto the bed. I couldn't help looking at their genitals as they undressed. As I looked at Forty's penis, I saw it gaining an erection and a twinge of desire raced through my body. I looked at A. She had completely undressed, revealing a beautifully curved body with lovely breasts just a little larger

"Thank goodness you've come, Freda . . . the orgy was dying on its feet."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Menthol: 14 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Kings & 100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

than mine. I saw her glance at Thirty-nine and followed her glance to see him sporting a full erection and staring back at her.

Suddenly, I felt it in the gut, like a lead weight—apprehension. As though he had read my mind, Thirty-nine turned to me. His eyes told me that everything was all right, and he gave me a hug. I felt safe again and relaxed a bit.

Forty and A seemed completely at ease. It wasn't their first time at a swap, and they were quite patient with us. They didn't try to rush us but waited until we got it together mentally so we could all get it together physically.

I reclined on the bed. That was the cue that started the balls rolling. Forty lay down beside me. Gently, he pulled me to him and started caressing my breast. His hands were warm and experienced, and I succumbed to the natural desires that he aroused in me. I wanted him. I knew he wanted me; he had a huge hard-on to prove it. I temporarily forgot all about my husband and relaxed in the arms of a new partner. I wrapped my arms around him and buried my face in his neck. He smelled good—clean and masculine. His kisses increased my desire, and I spread my legs to entice him and to accommodate his entrance. I was wet from the excitement of the occasion, and he entered me easily. His penis was larger than Thirty-nine's, and I responded with pleasure to his agile movements. His rhythmic thrusts urged me to orgasm, and he climaxed after I did.

As I lay in his arms in postorgasmic rapture, I became aware of Thirty-nine and A lying next to us. They were still fucking and appeared to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. *Suppose he likes her better than me?* I asked myself anxiously. No. I pushed the thought from my mind.

When I heard Thirty-nine climax with his usual roar, I felt the bitter pangs of jealousy in spite of my rationalizations. He turned to see me watching him, and he kissed me while he was still on top of and inside A. Then all four of us embraced, and a feeling of warmth for one another enveloped us, binding us in unity.

We all relaxed and smoked a joint, talked for a while, and then, realizing how late it was, Thirty-nine and I dressed to go home. We made arrangements to meet Forty and A again soon.

We became fast and close friends. We shared many interests besides getting stoned and having sex together.

A was bisexual. I didn't really know then what that meant, but I was to be enlightened one evening when we were all curled around one another on the bed. A reached out for me and caressed my breast. I was surprised and withdrew from her. Thirty-nine embraced me and told me to relax. I was still hesitant as A continued her advances.

Her hands were soft. With an incredibly light touch, she manipulated my breast in the most gentle manner I had ever experienced. I yielded as my body flooded with new sensations. She moved her body against mine. I could feel the soft, silky texture of her skin touching mine. She placed her thigh between my thighs and kissed me full on the mouth, her tongue searching out mine. I had never felt a kiss like it before; her lips were so much softer and smaller than a man's. As she kissed me, she ran her fingers gently through my hair. Then she kissed my neck, shoulders, breasts, tummy, as she moved downward until her mouth found my clitoris. And what she did there! I can tell you I had never felt anything like this feeling before in my life. As her tongue coaxed my clitoris to new heights of sensation, I gave way to the passion of the moment. Her attentions to me erased the apprehension and jealousy I had previously felt about her and Thirty-nine. I was flattered, knowing she desired me physically.

R

We were at an orgy at One-hundred-eleven and O's house. I had just noticed R. She looked at me and smiled, walked over to me, took my hand. She introduced herself and kissed me behind the ear. She was tall, with short blonde hair and a supple, well-tanned body. Her aura was definitely masculine. As she put her arm around my waist and pulled me to her, there was no doubt in my mind that her feelings were like those of a male. She wanted me, and I could feel it.

A fantasy fufilled—
I was fucking a
black man! I had dared to
satisfy my curiosity.
And satisfied I was; he
was overwhelming.

I returned her embrace, and then she led me by the hand to the bedroom. I sat down on the bed and looked at her. She stared into my eyes and ran her fingers through my hair. "Very pretty," she said, and then, as her fingers curled through my hair, she grabbed my head in her hands and kissed me with such ardor that my whole body quaked with an awareness that she was male and that she wanted to satisfy me. My mind did not question the responses she evoked in me. Her hand went down my spine, causing my body to arch into the curve of hers. Her mouth was hot and sensuous on my neck. I squirmed as her lips found a sensitive spot between my neck and my shoulder. Her strong hands firmly traced the form of my body.

"Pretty," she murmured, and I felt glad that I pleased her. She cupped my breast in her hand as she sucked the nipple into her mouth. Her body pressed against mine, slanting so that her hip rubbed in a steady, rhythmic motion against my pussy. She sucked on my nipple in a way I had thought only a baby could. Perhaps she had learned how to use her mouth from watching a child at the breast.

She stirred me. Senses and emotions crossed barriers as my hand searched for and found her breast, and I began to play with her nipple. She had no time for it. I persisted. I like playing with nipples, men's or women's. She moved downward—her hands ran down the sides of my body, stopped at my hips, and, holding me firmly, she tilted my pelvis so that the lips of my vagina rose to meet her warm mouth. Her tongue instantly located my clitoris and tantalized it—but only for a few precious moments. Then she stopped!

I almost screamed with desire. She lunged forward, placing her body on top of mine, her pubic bone pressing against my clitoris. Her hot, moist mouth nestled into the sensitive spot between my neck and my shoulder. I squirmed away. Her lips moved to my nipple, and her strong hands manipulated my breast. As my hands slid across her back and up into her hair, I was aware of the masculinity of her form as well as of her spirit. Her hand reached down to my pussy, and her fingers pushed into my vagina. Penetration! Holding her fingers rigid as she moved them in and out of me, she easily simulated the action of a penis. Her mouth went for my clitoris. I held my breath as her tongue found its mark, and she continued to work her fingers in and out of my vagina as she sucked my clitoris. My body writhed in fits of frenzy. Feeling ruled all consciousness as excitement rose to an explosive level. She possessed me, and I could feel orgasms approaching in my body and my mind, which she had mastered so artfully. She gave me a total orgasm.

She was unlike the bisexual, swinging-type ladies with whom I usually had sexual contact. She was far more earnest in her demand for my satisfaction, and she maneuvered my body with authority. Her lithe body was taut, less pliable than that of a more feminine soul. There was not the feeling of frivolous gaiety that I had always felt with the other ladies I had encountered. She provoked an emotional tie. My psyche was definitely affected by her manner and personality. She had me in her control. My desire was subservient to hers. She consumed my being; her pronounced masculinity took me in tow. She was master; I was maid.

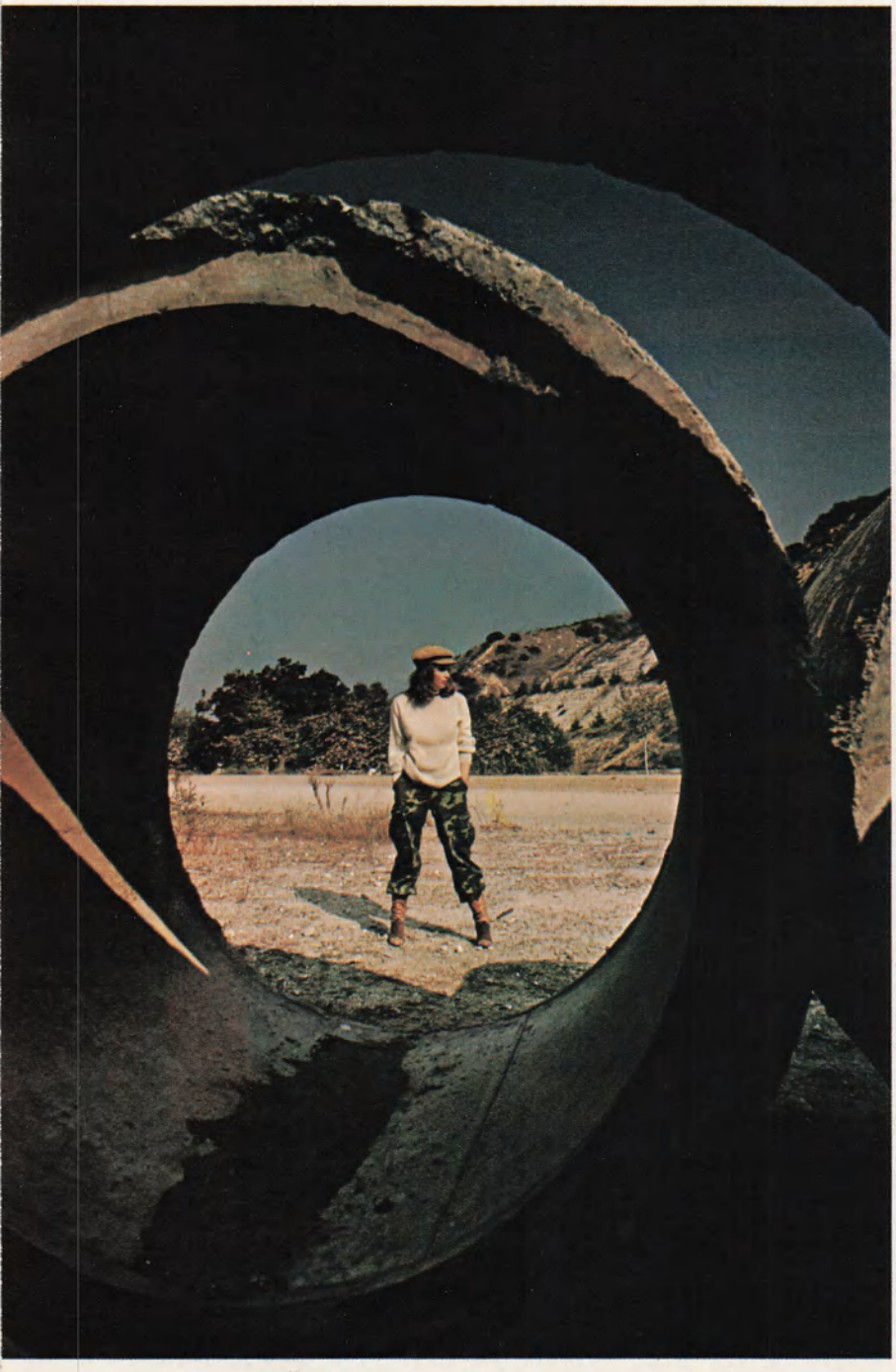
NUMBER TWO-SIXTY-NINE AND GG

We met at a 6/9/69 party. It was a huge sex orgy celebrating the delightful numbers of the date June 9, 1969. More than 100 couples showed up. There were people I had never seen before as well as friends I had met at a nudist camp and at swinging clubs and parties. I was standing in the hallway with a nudist friend, discussing the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

LAURA

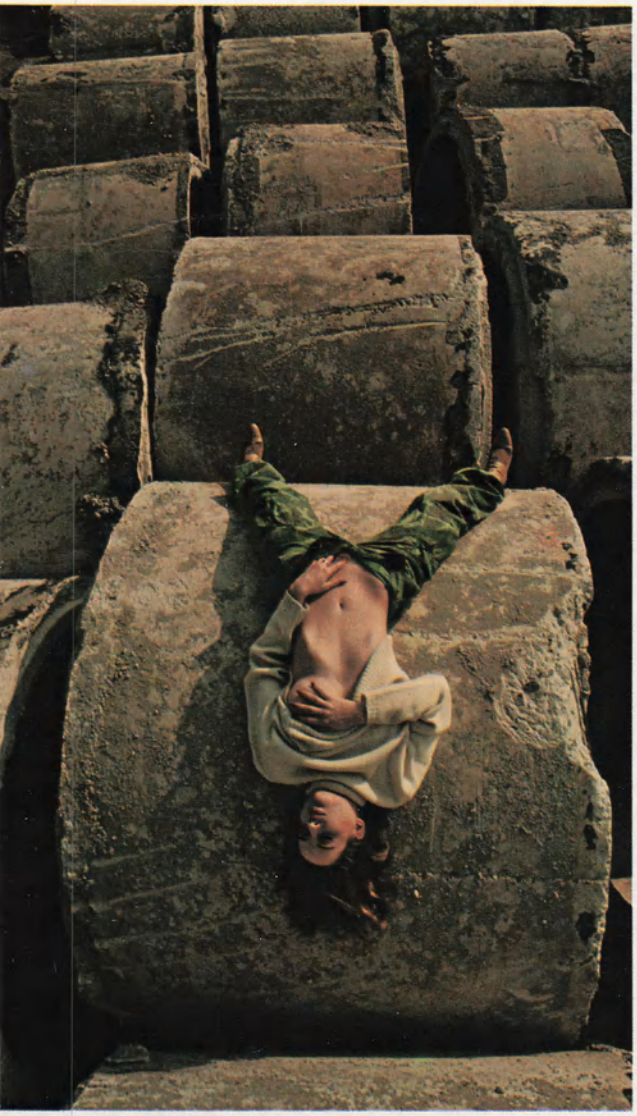
'Once I dreamed about having fantastic oral sex with a super guy. Two days later there he was, Mr. Super, just as I had imagined him.'

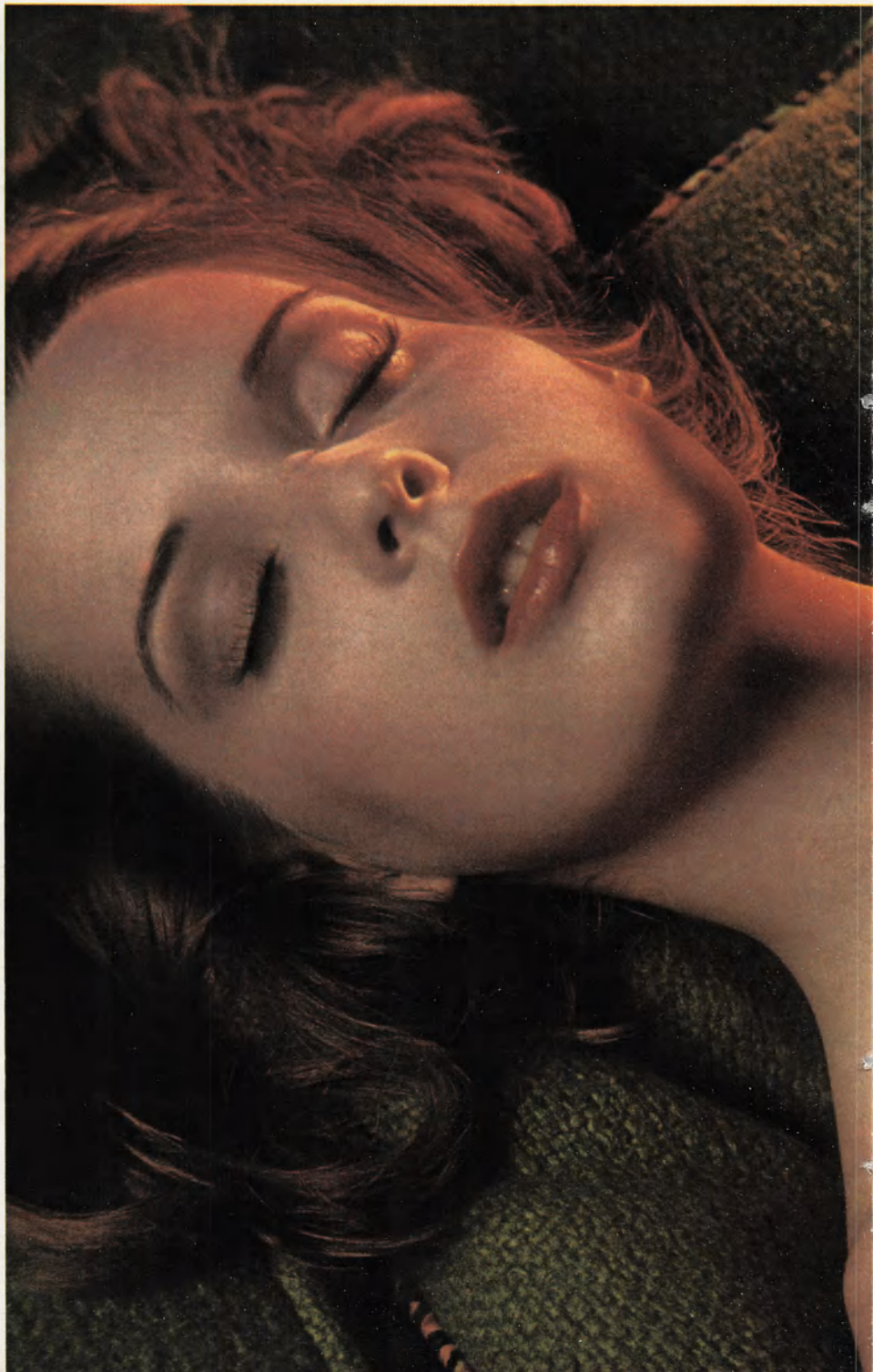


STORM WARNING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Amateur painter, actress, and film buff extraordinaire, Laura Storm has a deep emotional involvement with life. Her preferences in literature and films and her choice of profession give some clues to her true feelings. Laura admits Jean Genet and William Burroughs fascinate her, as do *Mean Streets* and *Privileges*. A driving urge for a career in motion pictures is her motivation for becoming an actress. And it's a necessary step toward her final goal—to direct. She took a very active part in the selection of locations, props, and poses for her Pet-of-the-Month pictorial.

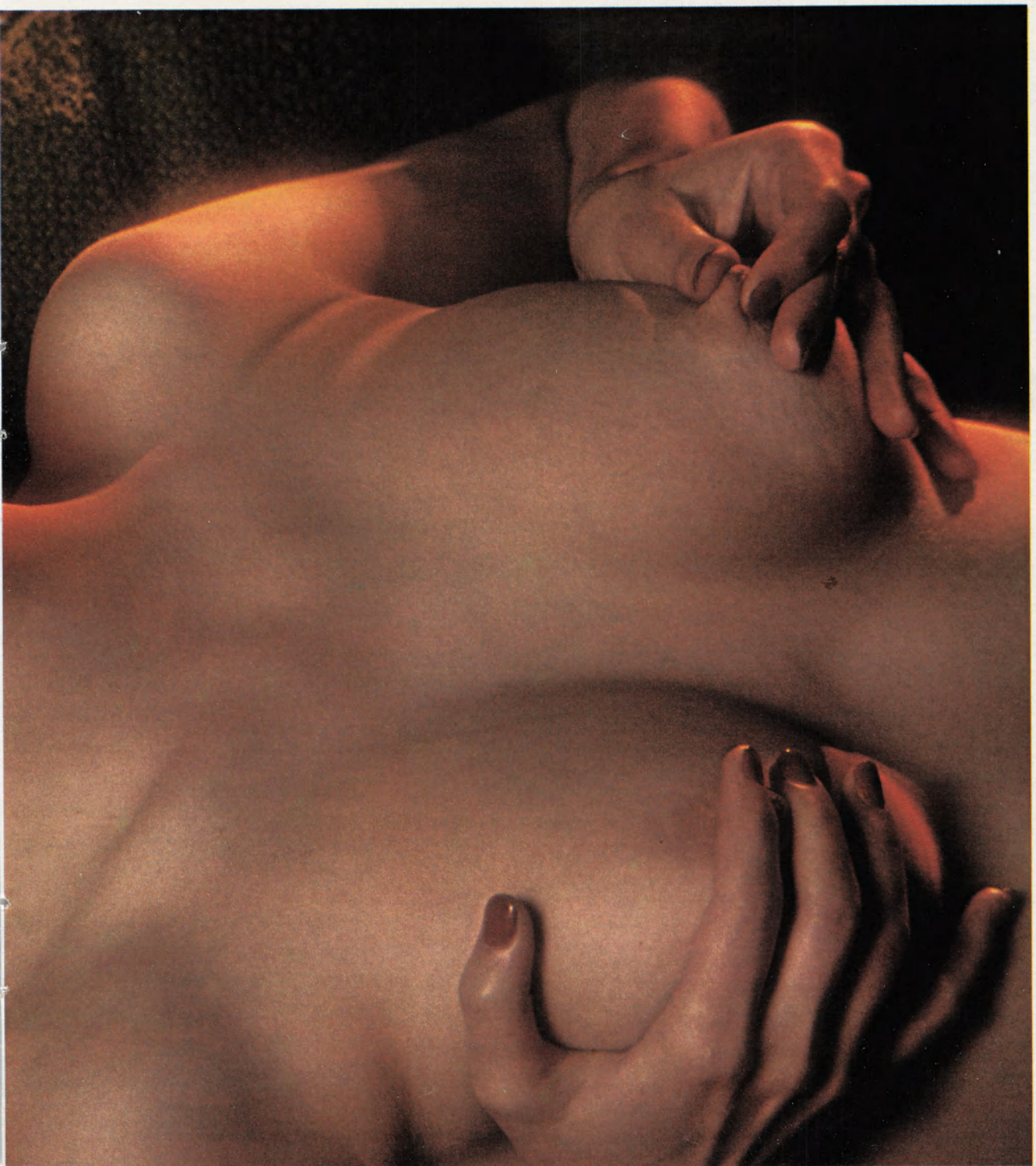




Lingerie by Glydon's, L.A.; Clothes by Strip Thrills, Eclectigaria, and Putt'n on the Ritz, L.A.; Shoes by Right Bank Company of Beverly Hills.

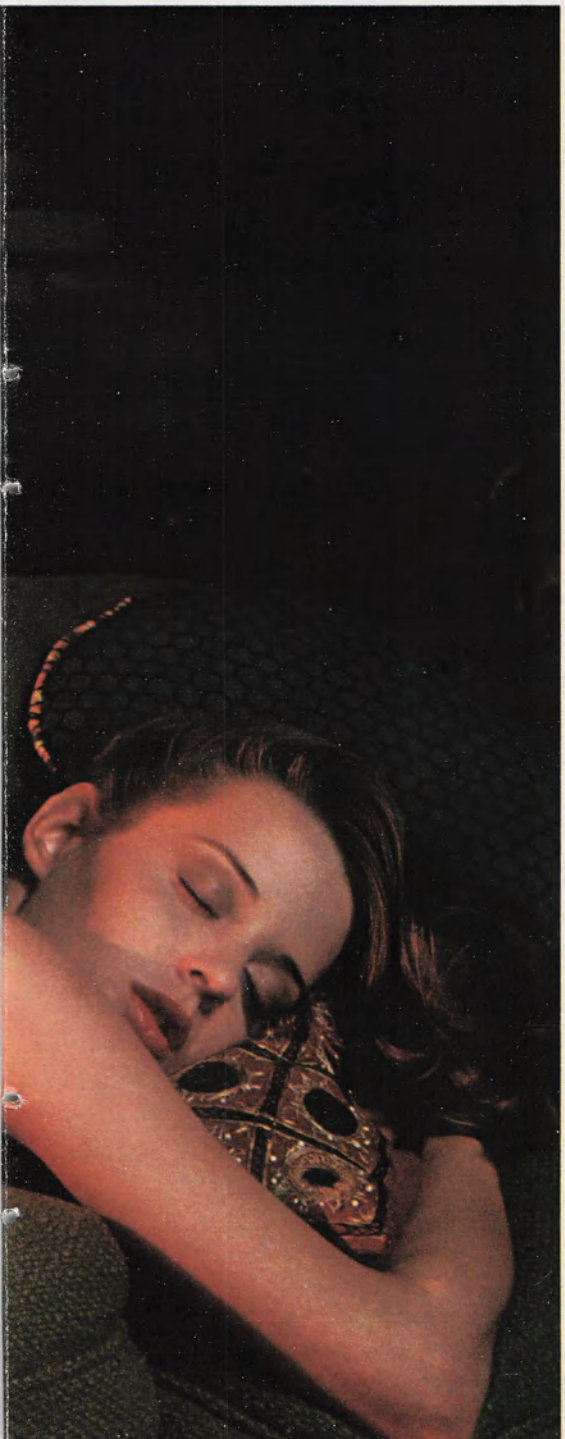
"Going to bed with a man you've just met can be a terrifically exciting experience."

"I'm totally possessive when I'm in love. I don't want to share my lover with anyone. When we're together, there's nothing better than a foggy night and a long walk on the beach. Fog, wrapping us in a protective blanket, blocks out the rest of the world. And when I'm protected by the fog, I'm free to give my lover everything he needs or could ever desire from a woman. I always wake at dawn and rouse my lover while he's still half asleep. My reward is usually a long stretch of lazy loving that leaves me with a great appetite for breakfast and more for the same man."



"I'm always surprised at the amount of pleasure my body gives to a man—and to me."

"Some people think I'm shy and not a very warm person, but the men in my life would laugh at the idea. I'm very emotional about anything as intimate as sex—even with someone I've just met. When I go to bed with a man, I'm totally involved and I'm going to do everything I can to make the experience something to remember," says 37-24-36 Laura. "If anything, you could say I'm an aggressive lover and proud of it. While I'm not into kinky sex, I'll try anything that increases my man's pleasure. I want every man I make love to to remember me as a very special woman."

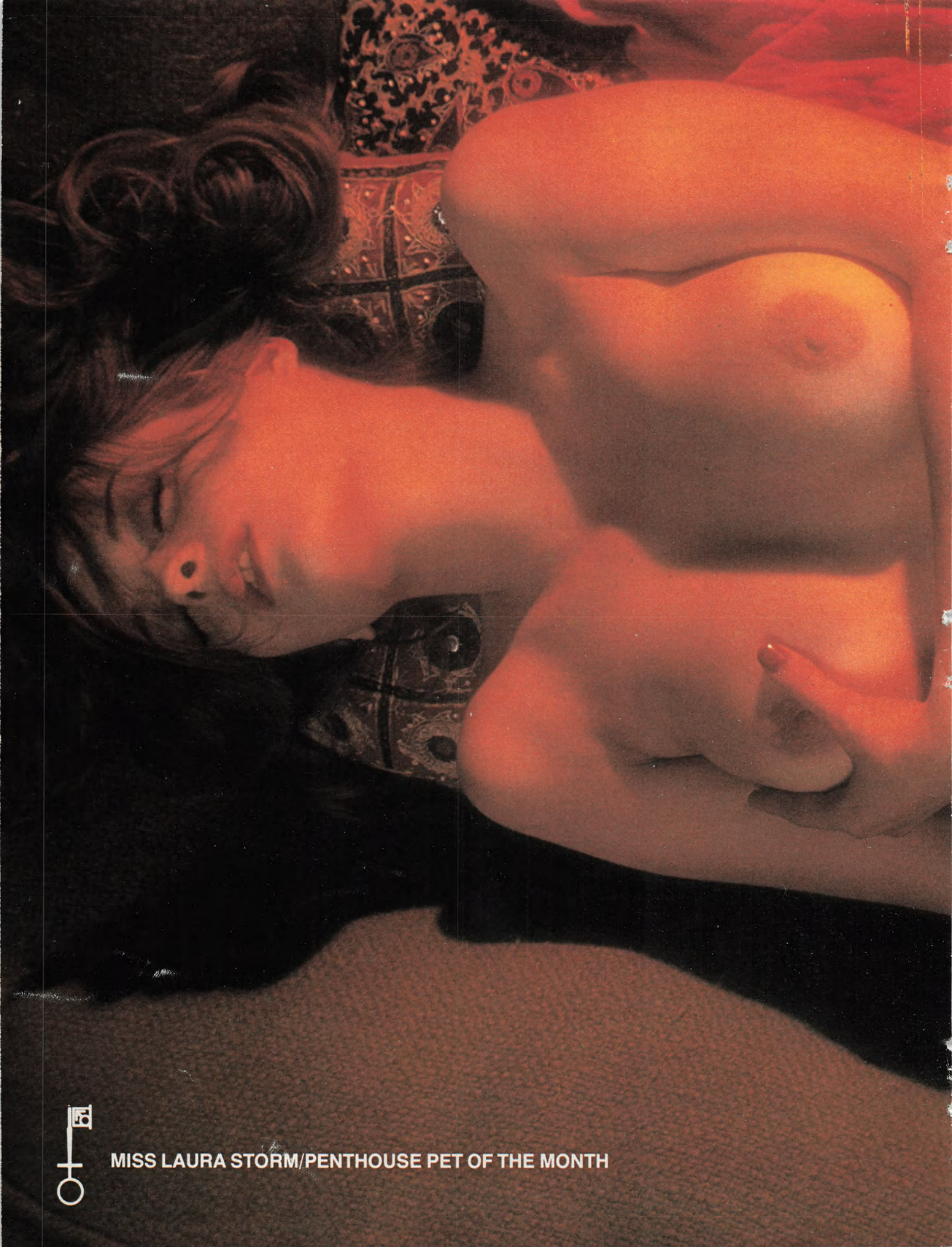


'When I connect with a new man, the first time we make love leaves me feeling like Wonder Woman.'

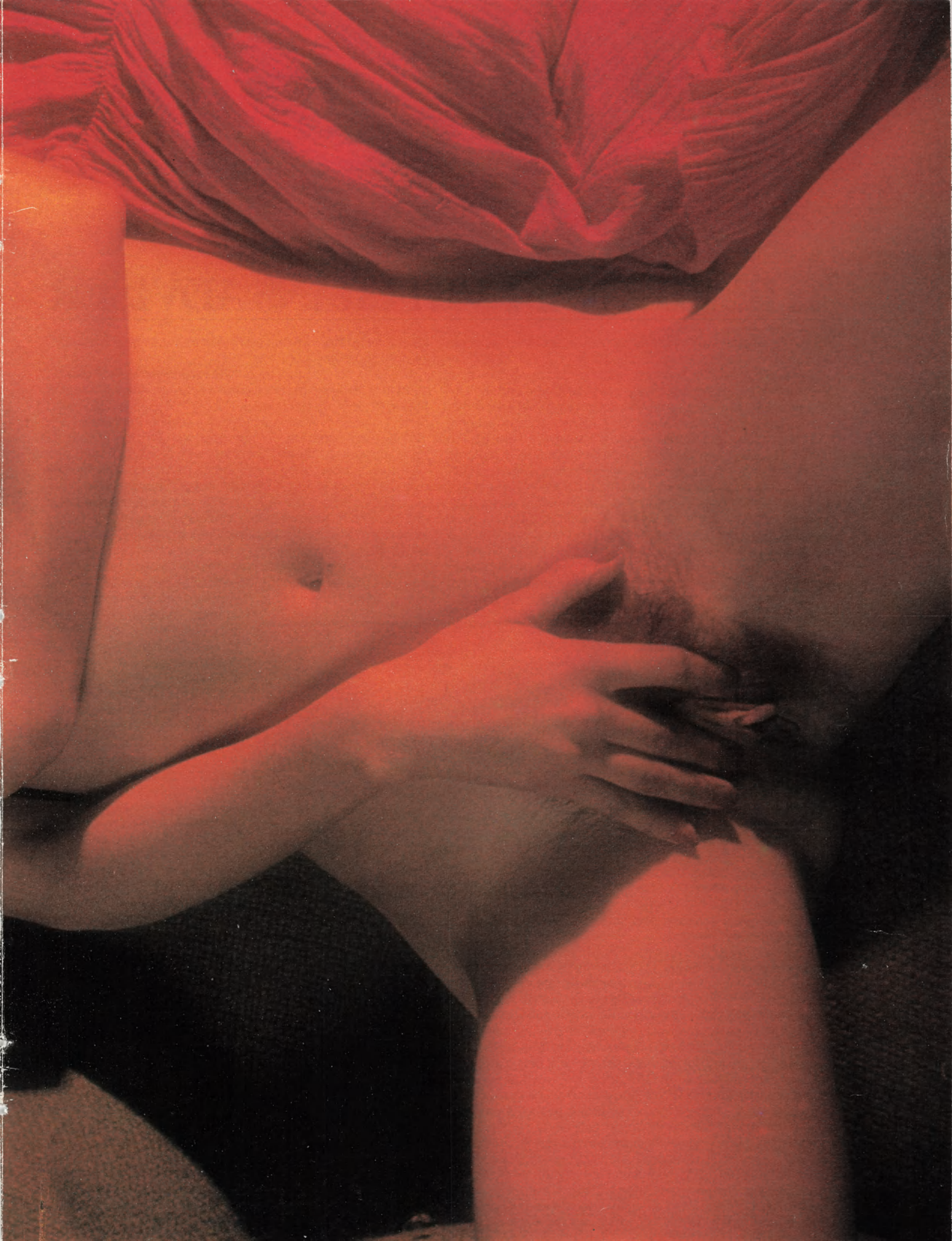
"When I was only a kid, I dreamed about men all the time. Now that I'm nineteen, I still like to dream about them. Dreaming about the men I've had as lovers is fun. But it's thoughts of the men in my future that really turn me on. Sometimes I feel that my dreams give me a glimpse into the future. Once I dreamed about having fantastic oral sex with a super guy. Two days later there he was, Mr. Super, just as I had imagined him. We practically fell into bed, and the sex was far better than my wildest dreams. My only complaint is that I never dream about millionaires."

"'Bitchy' is the best way to describe my moods when I'm between men. Without a man to absorb some of my emotional electricity, all my wires get tangled. When I do connect with a new man, the first time we make love leaves me feeling like Wonder Woman. But the poor guy must feel like he's

been pounded by a heavy surf. Afterward I shower him with tender, loving care. I enjoy pampering a man if he's earned it. As long as we're together, I give him everything he wants—in bed or out—whenever he wants it. My reward is knowing that few men have ever had it so good."



MISS LAURA STORM/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

From discussions with Vietnam veterans and their families, with persons administering veterans' psychological and rehabilitation programs, and from reading mail to *Penthouse*, it is clear that the earlier psychological-adjustment problems of Vietnam veterans have remained largely unsolved—and that many veterans have become burdened with additional ones.

These earlier problems, which were covered up by the "PVS" (Post-Vietnam Syndrome) rubric, included symptoms of depression, explosive aggressive reactions, sleep disturbances, and traumatic nightmares. In his book *A Rumor of War*, journalist Philip Caputo, who was a marine combat officer in Vietnam, describes yet other symptoms. They include "an inability to concentrate, a childlike fear of darkness, a tendency to tire easily . . . an intolerance of loud noises—especially doors slamming and cars backfiring—and alternating moods of depression and rage that [befall the veteran] . . . for no apparent reason." The war, for some, continues.

Although these symptoms are treatable in a clinical environment, the Veterans Administration's data indicates that only a small percentage of those Vietnam veterans estimated to have been so afflicted have sought the VA's help. This is less an indictment of the VA than one might suppose. At the height of the war, little was actually known about the PVS or—as it is now categorized—a "traumatic post-stress disorder." Today these disorders and their treatment are better understood by psychiatrists and psychologists, but this is little comfort to those veterans who suffered PVS agonies in the sixties and early seventies.

> Americans' self-induced amnesia about the Vietnam War has left veterans in a dangerous state of emotional limbo

In recent years, most legislative efforts to provide additional psychological services to Vietnam veterans have foundered on the mistaken beliefs that the problems are overstated, that the Vietnam War was not really "different" from other wars, and that such help is no longer needed.

Each of these assumptions has had its own curious logic. Thus those claiming that the veterans' problems were exaggerated alleged that the affected veteran was only experiencing a kind of existential "jet lag," and that this would go away shortly after he returned home and picked up the pieces of his life just where he had left them. The idea that the Vietnam War was different was rejected by most politicians because they could not bear to admit their own responsibility in having allowed it to continue and in refusing to question its effects on those called upon to do the fighting. Finally, the fact that most Vietnam veterans *seemed* to be coping reasonably well in civilian life has been used an an excuse to avoid dealing with the serious underlying psychological problems of the combat veterans and to avoid determining whether the assumed coping was more apparent than real.

The grim consequences of these mistaken beliefs can be seen in a detailed psychological study of Vietnam veterans begun in 1974 by psychologist John P. Wilson of Cleveland State University. After conducting in-depth interviews with 400 Vietnam veterans, Wilson and his staff found that 41 percent reported having problems with alcohol, that 45 percent had serious marital and family problems, and that 59 percent of the blacks and 67 percent of the whites had problems with drugs. Furthermore, Wilson's study showed that many Vietnam veterans held a "profound mistrust of authority, institutions, and political leaders." Another study, carried out by Charles Fighley, head of the Consortium on Veterans Studies at Purdue University (which used detailed information from 906 Vietnam veterans in the East St. Louis area), yielded results almost identical to the Wilson study findings. Both studies underscore the fact that, although the Vietnam War is over, its damaging aftereffects are still being felt by those who fought it.

Unfortunately, in spite of a growing body of valid scientific information, there is little public or official concern over the past, present, or future psychological problems of Vietnam veterans. Today it is no longer a simple matter of helping an individual to "forget" his experiences or of tranquilizing a distraught veteran to keep him from running amok. Rather, the problems involve the necessity for each veteran's coming to grips with the war, with his total life experience, and with his future role in society.

This search for meaning and personal identity is one that has been extremely painful even for apparently adjusted veterans—because most Americans have turned the war into a "non event" or come to regard it as a mistake to be disavowed by not talking about it. The public's self-induced amnesia about the war is a curious phenomenon. It has left the individual veteran unable to make any sense, to himself or to others, out of his part of the war. As a consequence, he is in a state of emotional limbo.

Further, there is increasing, manifest distrust of governmental institutions and programs, as shown by lack of participation in public and private veterans-aid programs, by rejection of conventional roles, and by a general turning in and away from American society. As one Vietnam veteran, writing to *Penthouse*, summed it up: "The country is going downhill, and everywhere I go it seems that people don't care any more about what's happening than they did about the war and those of us who fought it."

©1977 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

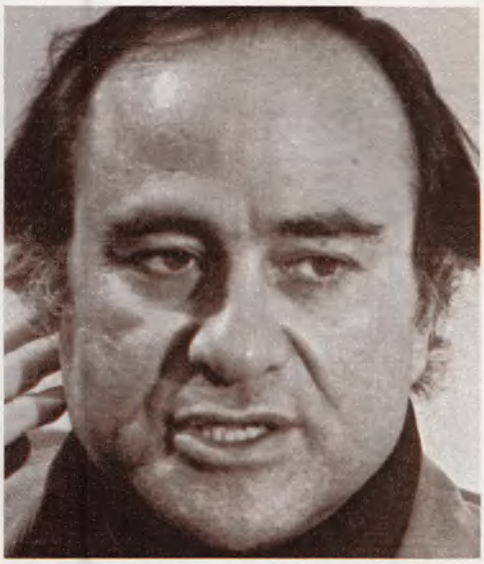
KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

Smoking is one thing. Taste is everything.

For me, it's taste or nothing. That's why I smoke Winston. Look, whether it's Winston King or Winston 100's, taste is everything in a cigarette. And Winston is nothing but good taste all the way.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston King. Winston 100's.



BY SEN. JAMES ABOUREZK

The author has represented South Dakota in the Senate since 1972. He is not seeking reelection this year because, he says, "nothing ever really changes. It's the system itself."

THE RELENTLESS ISRAELI PROPAGANDA MACHINE

The periodic flare-up of the Arab-Israeli conflict is a matter of no small consequence to the United States. To those people who have an emotional or political interest in the Middle East, the struggle there takes on the dimensions of an Armageddon. To the majority of the American people, what appears to be modern tribal warfare serves only as a minor irritant each time the shooting begins. Why, it is asked, are the Arabs and Israelis fighting over purely desert land? How can Israel, a nation of some 3 million people, hold military superiority over some 100 million very unfriendly neighbors?

The struggle in the Middle East is of greater significance to Americans than most realize. What happens there will determine for us the shape of our own future—whether or not we will be embroiled in war or confrontation with the Soviet Union, whether or not the price and supply of oil will bankrupt the Western powers, including the United States, and whether or not we can maintain our moral position against one nation's taking another's territory by force of arms.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE EASTERN CONFLICT

In 1894 the Arab world was in the final 20 years of what was to have been 400 years of military occupation by the Ottoman Turkish Empire. The Arabs, who had contributed so much to art, medicine, and science during Europe's Dark Age, were themselves experiencing a dark age under the stern heel of Turkish rule. The year 1894 was the year an Austrian Jew, Theodor Herzl, first gave expression to the theory of Zionism, the hope that Jews would find a homeland, ending the historical abuses against them by host countries throughout the world. The Zionist movement grew, considered a variety of different locations for the homeland, then eventually agreed on Palestine. Palestine had been the center of the Jewish tribes 1,800 years earlier and seemed the logical location to the Zionist leaders. One major problem existed. Palestine was populated with Arabs who had lived there virtually from the beginning. However, Zionist leaders totally ignored the Arab presence there and moved with total and single-minded concentration toward the establishment of an exclusive Jewish state.

At the outset of World War I, British and Arab leaders agreed that if the Arabs rose up against the Turks (then allied with Germany), the Arabs would be granted their independence after the war. This was the period of the new "Arab Awakening," and the alliance was readily agreed to by Arab leaders. The exploits of Lawrence of Arabia provided some interesting stories resulting from this alliance.

But at the same time the British promised independence to the Arabs, they were making other deals inconsistent with these promises. In 1916 a secret British-French agreement was made to divide up the postwar Middle East between Britain and France. Political connivance did not stop there. In the next year British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour promised the Zionist movement that Palestine would become a "homeland for the Jews," provided that the rights of the Arabs living there were not adversely affected. In 1917, of those living in Palestine, 96 percent were Arabs and 4 percent were Jews.

The Zionist movement used the Balfour Declaration as a basis for the immigration of Jews into Arab Palestine following

> Israel's critics are always accused of anti-Semitism, a charge that serves to silence even the mildest questioning of that country's policies.

the war. When the Arabs saw the full effects of their betrayal by the British and the obvious intentions of the Zionists, they protested, often violently, but without noticeable effect. In 1922 the Balfour Declaration was written into the League of Nations mandate, and continued Jewish immigration into Palestine became official British policy. Immigration and protest led to riots and killings until 1939, when Britain, threatened by war with Germany, became anxious to ease the pressure building in Palestine and reversed itself. Although under limited quotas after 1939, Jewish immigration continued, especially during the war years, when Jews were attempting to escape Europe and Hitler's genocidal policies. Jewish terrorist groups, most notably Menachem Begin's Irgun, and the Stern gang, formed to retaliate against Arabs, now turned their terrorism against the British, the goal being eventually to drive the British out of Palestine. After World War II an exhausted Britain had had enough of the conflict raging in Palestine and announced that on May 15, 1948, it would withdraw its forces and end its mandate over the area.

The world Zionist movement had by then shifted its political focus to the United States, the new world power, a strategy that was to produce excellent results. In November 1947 the U.N. General Assembly voted to partition Palestine between Arabs and Jews. To understand the extent of political chicanery used by the Zionist movement to achieve its ends, and the anger of the Arabs, one must consider the proposal voted on by the United Nations. Although Jews constituted only 30 percent of the population, much of it by illegal settlement, the U.N. plan proposed for them a 56 percent slice of Palestine. Arabs, who made up 70 percent of the population, were to get only 44 percent of their own homeland. In 1947 outright Jewish ownership of land was no more than 5 percent.

The General Assembly vote so outraged the Arabs that riots broke out as far away as the southern tip of Aden. As a result of Arab protests, the U.N. Security Council never got around to voting on ratification of the partition plan, and the United States delegate began working on a U.N. trusteeship plan for Palestine. But unknown even to him, the issue of a Jewish state was being plunged into American politics. Harry Truman was in deep political trouble as he approached the 1948 presidential elections. He could not afford to lose the support of American Jews, because of both votes and money. Thomas Dewey, the Republican candidate for president, was making much of the establishment of a Jewish state, threatening to strip Truman and the Democrats of their traditional Jewish electoral support. As terrorism by the Irgun and the Stern groups escalated in Palestine, in Washington, D.C., Truman made preparations to support the creation of Israel.

On May 14, one day before the announced British withdrawal from Palestine, Israel declared itself to be an exclusive Jewish state. Eleven minutes later, against the counsel of his foreign-policy advisers, President Truman extended U.S. recognition to Israel. Thus, thirty-one years after British promises of independence for Palestine, the Arabs witnessed the ultimate betrayal—the establishment, in their midst, of a new colony by the world's big powers, controlled, not by Middle Eastern natives, but by Europeans. Hundreds of thousands of Palestinian Arabs who had lived in peace on their own land were destined never to see their homeland again. What had begun as the Zionist movement's clever manipulation of American and British politicians ended as a mechanism for the death and suffering of countless numbers of human beings in the Middle East.

Although Israel's claim was that of a socialist democracy implanted amidst the monarchies and dictatorships of the Arab world, no public expression was given to the question of how such a democracy could also be an exclusive Jewish state while the Arabs held a numerical majority within the new boundaries. The question was soon resolved without debate and without the necessity of a vote.

The genesis of that resolution began in April 1948, in a small Palestinian Arab village called Deir Yassin. Amid general fighting between Arabs and Jews, the terrorists of the Irgun and Stern groups decided to attack Deir Yassin. It is claimed today by Israeli historians that the attack was only intended to put the villagers to flight. Whatever the intent, the action changed the entire demography of the Middle East, resulting in the status existing today. As the terrorist attack began and Arab defenders of the village returned fire, the Jewish terrorists moved from house to house, blindly spraying the interiors with automatic-weapons fire. Then dynamite was thrown into the houses, with Irgun and Stern gunmen shooting down anyone who escaped the dynamite. No one was spared, whether defender or women and children. Any Arab who moved was shot, even those who had already surrendered. The terrorists then tried to burn the bodies. They stuffed some bodies into a well in an effort to hide them from the International Red Cross representatives, who came on the scene the next day. Later 250 bodies were buried, and a few dazed survivors were loaded into a truck and unceremoniously dumped in Jerusalem.

Word of the Deir Yassin massacre spread like wildfire throughout Palestine, and as the fighting continued through 1948, the fear engendered by the words "Deir Yassin" and a general fear of being caught in the fighting eventually drove more than 700,000 Palestinian Arabs out of Palestine. After that, Jewish terrorists had only to repeat the name of the village to drive out the Arabs.

By the end of 1948, Israel had a Jewish majority. The ill-equipped and poorly trained Arab armies, both regulars and irregulars, had lost. Three quarters of a million Palestinians, who had once had their own homes on their land in Palestine, found themselves homeless, living in the inhumane squalor of refugee camps. Israel has never allowed them to return.

Thus were the seeds of eventual world conflict sown. Barely three years after the big powers had formed the United Nations—for the purpose, they said, of putting an end to war and the taking of territory by war—they became openly committed to supporting, in the case of Israel, an exception to their rule. In searching for reasons for their action, one cannot dismiss the feelings of guilt held by the big powers because they had refused to provide a haven for Jews attempting to escape from Hitler. But the question asked to this day by the Arabs is: Why should they be made to pay for someone else's sins? Although both guilt and sympathy played a part in the events leading up to the establishment of Israel, political

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

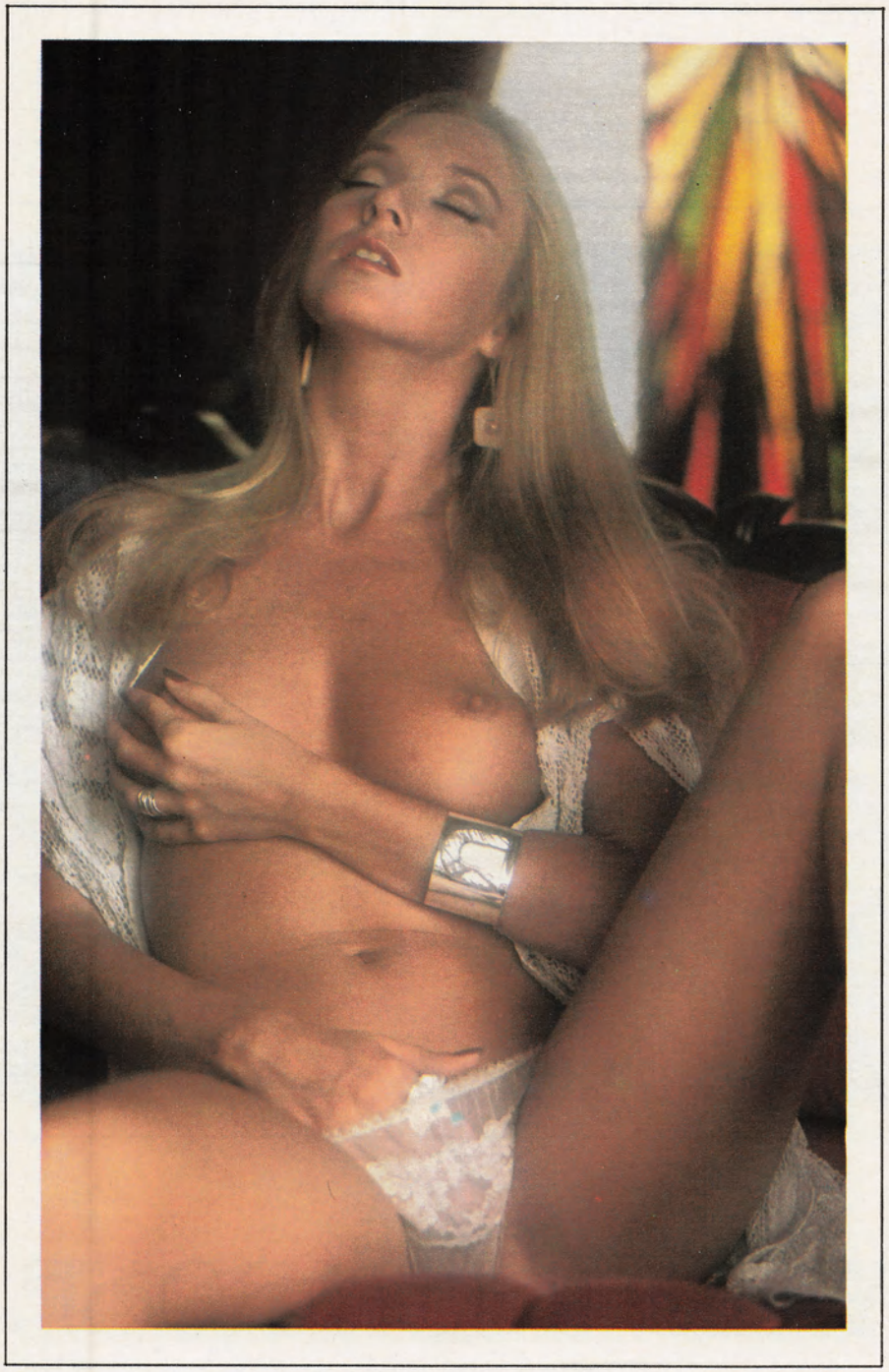
'I find whips beautiful, with all the power and grace of snakes.'

Clothes by Strip Thrills; Jewelry by Aleris, L.A.

WILD IRISH ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Spirited, twenty-one-year-old Coleen McCaffrey is a quintessential wild Irish rose. A former native of Dublin, Coleen lives and works in San Francisco, where she specializes in promoting and repping young artists, photographers, and designers with a flair for the new and surprising. To grace her own curvaceous, 36-23-35 frame, Coleen favors a look that's a cross between Moll Flanders and Barbarella, with a bit of Irish milkmaid thrown in for spice. "I love what's soft and feminine," says our beauty from the Emerald Isle, "frills and fur and tiny bits of lace." She also has a flair for the exotic, including antique guns and whips. "Please don't misunderstand about my whips," she says. "I've never used one. But the idea is really quite sensual."



"Whips are terribly misunderstood. I think they are lovely for teasing and caressing, but never, never for doing bodily harm to another person. I find whips beautiful, with all the power and grace of snakes." Coleen has more than forty in her cache, and she's always on the lookout for a new acquisition. "I think people are a little taken aback when they first view my collection, especially because my image is of someone very gentle and soft. Maybe I'm attracted to whips for just that reason. There's a whole other part of my personality that's never come to the surface. But I think my whips turn men on. They seem to impart an unusual and thrilling kind of excitement, which *does* fit in with my nature. My softness has many serpentine surprises."

That nature is also inquisitive and kind and extremely giving. "I believe a woman's first priority is pleasing a man. My own pleasure always comes from giving pleasure to another. I want my man to look at me and think, "Wow, what a woman." Our pretty Irish lass also has an unexpected old-fashioned side. "I live in an early American farmhouse, at the edge of the city," she explains, "and I try to preserve as much of its original flavor as I can. I still keep a butter churn and grow my own vegetables, and I even have a mini-windmill for power. I find that to be a very beautiful way to live." And we, of course, find Coleen to be a very beautiful person to live with.

My First 500

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

various sizes and shapes of the bodies around the house, when one of the most gorgeous hunks of human flesh I had ever seen in my life walked toward me. He was black-skinned, tall, firmly muscled, and sexually well-endowed.

"I want some!" my mind screamed inside me. "I have never felt a black man's hands on my body," I continued thinking as he stopped in front of me.

"I'd like to draw you," I said. "You have a perfectly proportioned body."

"Whenever you're ready," he answered.

We stood there, making small talk as our desires mounted. The magnetism that flowed between us was becoming unbearable when he simply and gently put his arm around me and led me to a bedroom. He locked the door.

"Please, I want you," I whispered.

"I want you, too," he answered as he kissed my belly. His huge, black hands ran down the sides of my body, grabbing me at the waist as he nestled his head between my legs. I wriggled like a fish out of water as his tongue darted in and out of me and over my clitoris. He knew exactly what he was doing, and he was good at it! Ecstasy flowed thorugh me. My body yearned for the fulfillment I knew he was capable of giving me.

"Penetration!" my mind pleaded. "NOW!" I was engulfed with desire. Softly, I begged him, "Please fuck me . . . please?"

"Yes," he answered, "now I think you can take me. You are soaked with passion," he whispered as his lips met mine.

Penetration! My mind reeled ecstatically. Slowly, he pushed his way into my grateful body, filling me completely. I felt virginal, as if I were sixteen and this was my first union. Amazingly, I accommodated all of him. His big, black cock pulsated inside me as, slowly, we began to build our rhythm.

"Oh, oh, he's going to come!" my mind screamed. "No, not yet, please wait!"

"Don't come," I whispered in his ear.

"Don't worry," he whispered back.

"He can handle it!" my mind rejoiced, and I relaxed. We moved in perfect unison, our passion mounting with each stroke. Suddenly, I became aware of someone knocking on the door.

"Who's in there?" a voice asked. Another voice answered, giving our names. "Oh, so those two have finally met. Well, they deserve each other," the first voice replied. "Come on, there's another bedroom down the hall. We'll use that one." The sounds of the people went away.

I returned my attention to the glorious pleasures of the moment. We had not missed a stroke. I kissed his neck and moved my fingers to his nipple. He quickened his rhythm, responding to my touch; so I reached my lips to it and sucked on his nipple like a baby. I felt his body tense as he held back an ejaculation. My passion rose, and I released it in a flood of ecstasy. Thank God I am a woman and can come many times in one union. I returned from the heavens of passion. Looking up at my partner's face, I saw it contorted with ecstasy. I kissed his full, soft lips and slid my hands across his strong shoulders, feeling his muscles ripple as I hugged him tighter. He rolled over on his back, positioning me on top of him. In this position he penetrated me more deeply, but I was able to take it, especially since I had just come. He put his big, black hands on my breasts; now my mind was off in a jungle somewhere, and I lost all track of time and space. Feeling was my universe, and touch my master. As I looked at his black skin next to mine, my excitement rose again. I was in a position to control the rhythm. I slowed the pace, rising up and then slowly easing down as his huge, black cock sank deeply inside me. I reached my hand down behind me and gently caressed his balls. He quickened the rhythm. Grabbing me by the waist, he thrust himself deeper inside me.

> His white, supple skin matched the purity of his youth, but his body moved with the mastery of an older man.

"Honey," he murmured, "if you keep doing that to my balls, I'm gonna come."

"Don't let him come!" my mind screamed. I wanted more. Instantly, I stopped caressing his balls. Placing his powerful arm around my body, he pulled me closely to him as he rolled us over again. Then he started fucking me seriously.

He started with a slow, easy rhythm as he bent over in a semikneeling position. One magnificent arm encircled my body, supporting my back as he held me up into the curve of his body; the other arm extended to the bed and supported our weight. I clung to him with one arm around his neck and shoulder, my lips kissing the back of his earlobe. My other arm held onto his body, and my hand was spread out on his strong, muscular back.

His strength and power were interwoven with his gentle, caressing manner. The essence of masculinity! I let my body melt into his. He penetrated me to the depths of my soul, and I was engulfed in ecstasy. His movements became purposeful; with each stroke I could feel his mounting desire for an orgasm. Yes, I was ready. He had brought me to the height of passion, and now I wanted him to feel the pleasures of satisfaction such as he had given me. I wanted him to come.

"Come, baby," I whispered in his ear, and his body surged into mine. As he started to build toward his climax, he used the entire length of his ample, black-skinned penis, sinking it in to the hilt and then pulling it all the way out again. Our bodies undulated in synchronized movements of compatibility. His penis was rock hard. I pulled my legs up to my chest with my knees bent. His massive arms were on both sides of me, supporting his weight. I ran my hands up his arms, feeling the strength in his bulging muscles. My sun-tanned hands looked white next to his dark skin. I put my legs over his shoulders. The difference of our skin colors excited me.

I was coming all over the place. A fantasy fulfilled—I was fucking a black man! I had dared to satisfy my curiosity. And satisfied I was; he was overwhelming. He looked magnificent—earthiness refined by sophistication. His energy matched mine, and his strength took over when mine gave out.

He held my hips in his powerful hands and rotated them in unison with his movements. I was almost exhausted from my many orgasms when he let out a low moan. "He's going to come!" I thought. My mind alerted my body to newfound energy.

"Come, baby," I encouraged him. "Give it to me!" I could feel his balls slapping against my ass. I cupped them in my hand with a gentle, massaging motion. They felt big and smooth, their soft skin like silk in my hand. I put my lips to his nipple and sucked on it hard. With my free hand, I manipulated his other nipple between my fingers. Both nipples quickly became firm and erect. His moan increased in volume; then, with a yowl that should have shaken the earth, he reached his climax, and I experienced a consummation of unprecedented magnitude.

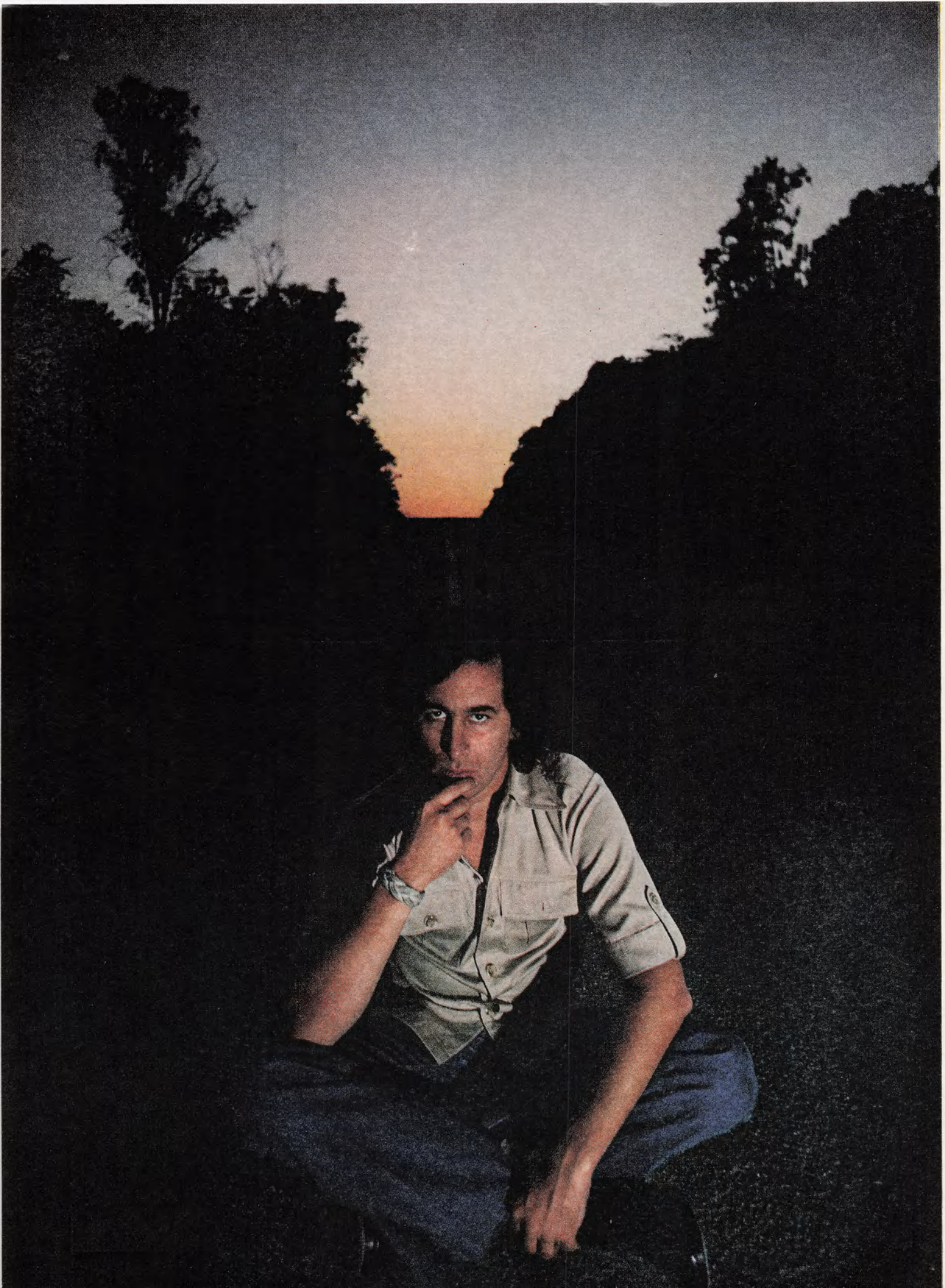
I rejoiced in his orgasm. He looked majestically beautiful as he towered above me and let out his wail of ecstasy. A moment of glorious transcendence, then a building awareness of our immediate surroundings as my mind tuned in to the sounds of voices and loud knocking on the door. Slowly, he withdrew his organ, and as though he was experiencing a temporary loss of power, he moved to the door, opened it, and then leaned his back against the wall and sank slowly to the floor. I lay motionless on the bed.

Thirty-nine, One-hundred-six, and GG came in and sat on the bed. "You've been in here for hours—everyone has gone home. Are you all right?" they asked.

How was I? I was enraptured, exhausted, exhilarated, satiated, and totally absorbed in bliss. Two-sixty-nine dragged himself into the adjoining bathroom. From my position on the bed I could see him standing in the shower. His grand, statuesque body glistened in the water, and I was uncontrollably attracted to him. Thirty-nine seemed annoyed. I obviously didn't have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

"The cabin boy sounds good."



STEVEN SPIELBERG

> The government has been concerned about the UFO phenomenon since World War II. I think the CIA knows whether we have been visited by other worlds.

At thirty, Steven Spielberg is a member of a very small band of young, ambitious, inventive, and commercially successful Hollywood directors. Spielberg joined this "club," which includes George Lucas, Martin Scorsese, William Friedkin, and Francis Ford Coppola, with his second feature film, *Jaws*, which became the screen's all-time box-office champion, grossing more than $200 million to date. For thrill seekers, financiers, and critics alike, Spielberg captured the seemingly impossible on film—in this case by using a nineteen-ton mechanical shark with four-foot fangs. While manipulating the monster, Spielberg gained a reputation for versatility and flexibility, rewriting the script every day on the set on advice from actors, always seeking human characters that audiences could identify with.

Now Spielberg has found a new subject for his explosively climactic, all-too-convincing mode of moviemaking: UFOs and extraterrestrial communication. Recognizing the enormous market for a UFO film in America—where, according to UFO authority Dr. J. Allen Hynek, there are 100 sightings reported within every twenty-four hours—Spielberg began writing the original screenplay while editing his first movie, *The Sugarland Express*, and preparing *Jaws* for release. Five years of rewriting, directing, and editing have resulted in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, which opened nationally this past December.

The film, starring Richard Dreyfuss as a highway utility repairman obsessed with UFOs and French film director François Truffaut as a world-traveling UFO investigator, received a record advance of $24 million in exhibitors' rentals. Interest heightened when Spielberg banned reporters from the film's location sites in Alabama, Wyoming, California, and India, where security guards tossed out anyone who wasn't wearing an ID badge.

A sizable portion of the $18 million budget was allocated for fantastic special effects. The film utilizes totally new technology in photography, lighting, opticals, and special effects. Visual coordinator Douglas Trumbull, who created the special effects for *2001: A Space Odyssey*, built an entire movie studio in Los Angeles with printing, developing, and editing rooms, electronically operated control booths, and a wood shop, metal shop, paint shop, and miniature-set construction shop.

Born in Cincinnati in 1947, Spielberg has been wielding a movie camera since his early youth; in fact, when he was sixteen, he made a two-and-one-half-hour, eight-millimeter film, called *Firelight*, about scientists investigating strange lights in the sky. He studied English at California State College, making films for industrial companies to pay his tuition. During this time he borrowed $10,000 to make *Amblin'*, a twenty-four-minute short about two young hitchhikers that so impressed Sidney Sheinberg, now president of MCA, that he signed Spielberg—six weeks before the director's twenty-first birthday—to a Universal contract. "What I initially noticed about Steven, besides his talent, was his ability to listen and observe," Sheinberg remembers. "Steven's concern for humanity allows him to create films that are easy to relate to and are extremely commercial."

Spielberg directed the first show of the hit television series "Night Gallery," in addition to episodes of "Marcus Welby, M.D." His television movie *Duel*, with Dennis Weaver, was highly praised and prompted producers Richard Zanuck and David Brown to hire Spielberg to direct his first feature film, *The Sugarland Express*, starring Goldie Hawn. It received rave reviews but barely broke even at the box office. Spielberg then asked the *Sugarland* producers if he could direct a film based on a book he had stolen off their desk prior to publication. Referring to it now as "that shark movie," Spielberg is still "personally disappointed" that he did not receive an Oscar nomination for best director of 1975 for the film.

Herbert Margolis, *Penthouse* West Coast editor, and Craig Modderno interviewed Spielberg at both his Hollywood film lab, while he was dubbing *Close Encounters*, and the director's Laurel Canyon home, which he shares with Amy Irving, the twenty-three year-old actress who played Sue, the "nice girl," in Brian DePalma's *Carrie*. Margolis and Modderno report: "With his Prince Valiant hairdo, Levi's, blue pullover sweater, and aviator glasses, Spielberg looks like a college student still trying to sneak onto a studio lot. Shy, handsome, and remarkably intelligent, Spielberg maintains a low profile, almost as if he fears that too much media exposure will jeopardize his recognition as a serious filmmaker. He is polite and somewhat reserved with strangers, tending to sit back and let them play their hands before he gambles on opening up to them. Once he does, one has to feel a healthy respect for the cool, sincere manner in which he conducts himself and for his lack of show-business pretension."

Photograph by Earl Miller

Penthouse: Where did you first get the idea for *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: The real origin of the idea goes back to when I was a five-year-old kid in New Jersey. One night my dad woke me up in the middle of the night and rushed me into our car in my night clothes. I didn't know what was happening. It was frightening. My mom wasn't with me. So I thought, "What's happening here?" He had a thermos of coffee and had brought blankets, and we drove for about half an hour. We finally pulled over to the side of the road, and there were a couple hundred people, lying on their backs in the middle of the night, looking up at the sky. My dad found a place, spread the blanket out, and we both lay down.

He pointed to the sky, and there was a magnificent meteor shower. All these incredible points of light were crisscrossing the sky. It was a phenomenal display, apparently announced in advance by the weather bureau. My dad had really surprised me—actually, he'd frightened the hell out of me! At the same time, though, I was tremendously attracted to the *source*, to what was causing this. Years later we got a telescope, and I was into stargazing.

When you're looking at stars and the moons around Jupiter and Venus and trying to spot the polar caps on Mars, your mind begins to explore and go out much, much further, thinking about other solar systems around other suns, other life forms. Looking at the sky at night is probably the greatest stimulation for anyone's imagination.

Penthouse: When did you begin thinking of extraterrestrial phenomena as a subject for a movie?

Spielberg: About three years ago. At first I was just going to do a documentary. I wasn't even going to try to re-create reported sightings but just interview people who said they had seen UFOs. But then, never having made a documentary before and finding that I really wasn't in control, except in the editing room, I decided that maybe the best thing to do would be a drama about UFOs.

Penthouse: Have you seen UFOs?

Spielberg: No. I've vicariously relived experiences that other people have had. While I was making *Close Encounters*, I had several very strange dreams that I turned into scenes in the movie. The dreams seemed as real as being awake, and they always involved the same thing—my bedroom window and something in the sky. The dreams weren't telling me anything—I didn't have the feeling they were coming from a force that was telling me how to write the script or giving me dialogue or scenes.

But somehow those dreams gave me a living experience of what it would be like to have a real UFO experience. They set a mood, a tone if you will, for my film. Each dream—or encounter—was more vivid than the one before, and each was very seductive. I would wake up angry that what had happened was simply a dream, because it seemed so real; and when it stopped, I wanted to know so much more.

Penthouse: What happens to people after they've seen a UFO?

Spielberg: Usually, they choose anonymity, because in the past UFO sightings have been pooh-poohed and debunked. Those who have reported them have often undergone social humiliation. For every reported UFO experience, ten go unreported. That's a hard statistic. Most people don't want a reencounter of the first, second, or third kind. They are so taken aback by the experience, which is usually so unsettling to all the forces of logic that they never really want to experience it again. There are others, however, who are compelled to visit the location of their encounter again and again. They go back and walk around and wait for it to happen again. It rarely does.

Penthouse: Is this what happens to Richard Dreyfuss, the lead in *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: In certain ways. He's more of an exception to the rule. He doesn't just report his experience; he becomes obsessed by the hope of reliving it.

> When you succeed in Hollywood, it's like getting your Master Charge renewed. The more successful you become, the more rope you're given to hang yourself with later.

Penthouse: People are making comparisons between *Close Encounters* and *Star Wars*, especially in the innovative use of special effects. Do you see any connection?

Spielberg: The movies are very different, and so are the effects. You've got to remember that *Close Encounters* has been three years in the making, and the final edit was done about the time *Star Wars* was coming out. As for the public's response, I can tell you, if *Star Wars* had been a bust, it would really have hurt *Close Encounters*, because it would have shut the lid on science fiction as a film genre. The films are quite dissimilar, though. *Close Encounters* is an earthbound movie. Its roots are in the familiar routine of suburban life. *Star Wars* is a beautiful, enchanting space opera—a fantasy. Those who walk into *Close Encounters* expecting to see the sequel to *Star Wars* will be disappointed.

Penthouse: Are the special effects spectacular in *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: The story doesn't necessarily need special effects to succeed as a dramatic narrative. The special effects that we used are successful to the degree that they fit naturally into the picture—most of them will go unnoticed. They were expensive, though! Doug Trumbull supervised the effects. He built the first sixty-five-millimeter front-projection machine and the first sixty-five-millimeter matte stand for *Close Encounters*. He actually built his own *Close Encounters* lab in Marina del Rey.

One difficult thing we had to do was to create the effect of night, since about 65 percent of the film takes place at night. There is no film fast enough to photograph night and show it as our eyes see it in the country or the city. So, all our night effects had to be created, had to be synthesized. It works beautifully; and I think that when you look at a night scene in the movie, you won't be aware that every night shot is a special effect.

Penthouse: What is the overall effect you're trying to achieve with *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: I want people to walk out of the theater with more questions than they had when they walked in. I want them to consider the probability that we are not alone in the universe, that the stars are not simply a kind of nocturnal wallpaper to be viewed indifferently. People should enjoy looking up at night, exercising their imaginations a little more.

Penthouse: Will you do for UFOs in *Close Encounters* what you did for sharks in *Jaws*?

Spielberg: That's up to people who see the film. There has always been something frightening about the unknown. Both films explore the things around the corner that you can't see. You didn't see much of the actual shark in the first hour of *Jaws*—you saw only the ocean line. We created a surreal fear of the unknown, a fear of water. In *Close Encounters*, when the camera cuts to the sky—all black with stars—a sense of mystery should evolve.

Penthouse: How do the extraterrestrial beings communicate with the humans in *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: By music. They use the twelve-tone scale. They give us the first five tones, and we are able to take those notes, return them, and signal our willingness to meet. It has to do with the science of dividing sounds up into parts. This is a constant natural law that any intelligent life form can relate to. We also try assigning to these sound frequencies different hues or shades, and suddenly we are communicating in light and sound. There is no "Take me to your leader," no telepathy.

Also, I can tell you that when we do make contact with the aliens, nobody gets eaten.

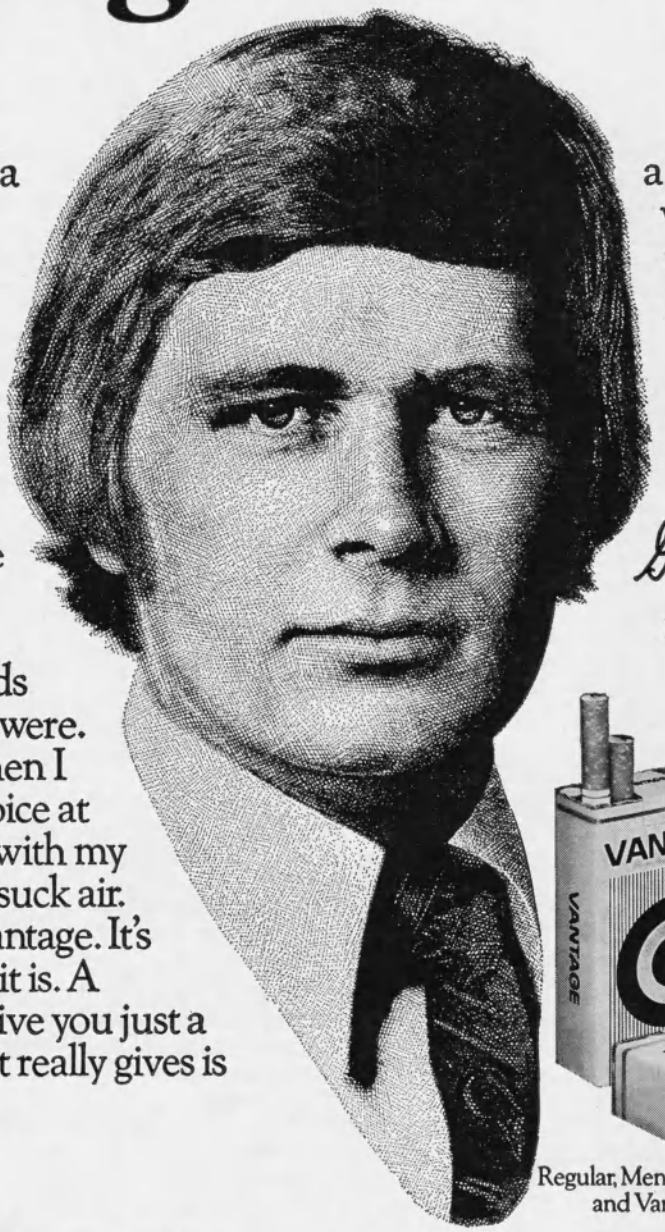
Penthouse: Are the visitors in the film threatening?

Spielberg: If you mean aggressive or hostile, with intent to do us bodily harm, the answer is absolutely not. But the dangers of contact are certainly conceivable, both bacteriologically and sociologically. I mean, how can we interact with an extraterrestrial race when we can't exchange ideas and customs peacefully with different races from our own planet? We can't leave

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

© 1977—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

"Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it."



"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is a lot of taste. And with much less tar than what I'd smoked before.

"What am I doing about smoking? I'm smoking Vantage."

G.S. Cooper
Edmonds, Washington

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Idi Amin Hitler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

1,000-man presidential bodyguard that also gathered intelligence), and the remainder of the Acholi and Langi soldiers were transferred from a civilian prison to the army prison at Mutukula near the Tanzanian border. The prisoners were told they were taken there for a court-martial. In fact, each day a group of them were tied together and taken out to be killed. Some were told to run with their hands tied behind their backs and were shot while running. Out of the more than 500 marked for death, only a handful escaped to tell the gruesome details of how those who did not die after being shot were beaten on the heads until they died.

In February, Radio Uganda—the government radio station—broadcast a statement from Amin, saying that a minor incident had happened at Mutukula in which fifteen remaining detainees had attempted to escape. He told how they fled to Tanzania, were arrested by the Tanzanian Security Forces, and were handed back to the Uganda army. Amin expressed his personal gratitude to the Tanzanians at the border for having apprehended the escapees.

People in Uganda were subjected to these lies every day, but gradually the truth filtered to some by word of mouth. The diplomatic community in Kampala, however, in 1971 and 1972 was prepared to excuse these outbursts of violence and killings as an aftermath of a coup.

In 1972 the killings in the military barracks died down. The Acholi and Langi members had been virtually eliminated. The civilian disappearances, however, continued sporadically. William Kalema, minister of commerce and industry under Obote, who had been outside Uganda during the coup, decided to return, believing that there would be no reprisals against those who had served in the Obote government. He was driving in his car when another car approached and forced him to stop. He was never seen again.

A district commissioner and a hotel manager were arrested after a dispute with army officers over the payment of a hotel bill for drinks. They both disappeared. Three employees of the Coffee Marketing Board disappeared. A prominent Asian lawyer was arrested by two men identified as members of the State Research Department. Another Coffee Marketing Board worker vanished. These and other disappearances, arrests, and killings were carried out by the military police, the Public Safety Unit (a special police force), and the State Research Bureau (an intelligence unit).

In June 1972, a month before we arrived, George Kamba, a former ambassador to India and West Germany who served in the Amin government as director of the East African Posts and Telecommunications Corporation, was arrested while attending an official cocktail party at the International Hotel in Kampala. A witness told that Kamba, after leaving the hotel at about 10:00 P.M., came running back, screaming for help. Three men with dark glasses followed him in and dragged him off. Kamba pleaded for help, shouting that they were going to kill him. Many leading personalities, including ministers, witnessed the seizure, but none could help. The men were armed and were believed to be part of Amin's State Research Department

The official reaction of the government to these murders followed a pattern. First, the government acknowledged the disappearance and ordered an investigation. The investigations usually revealed nothing, concluding that the people involved were missing and their whereabouts were unknown. In the case of Kamba's arrest, the official statement indicated that he was arrested by "unknown persons" and that extensive investigations had revealed nothing. Many people, unfortunately, believed these government explanations.

> One witness to the murder of Uganda's chief justice said that his ears, nose, lips, and arms were severed from his body.

In Uganda there are roving bands of robbers called *kondos*. Many Ugandans and foreigners have been victims of their attacks. The Ugandan government under Milton Obote had tried to crack down on these criminals. In 1968 the punishment for robbery with violence was raised to that of a capital offense. With this severe punishment Ugandan officials hoped to frighten kondos into refraining from violence. Some claimed that the severity of the law encouraged hardened criminals to be even more violent since they would be more likely to kill any witnesses to a robbery.

The existence of bands of criminals in Uganda made the atmosphere ripe for the soldiers to carry on their arbitrary arrests and killings under the guise of kondoism. The government issued two decrees in March 1971 that gave the military wide powers in searching and arresting. The decrees were described as a method of stemming the rampant kondoism. In effect, they legalized the killer squads of Amin and also transformed some soldiers into kondos. Realizing that they had become the law, many soldiers found this an easy way to amass a small fortune. The police were rendered ineffective. Therefore, the soldier would not be held accountable for his actions. He was, in essence, the instrument of the law. He possessed weapons and could easily demand from the citizenry what he wished. Cars, watches, jewelry, money, and even wives were soon considered fair booty for the marauding soldiers.

A favorite item to steal was automobiles. Going down a lonely road, especially at night, one risked meeting a group of kondos, who would force the driver to stop and give up the car. After several months, kondoism by Amin's squads became even more prevalent. Cars would be stopped in broad daylight, often by another car carrying three or four armed men. Most diplomats gave the advice to their fellow countrymen to give up the car without a struggle rather than risk one's life. The automobiles that were stolen were hardly ever retrieved. As the law and order of the country deteriorated, police did not dare lift a finger to find the suspects, for they never knew if the evidence that they would uncover would implicate the military. If their investigation did lead to the military, it was as good as committing suicide. The police officers involved would quickly be listed as having disappeared. Those making complaints to police regarding stolen automobiles often were advised to forget about retrieving the car and to claim the insurance.

There are indeed other societies in which the military have assumed police power. In some there has been sufficient military discipline to stem the temptation of the military to brutalize the citizenry for the sake of personal gain. In the case of Uganda, military discipline had already begun the process of deterioration as early as independence. Amin himself had avoided being court-martialed at least twice. Discipline to him meant mere loyalty to one's commander and little else.

Amin shrewdly veiled his killings by soldiers and masked the elimination of certain civilians and military officers under the guise of kondoism. The people were fooled, for it was easy to confuse civilian-dressed soldiers with bands of kondos.

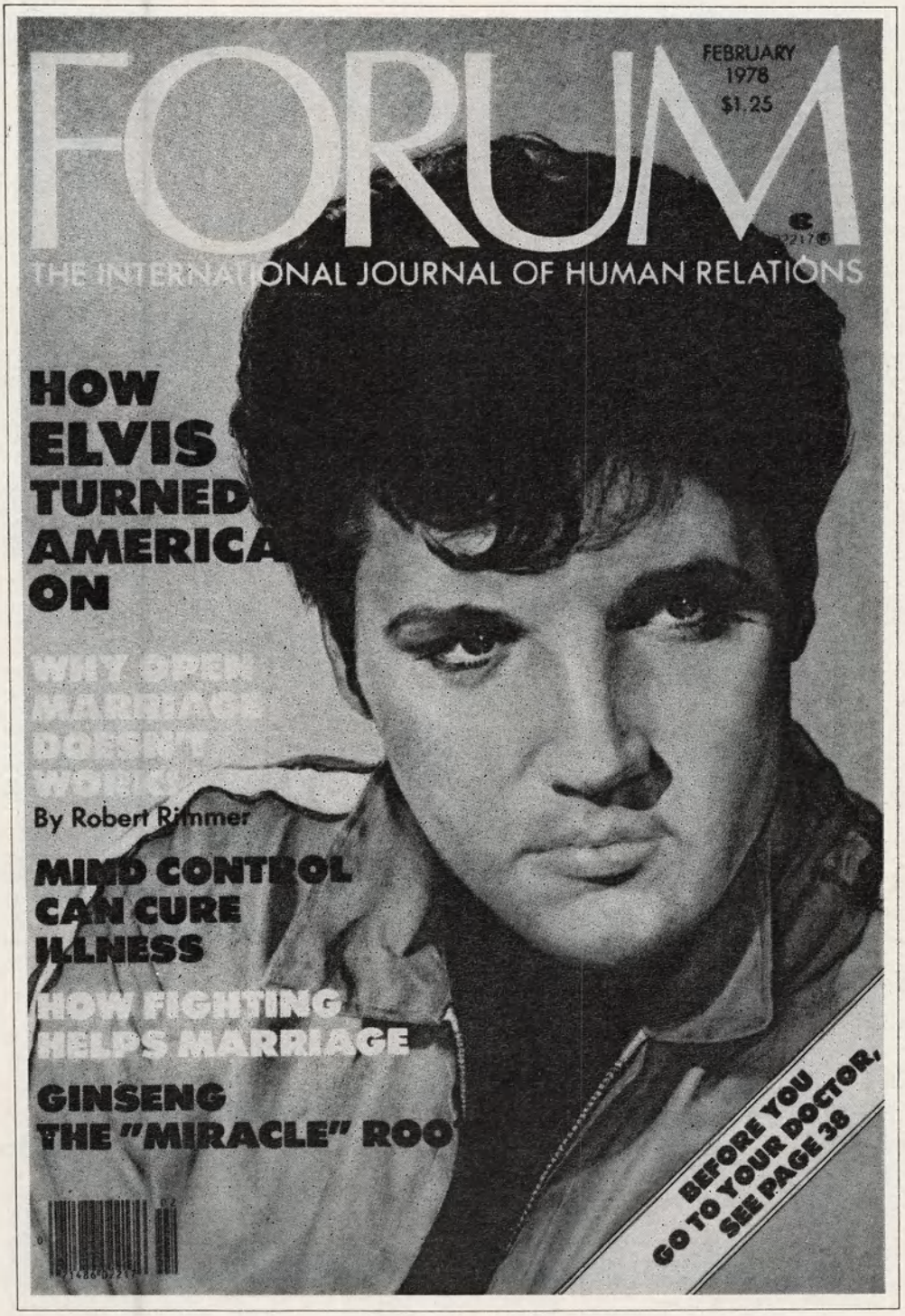
Amin, however, was not able to continue this charade. The people finally realized that certain branches of the military had been charged with killing their own countrymen. In September and October of 1972, large-scale disappearances took place. The government continued to give the same insufficient answers, and by then the people comprehended the full horror of Amin's regime.

On September 17, 1971, about 1,000 supporters of Obote crossed the frontier in an effort to invade Uganda. They managed to enter Uganda easily; but as they moved north, they were quickly repelled by Ugandan forces. Amin was furious. He ordered his planes to drop bombs on the neighboring Tanzanian town of Bukoba, and he unleashed his wrath on countless numbers of

"It's good, but what does it say?"

DON'T MISS THIS SENSATIONAL ISSUE OF FORUM.

On Sale Now At Your Newsstand.



If your news dealer is sold out, send $1.25 plus 25¢ for postage and handling to: FORUM, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

To make sure of getting a copy of Forum every month, fill in and mail the subscription coupon and your remittance of $12.00 (a saving of $3.25 off the newsstand price) today to: **FORUM, Subscription Dept., PO Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.**

Ugandans whom he suspected to be potential enemies of his regime.

We have analyzed Amin's statements as well as testimonies of various Ugandan government officials who have defected. We have read the reports of the International Commission of Jurists and other groups that have submitted material to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. Finally, we have listened to the stories of many Ugandans now in exile. We believe that the names of those who disappeared in the latter part of 1972 were already listed for elimination before September of the same year.

The pattern regarding the murders of prominent people is so similar that it could only be executed according to plan. Amin had made critical statements regarding a number of officials or former officials. He therefore had decided already to eliminate them. The invasion of the forces from Tanzania only provided an excuse for his ruthless attack on several segments of the Ugandan society.

Much of the attack at the end of 1972 was centered on intellectuals. Amin feared them, because they could easily see through his brutal actions. He knew that they mocked his unschooled manners and crude methods. Most of all, he felt threatened by them. His other threat came from government officials. They were next.

On August 21, 1972, the daily newspaper, the *Uganda Argus*, reported that Amin had attacked high officials in the Masaka district—a stronghold of the Buganda tribe. He particularly singled out one who held a very high position in government, and who was dividing the country on a religious basis and claimed that the government had already lost confidence in him as a result of his "dirty activities."

There was no doubt that he was referring to Benedicto Kiwanuka, who was then serving as chief justice of Uganda's high court. Kiwanuka, the country's first prime minister, had been a staunch Buganda Catholic. He had been imprisoned by Obote and released by Amin. After that he had made some very courageous decisions that went against the government, declaring that the military had no power to arrest. At a cocktail party Kiwanuka remarked, "I am expecting them to come and take me soon. There is nothing to do but wait."

As Ugandan troops were mopping up the remnants of the invasion force of Obote supporters from Tanzania in September 1972, armed soldiers burst into the high court chambers and took Kiwanuka, whom they handcuffed and slapped. He was taken away in a waiting car. Many people in the court and outside were witnesses to the arrest, but the government's official statement claimed that the men who had kidnapped the chief justice had posed as security men. They claimed no knowledge of the affair. In the meantime, Wanume Kibedi, a brother-in-law of Amin who was serving as foreign minister, heard of Kiwanuka's arrest from Amin himself. On the very morning of the arrest, Kibedi claims, Amin said to him, "The boys have got Kiwanuka. They had to pick him up at the high court because he knew he was being followed, and he was very careful about his movements."

The International Commission of Jurists have published that Kiwanuka was later seen by a witness in Makindye Prison. It was reported that he was killed with a sledgehammer. Another report claims an even more gruesome death for the chief justice, which David Martin, a British journalist, quotes in his book *General Amin*: "I was given to understand that his ears, nose, lips, and arms were cut and severed from his body. I also understand that he was disemboweled and his private parts cut and pushed into his mouth and he was finally burnt." Another witness claims that he took two hours to die.

Another victim, first smeared as an Obote spy and then eliminated, was Frank Kalimuzo, vice-chancellor and virtual head of the University of Makerere. The university had been founded fifty years previously. With an excellent reputation, it had a distinguished faculty including many scholars from all over the world. Amin accused Kalimuzo of being a spy for the neighboring country of Rwanda, charging that he wished to replace the vice-chancellor with a "real Ugandan." In September 1972, he was arrested and then released. One day, while Kalimuzo was attending a wedding, Radio Uganda announced that he had disappeared. Learning of this announcement, he refused to flee and was arrested the following day at his home.

On October 7 all diplomats were invited to be present at the University of Makerere's graduation ceromonies. Amin, in his role as chancellor, appeared in full academic robes. Kalimuzo was conspicuously absent, but not a word was said. The diplomatic corps took their seats reluctantly, for many felt that they were in the presence of a man responsible for the murder of the institution's respected leader.

The university has since been on the verge of collapse. Many of its professors who were foreign nationals left. Many of its Ugandan professors also fled. Students were harassed and killed. In fact, in 1976, the students of the university staged one of the only public protests against the Amin regime. They were courageous and perhaps rash, and they suffered as a result.

Perhaps one of the most horrifying episodes during the host of disappearances that occurred in the wake of the September invasion was the killing of Francis Walugembe, the former mayor of Masaka. On September 22 the former mayor was taken by Lieutenant Colonel Maliyamungu to the Tropic Inn in Masaka. They called for drinks, and then the army officer began to verbally abuse Walugembe. The former mayor was taken outside and stripped

"A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou."

naked. It was morning, and there were witnesses around the small hotel, which is located on a major highway. The victim's hands and ankles were tied together, and as he stood in front of Lieutenant Colonel Maliyamungu, a soldier slashed off his penis and held it in front of his face. Walugembe screamed in agony and was thrown into the back of a vehicle.

Masaka was a sleepy little market town on Lake Victoria. Situated in the heart of Buganda, it was the center for many of the large landowners whose farms produced an array of vegetables and other crops. Only eighty miles from Kampala, it was a pleasant day's trip, which took the traveler across the equator at about 4,000 to 5,000 feet. The town also had a large Asian population, which, by September, had already been thinned by the order of expulsion. The horrible scene that took place at the end of September 1972 gripped the Bugandan people in fear. The Buganda had suffered under Obote, and Amin, as army commander, had led an attack on their king's palace.

At the time of the coup, Amin had sought the Buganda as allies, releasing many of the political prisoners, including Kiwanuka, whom he named chief justice. Yet, a year and a half later, Amin turned on the Buganda, criticizing and threatening their leaders. The plans laid by the invading force from Tanzania had set two geographic goals—Masaka and Mbarara. Amin used the threat of this invading force to carry out his plans against the Buganda; Kiwanuka, Walugembe, our friend Joe Mubiru, and many others became victims of Amin's bloodthirsty rule.

Part of the troops of the invading force crossed over the Tanzanian border and headed toward the army camp at Mbarara, which they almost succeeded in penetrating. After the abortive attempt, Amin was furious with the people of the region of Mbarara, some of whom were said to have cheered the insurgents. Many of the Acholi district where Mbarara is located were arrested and killed. Basil Bataringaya was dismembered alive, and his head was displayed in the Mbarara barracks at the end of a pole for all to see the savagery of Amin's henchmen.

In Kampala the diplomatic corps heard with dismay about the numerous disappearances. Within Uganda the people were informed constantly that various persons were missing and that the government was unable to trace their whereabouts. However, the people whispered of the deaths and the cruel methods of killing. Large numbers fled Uganda in fear across the borders to Kenya and Tanzania.

About twenty countries maintained and housed diplomatic missions in Kampala. Diplomats from these missions were constantly barraged by exaggerated tales, and while in Kampala, one could not be sure of the accuracy of these accounts. These stories were not fully accepted until refugees from Uganda independently gave the same basic accounts.

In October 1972 a meeting was called at our residence for all Peace Corps volunteers to discuss the dangerous security situation in Uganda and the evacuation of Peace Corps members.

During the meeting Margaret was called down to the front door, located on the ground floor of our residence. Standing in the hallway was a Ugandan man, trembling with fear. He was dressed in pajamas, with unkempt hair and scratches on his arms and face. In between breaths and swallows, he managed to tell Margaret his name and where he had worked. He kept asking to see me and insisting that he was seeking asylum. The man was practically hysterical with fright. Margaret moved him upstairs to a private room, where she was able to piece his story together. He had worked in a Ugandan government office, where I had recently met him. The night before, soldiers had come to his home, looking for him. Luckily, he was able to slip out of his house and climb a tree. He stayed in the tree all night, waiting for a safe moment to come down. He did not return to his house but continued to hide until he finally came to our residence. We did not know if he had been followed, and we had to assume that someone working at our residence was being paid to inform the Ugandan government of the comings and goings at our home. I slipped out of the meeting long enough to convince our Ugandan friend to leave our residence in the company of an embassy officer. Contact was made with some of his friends, and he managed to cross the border to Kenya.

> After one of Amin's massacres, the blood on the floor was a quarter of an inch thick and flesh littered the room.

The experience had brought us even closer to the anguish and terror of living in a country where one's life was held precariously in the hands of a cruel tyrant and his undisciplined soldiers.

The fear that gripped the nation—the terror, the bloodthirsty killings, and the obvious planned elimination—made us believe that Amin's regime was approaching a tyranny similar to that of Hitler. There are so many comparisons to be made between the Amin regime and Nazi rule—the cruel tortures, the killer squads, the antiintellectualism, the reprisals, the aggressive war posture, and, above all, racism. By October Amin's expulsion order against Asians was already well on the way to being carried out. Amin's attitude against the Israelis had developed into openly anti-Semitic statements and, furthermore, an embrace of Hitler and his actions.

Diplomats, including ourselves, were beginning to see the full implications of Amin's statements and actions. We were reluctant to believe the almost incredible—that someone would actually declare his admiration for Hitler. We would have liked to pass it over as a sadistic joke or excuse Amin by declaring his inability to comprehend what he had said. But we were gradually realizing that Amin was, in many ways, a man of his words. One could never believe his exaggerated and boasting remarks or his cover-up attempts. One could never believe his promises for safety or fairness. But one could always take his threats seriously.

The International Commission of Jurists published its report on Uganda in 1977. This distinguished nongovernmental lawyers' organization has, over a twenty-five-year period, established a reputation for objectivity and impartiality. In its report on Uganda, the commission conservatively estimates that the number of victims of Amin's brutal reign of terror has passed the 100,000 mark. We know that the number is much greater, because many people, and even entire families, will never be accounted for.

There are those who have escaped; but now they must live with scenes of horror for the rest of their lives. They tell of bodies floating in the Nile River, of bones scattered in the forests and hanging from trees. The once magnificent beauty of the country of Uganda has been defiled by the bloody and diabolic rule of Idi Amin. Many of the gruesome and brutal tortures and murders have been carried out under direct orders from Amin. Many other cruel killings have been done by officers and soldiers of the Public Safety Unit and the Bureau of State Research—units of the police and army that Amin specifically created for the sole purpose of carrying out the task of elimination. The tyranny continues, and with each death and torture, the regime slips further and further into the depths of hell.

The evil practiced by Amin and those associated with him in these endless crimes only breeds more and more evil. The cancer continues to grow to obscene proportions. The tale of the Amin regime reads like a fictitious horror story. If we had not been there and had not known both those who escaped and those who were victims of such horror, perhaps we, too, would have believed that the reports were exaggerated and unobjective.

If anything, the reports of those who saw and experienced the suffering reveal just a fraction of what has really occurred in Uganda: for the full evidence of the cruelty rests in the silent and decaying bodies lying in the remote forests and swamps of Uganda.

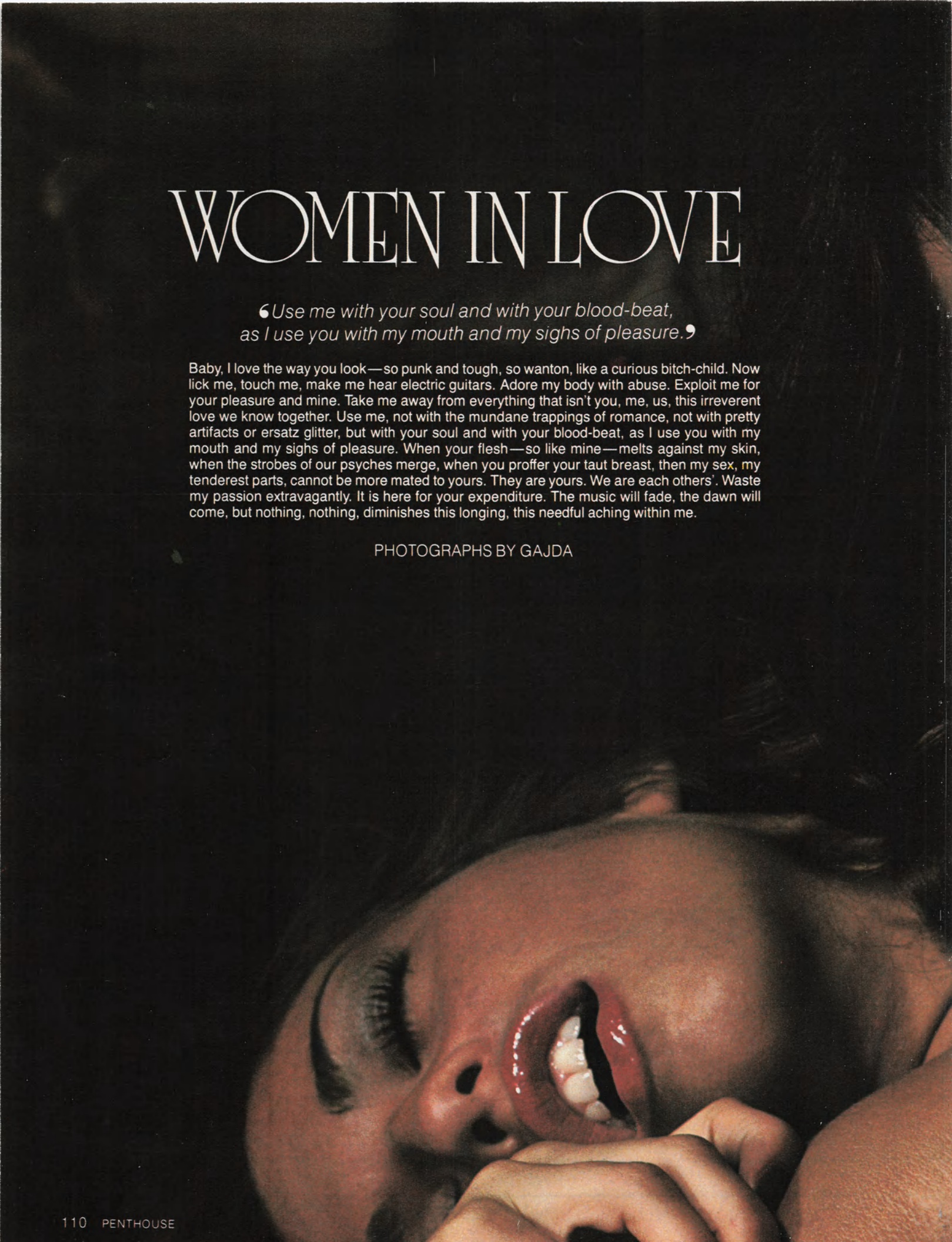
Blachon

WOMEN IN LOVE

"Use me with your soul and with your blood-beat, as I use you with my mouth and my sighs of pleasure."

Baby, I love the way you look—so punk and tough, so wanton, like a curious bitch-child. Now lick me, touch me, make me hear electric guitars. Adore my body with abuse. Exploit me for your pleasure and mine. Take me away from everything that isn't you, me, us, this irreverent love we know together. Use me, not with the mundane trappings of romance, not with pretty artifacts or ersatz glitter, but with your soul and with your blood-beat, as I use you with my mouth and my sighs of pleasure. When your flesh—so like mine—melts against my skin, when the strobes of our psyches merge, when you proffer your taut breast, then my sex, my tenderest parts, cannot be more mated to yours. They are yours. We are each others'. Waste my passion extravagantly. It is here for your expenditure. The music will fade, the dawn will come, but nothing, nothing, diminishes this longing, this needful aching within me.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAJDA



"Look behind my eyes . . . see this taken terrain that is my body and know you are the conqueror."

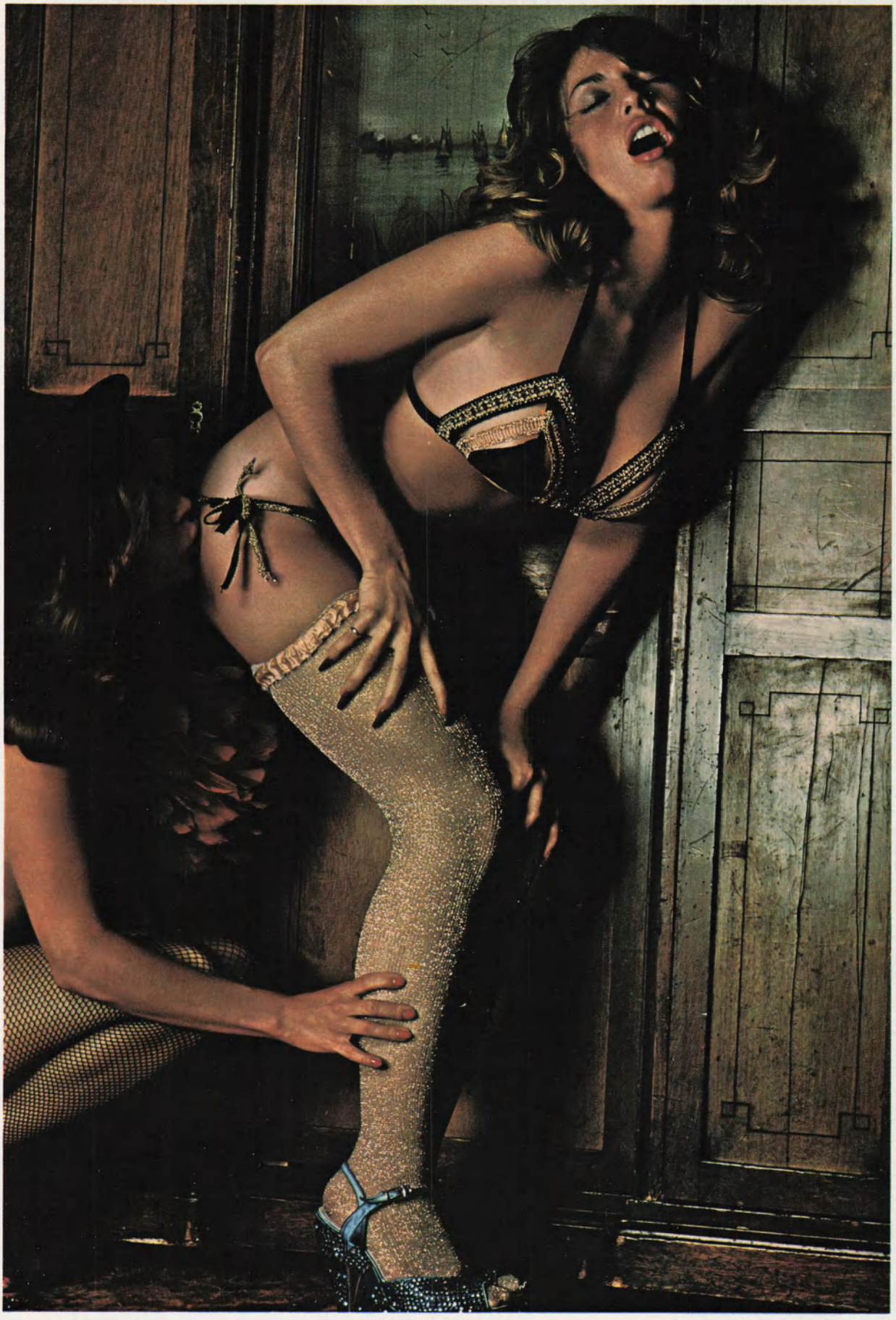
Seize me, rock me, hold me. Look behind my eyes, into the core of my being. See this taken terrain that is my body and know you are the conqueror. I am a mad woman of chemical components, a latter-day Ophelia, festooned with garters, not with garlands. I am a child of Rimbaud who cannot abandon the pain and ecstasy of womanhood. Mine alone is not enough. I must have your pain, your ecstasy, as well as mine. It is poetry to live, this yearning that I feel within your belly, that prenatal, sensate mass soon to be born to us, an unholy child that only we can know and nurture.

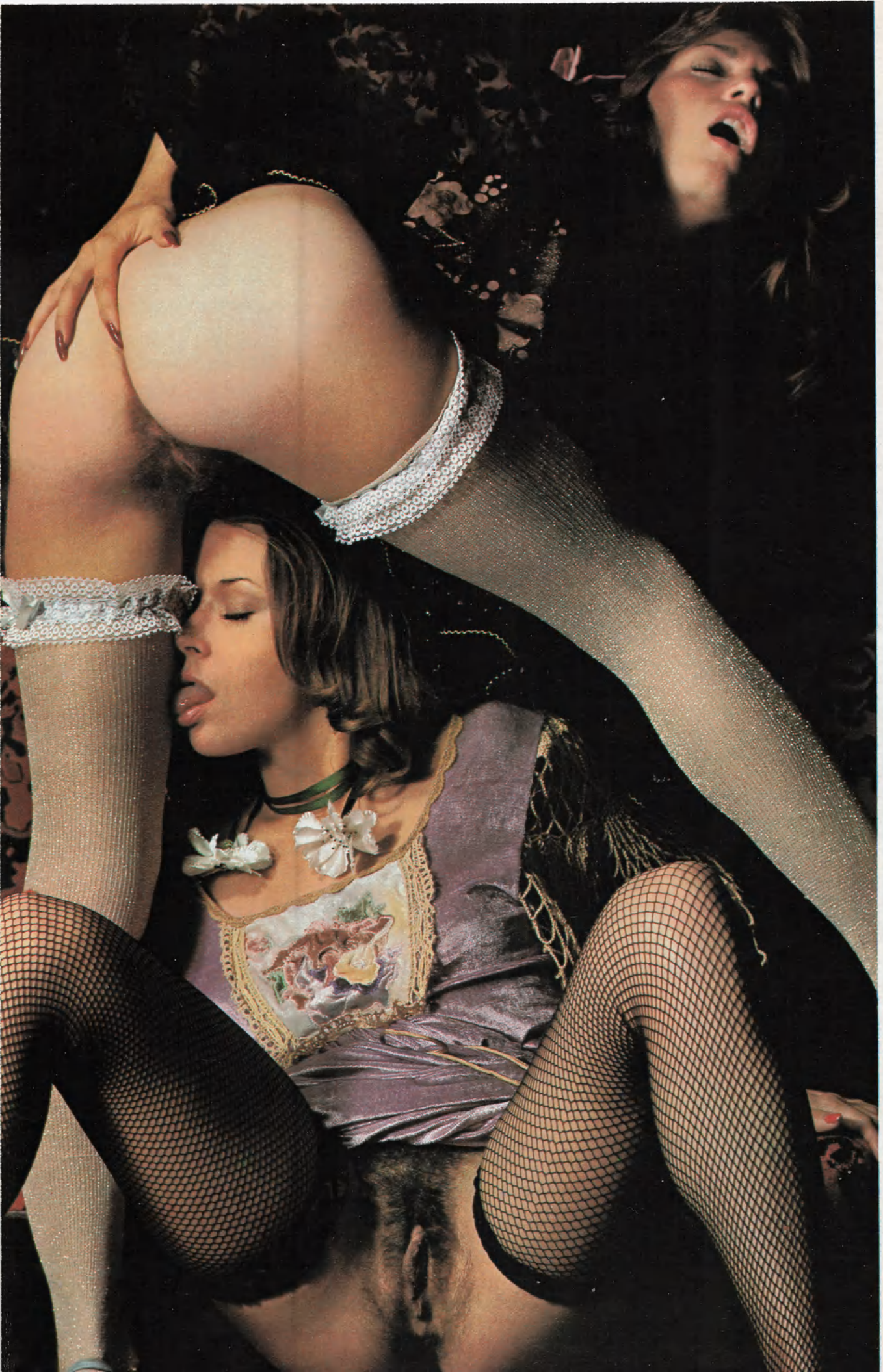
J.B. Ciocca
3 Rue de la Vé
—Pa

The dark, foggy caves where they play our songs, not melodies but rhythms, intense beatings, assaults that are caresses because we understand their meaning. Only we who ride on waves, climactic sea swells surging in our groins, orgasmic peaks of pleasure that no one knows who is not you or me or us. There is winter all around us, it is the time of cold seasons, the age is insistently sunless. It is for us to simulate the blazing orb of afternoon, to feel its flame burning in our breasts. No more moons aloof and pale, casting shadows over the darkened cityscape. It is that golden planet, our sun, that must burn into our thighs, be issued from our wombs, spring hot from our languishing flesh.

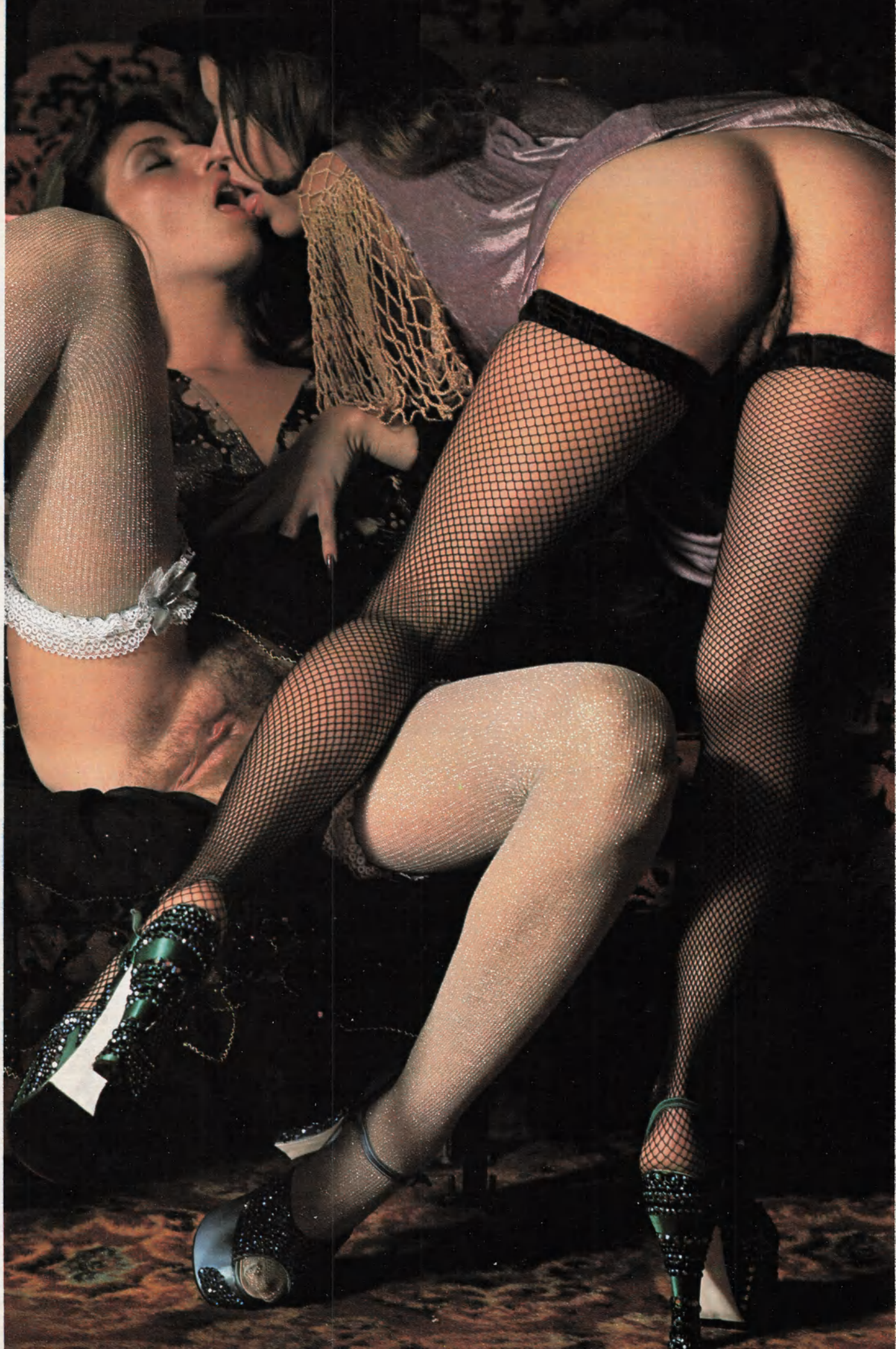
"We will consume every moment, as you and I drink greedily of each other's juices."

It is our private season, this passion here inside this room. And we will consume its every summer moment, as you and I drink greedily of each other's juices, masticate the tender flesh of nipple, lip, and fingertip. Your place, hot and wet, comes close. I feel it against the part of me that is so like yours. I crave the culmination of these pressures. Press me harder! I will not cry "enough." I will not cry at all or make any sound that you do not taste first inside your mouth.





I feel you enter me to take possession of all that is mine within. Your soul, the semen of your passion, belongs to me now. It feeds and fertilizes every



impulse coursing through my hips, into my loins, centering there where my mind cannot intercede. I have come to you, and you have come to me.

"American Jews want desperately to help Israel; so they rely on the Israeli lobby to tell them how. The lobby takes its orders from Israel and then lays down the party line to them."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

chicanery provided the grease for the skids on which Israel rode to its creation.

Israel proved that, under certain circumstances, crime pays! And with the precedent established in 1948, Israel has continued to rob the Arabs of their lands, with both the approval and the active support of the U.S. government.

ISRAEL'S LOBBY IN WASHINGTON

One well-known axiom in political circles is that the noisiest wheel gets the most grease. That old saw is especially true when it refers to Washington's attitude toward the Middle East. U.S. policy on the Mideast is virtually directed by Tel Aviv. So long as the public ignores U.S. government actions in the Middle East, Israel will continue to dictate our policies there. When a politician gets no message from his constituents on a particular issue, he is completely free to vote and act as he chooses. Thus the only real pressure on politicians concerning the Middle Eastern question comes from the Israeli lobby. Always capable of raising money for political campaigns, the lobby enlists the active aid of American Jews in every state of the Union. It takes its orders from Israel and then lays down the party line to the American Jewish community in a variety of ways—newsletters, community newspapers, and synagogue speeches. American Jews want desperately to help Israel; so they rely on the Israeli lobby to tell them how. Highly organized, smart, and constantly alert, the Israeli lobby uses political intimidation if everything else fails.

If a member of Congress should be so foolish as to withhold his support from an issue desired by the lobby, telegrams and phone calls immediately start pouring in from contributors, campaign workers, and others expressing their concern. Few politicians can hold out for long under such pressure. Liberals are made to feel guilty about not supporting the needs of a "small nation surrounded by hostile Arabs." The worst kind of intellectual terrorism is reserved for those politicians who dare to question Israel on its policies. Israel has so wrapped itself in its state religion, Judaism, that any criticism of its politics is immediately branded as criticism of its religion. Thus the critic is accused of anti-Semitism, a charge that has served to silence even the mildest questioning of Israel's policies. In fact, it has become much easier for American politicians to criticize their own government than to criticize Israel or its policies.

The Israeli lobby has neither qualms nor scruples when the objective is to silence an effective critic. It has used direct threats of political reprisal on recalcitrants. It has contacted Jewish contributors, warning them that the politician in question does not deserve the support of American Jews. It generates hate mail to target politicians, and even bomb threats have been used to prevent speeches critical of Israel from being given.

Politicians ordinarily courageous on such issues as the Vietnam War, busing, abortion, or what have you are reduced to meek puppets in the face of a threat from the Israeli lobby. Many of the seventy-six senators who signed the lobby's letter to President Ford in 1975 privately complain about the tactics to obtain their signatures on the letter. Such private grumbling has changed nothing publicly, however, since those same senators have renewed their public support for Israel.

THE UNDERDOG IMAGE AND THE AMERICAN PRESS

The notion advanced by some that American Jews own the press is a racist canard and should be rejected as an argument. But it is clear that for various reasons, a great many members of the press are sympathetic to Israel, providing the ease with which propagandists for Israel are able to maintain their point of view, exclusive of all others.

It has been fashionable from the beginning to write stories favorable to Israel and unfavorable to the Arabs. Israel was depicted at the outset as an underdog, and Americans will by nature side with that particular role. With exceptions, journalists will write only what is fashionable, fearing that different concepts boldly stated will subject them to ridicule. Author Timothy Crouse has described this phenomenon as "pack journalism," and former Sen. Eugene McCarthy has likened most American journalists to a flock of blackbirds sitting on a fence. When one flies away, the rest will follow. Although times are changing, stories about a "good" Israel are still in vogue, and those who write anything to the contrary are suspect.

Thus the optic through which Americans view the Middle Eastern struggle is almost exclusively Israeli. That overly one-sided point of view would not be possible without the generous help of the American media—newspapers, television, radio, and the movie industry. Some of the most glaring examples will demonstrate the distortions that exist and the subsequent ease with which the history of the struggle has been revised to make Israeli aggression appear to be self-defense.

If we are to realize how consistently the drums of Israeli propaganda have beat into our consciousness, the comparison must be made between our image of the Middle Eastern conflict and its reality. The propaganda foundation upon which Israel's house of cards has been built is that the United Nations created Israel. When that lie is repeated again and again and eventually accepted as truth, apologists for Israel can successfully appear righteous, especially with the generous cooperation given to Israeli propagandists by the American press.

The fact is that the U.N. vote in 1947 was nonbinding. The fact is that Israel created itself while sighting down the barrel of the gun. But the myth of U.N. creation has been repeated so often that even high-school textbooks have picked it up and repeated it. This "big lie" technique has been used very effectively to stand the truth on its head, making the Arabs look like agressors and Israel beleaguered defender.

THE AMERICAN PRESS HAS FAILED THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Americans, I am convinced, are the most fair-minded people in the world. Given both sides of any story, they will almost always make a fair and just decision. But the American people have heard only one side of the Middle Eastern story. The result has been to make it easier for American politicians to support Israel's objective of expanding deeper and deeper into Arab territory. The critical importance of American political military and financial support is not lost on Israeli propagandists.

Incredibly, once it was made to appear that the 1948 war was only the fruit of Arab aggression, continued land grabbing became no problem. Consider the familiar Israeli argument that the Golan Heights is "vital" to Israel's security. Following the truce in 1948, the Huleh Valley, just below the Golan Heights, became neutral territory, awarded to neither side in either the fighting or the truce agreement that followed. It was populated with Arab farmers. Unable to defend themselves, they became immediate targets of Israel's expansionism. Israeli military forces removed the Arab farmers from the land and replaced them with Israeli farmers. Syria reacted to the provocation by periodically shelling the valley from the Golan Heights. Few Americans heard about the land grab; however, all of us have been led to believe that because of the so-called barbarity of the Syrians, the Israelis were justified in conquering and holding the Golan Heights.

It is understandable that Americans would not object too strenuously to the furnishing of arms to Israel, since the Ameri-

> The Israeli lobby uses threats of political reprisal. It generates hate mail to target politicians, and even bomb threats are used to prevent speeches critical of Israel from being given.

can press has led us to believe that such arms are only for self-defense. But if you happened to live anywhere near Israel and happened to have something Israel wants, such as land or water, your feelings about arms for Israel might change.

Following rejection of a U.S. plan for delivering water from Lebanon to Israel, in 1965 the Lebanese began construction of a dam to irrigate farms in arid southern Lebanon. Israel's air force summarily bombed the construction units, preventing the building of the irrigation project. No mention was ever made in the American press of this clear act of aggression.

Although Americans were treated to week-long newspaper headlines and lead stories, on the network news, of each Palestinian terrorist raid into Israel, the national shame of the news media was its total blackout of coverage of Israel's five-year-long campaign of terror bombing in the south of Lebanon. The networks occasionally treated us to the reading of verbatim Israeli military press releases issued following a raid, but real news coverage was nonexistent. From 1970 to 1975, U.S. jets with Israeli Air Force markings dropped napalm, phosphorous, and antipersonnel fragmentation bombs, the most destructive explosives, on civilian villages and Palestinian refugee camps throughout southern Lebanon. Hundreds of innocent men, women, and children were killed, and each time the American press reported the raids as "a search for terrorists." Some 400,000 Lebanese civilians moved into camps surrounding Beirut to escape the bombing. In fact, this campaign terror served as the major catalyst for the Lebanese civil war, which took 55,000 lives.

News coverage of acts by Palestinians has been delivered into American homes with deadly efficiency. Without exception, we all have been sickened at the sight of Israeli deaths. But where was the coverage of the destruction rained on Lebanese peasant villages and on refugee camps overflowing with innocent women and children? The clear implication carries the most vicious racist overtones—that the life of an Israeli child is far more valuable than the life of an Arab child.

In 1975 author Noam Chomsky nominated the people of southern Lebanon as "non-people" of the year, a grim accolade arising from the total lack of press and government interest in their slaughter. Sadly, many of the same Americans who marched in the streets and who went to jail to protest identical American bombing in Vietnam cheered each time they learned of Israel's destructive raids. But the bombing of southern Lebanon was not all. During that same period of time, Israel's commandos destroyed all the civilian aircraft they could find on the runway at Beirut airport; sent an assassination team into Beirut and murdered four Palestinian intellectuals; shot down "by mistake" a Libyan civilian airliner, killing all 104 persons aboard; and, again "by mistake," assassinated a diplomat in Stockholm. All of this committed in the name of democracy and self-defense? If you read only the American press, of course, you would believe it.

And if you have oil within reach of Israel, your luck will most likely run out. The press cooperated by remaining silent when Israeli gun boats prevented Egypt, in 1976, from drilling for offshore oil in Egypt's own territory in the Red Sea. Even the U.S. State Department's mild protest of such an open violation of international law was barely reported in our press.

One of the most outrageous recent examples of press malfeasance was the *Washington Post*'s story of CIA payments secretly made to King Hussein of Jordan. The story caught on nationally and led the news for nearly a week. But the fact is that while Jordan was receiving less than $10 million over a twenty-year period, *Israel was given some $80 million by the CIA.* Of all the press coverage reporting Jordan's payments, only the *Wall Street Journal* carried a small item reporting the payments to Israel. The *Washington Post* admitted that it knew of the payments to Israel, but the excuse for not reporting the story was that they "seemed to be under different circumstances."

The *Washington Post* had a different reason for totally blacking out the massive *London Sunday Times* investigation and report of Israel's torture of West Bank Arabs. On inquiry, the *Post*'s foreign editor said that the story had been done by another newspaper, and it was not the practice of the *Post* to use stories from other papers.

A majority of the U.S. press has not only blacked out the reports of torture but also virtually ignored Israel's beatings, imprisonment without charges, forced relocations, and deportation of Arabs in the occupied territories.

The U.S. government might bring itself to protest the establishment of Israeli settlements on the West Bank, but the protests ring hollow when we, at the same time, deliver yet another shipment of sophisticated weapons to Israel.

CAN OUR MIDDLE EASTERN POLICY CHANGE?

Only the United States has enough leverage on Israel to bring a halt to its territorial expansion, a prerequisite to bringing peace to the area. The Arabs are now willing to concede to Israel all the territory taken from them prior to 1967, but national pride and the question of a homeland for the displaced Palestinians require that the territories taken by Israel in 1967 be returned. There is something to be said as well for adherence to the U.N. principle against the taking of territory by force.

Americans should examine more closely just what it is we are supporting when we send billions of tax dollars to Israel. By doing so, we give our stamp of approval to a nation that arrogantly acquires land from other nations by force, steals water resources and oil resources, has consigned hundreds of thousands of refugees to a subhuman existence in squalid camps throughout the Middle East, kills by bombing or assassination anyone whom it thinks stands in its way, and sells armaments to such nations as South Africa, Bolivia, and Iran. Is this the standard of human rights the people of the United States should adhere to? Obviously not.

The Middle Eastern conflict began with the Palestinian refugees and must end with them. In view of his own history as a terrorist, Israel's Prime Minister Begin must find it difficult to hold a straight face when he refuses to deal with the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) on the grounds that its members are "terrorists." But, again, Mr. Begin's self-righteous lectures have been faithfully repeated in the American press, with hardly a questioning tone.

With virtually the entire U.S. press corps acting as Israel's propaganda machine in America, U.S. government policy is not likely to change much in the future. With its continued U.S. military, financial, and political support, no matter how much America's interests are endangered, Israel will continue its grab for territory.

If and when the day comes that our oil supplies are shut off or we find ourselves in nuclear confrontation with Russia or we are forced to send American troops to the Middle East, it will be difficult for the public to find who was responsible for a generation of foreign-policy mistakes. The press will, of course, disclaim responsibility for itself. The politicians will, as always, point their fingers elsewhere. But this is one crisis Americans can avoid before it happens. The American public can easily influence the direction of our foreign policy in the Middle East. It can do so by demanding that Washington use the leverage it has to bring about a settlement of the Middle Eastern conflict. The decision must be based on what is in the interest of the United States, not on what is good for Israel. But nothing will change unless the public demands it.

THE LATEST SKIN GAME

Spring leathers and suedes are loose and easy.

Active sportswear is the theme in lightweight leather-and-suede fashions for spring. The world's top designers are showing suedes this year in cool, speedy styles, inspired by sailing jackets, big military-look overshirts, joggers' pullover sweat shirts, golf jackets, and Marlboro cowboy gear. All the suedes are sensual skins in full silhouettes that softly caress the body with a feeling of complete comfort and total ease of movement. This exhilarating sense of freedom wasn't possible with the second-skin, body-tight leather fashions that have corseted men in the past.

Lightweight natural antelope and goat, often referred to as "silk" suedes, are the skins that allow a new comfort in leather and a rumpled, chic look. At the forefront of the move to soft chic is the hip-length blouson and drawstring waist pullover with larger armholes, and occasionally even drop shoulders. The uninhibited drape and fold of these suedes lends an elegance to this casual style. Sportswear detailing, such as shirt cuffs (to roll up), zippered sides (for easy entry), and big-buttoned pouch pockets, add to this casual look.

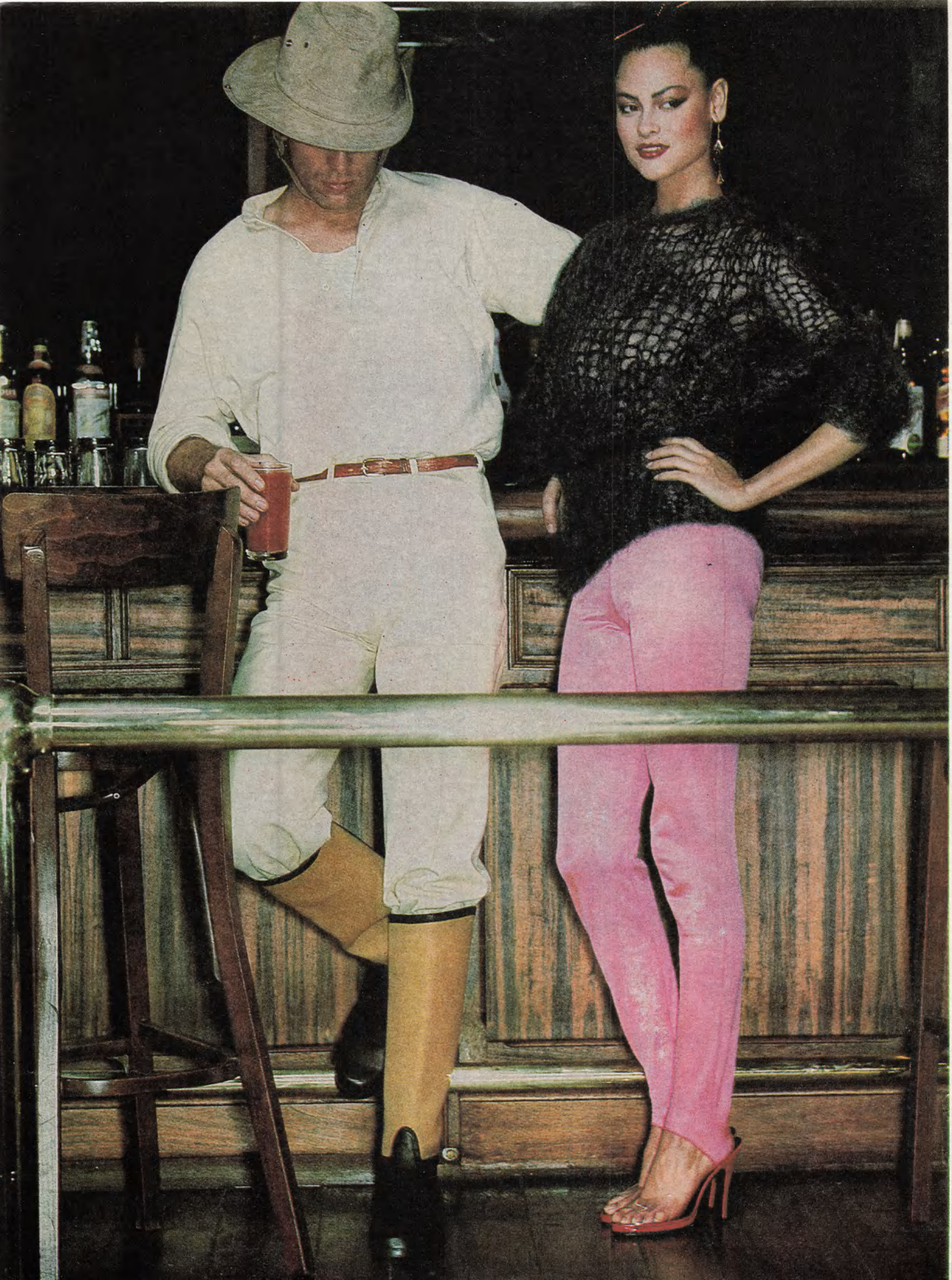
When you wear leather clothes this spring, accessorize them with lightweight military khaki and chino trousers, slick sailing pants, hunting boots, and fishermen's overalls—all in the fashionable fuller sizes. On top, under the leather shirts and jackets, can go sporty, colorful T-shirts or slightly rumpled, light-cotton V-neck pullover sweaters.

So heighten your sense of style this spring with an exotic suede outfit. Then go disco-dancing and lose your head, as our fashionable group has, to this year's "disco-diva," the fabulous Grace Jones (shown opposite), who will rip you up with wild rhythms from her new smash Island Record's album "Portfolio." You can lose your head, but your sense of style will remain intact. *For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 156*

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER STRONGWATER

(left to right) The Argentine nappa-leather jacket with zip-front pouch pockets, when folded, becomes a small carry-all shoulder bag ($150) and is available through Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Cotton-polyester, zip-pocketed khaki pants by David Leong for George G. Graham. Military boots at Weiss & Mahoney. The pullover calf-suede boatneck sweat shirt, with white knit-collar trim, cuffs, and waistband ($240), is by Pierre Balmain. The lightweight yellow-rubber sailing pants ($23.50) are by Macbean; the blue-rubber foul-weather boots ($25) by Dunlop are all for George G. Graham. The pullover blouson, antelope-suede sweater shirt, with zippered sides and hand-crocheted knit trim ($275), is by Al B. Arden. The cotton olive-drab pants, with cargo pockets ($60), are by Helfer for Barney Sampson Co.

The zip-front shirt jacket of antelope suede and beige-linen panels down the sleeves ($300) is by Brecos for Barney Sampson. White-cotton drawstring pants by Wrapid Transit from Wrangler. The banded-collar, zip-front, eggshell-colored, lamb-grain leather jacket ($230) is by Gil Truedsson for Ericson of Sweden, worn with yellow-gabardine pants ($50) also by Gil Truedsson for PMI. Yellow-mesh drawstring T-shirt by Wrapid Transit; lace-up boots at Weiss & Mahoney. The zip-front, corduroy-trim-planket-front pullover big shirt in antelope suede has easy-entry, zippered sides ($275) and is by Al B. Arden. Worn underneath are high canner's rubber overalls by Terramar for George G. Graham; thigh-high black fisherman's boots from the Unique Clothing Warehouse Co., New York. Grace Jones's ensemble from Ian's, New York.



(left) The banded-collar, chamois-suede pullover big shirt with planket front (approx. $290) and yellow-cotton pants (approx. $65) are by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael Fashions. Beaded Indian belt at Unique Clothing Warehouse Co. The riding boots ($28) are by Frederick David for George G. Graham; natural-suede Australian "bush hat" ($28.50) by Jean Casanave, also for George G. Graham. Her open-weave sweater, pants, and shoes at Ian's, New York; jeweled knitting-needle hairpin and earrings by Richard Erker at Le Gaspi. All hair styles and makeup by Harie von Wijnberg.

(left to right) Deep V-neck, goatskin-suede drawstring pullover blouson ($185) by Beged-Or. White-cotton banded-collar mesh shirt by John Karl for Charsel; white corduroy pants ($60) by Helfer for Barney Sampson; lace-up hunting boots ($28.50) at Unique Clothing Warehouse Co. Baseball cap by Marsha Akins for Makins. The short-sleeved, brown-glove-leather "jungle shirt" ($175) is by J. Walden. The white-cotton lisle pullover sweater is by Carara. Khaki pants ($60) by Helfer for Barney Sampson; boots at Weiss & Mahoney. The calfskin "nude" leather vest ($185) and chaps ($180) are both by Beged-Or. The cotton-plaid banded collar shirt by John Karl for Charsel; mirrored glasses at Unique Clothing Warehouse Co. Her clothes by Larry Le Gaspi of New York; boots at Ian's; necklace by Baba.

DATSUN 510

COMPACT CLASSIC

Datsun's 510 Hatchback:
three doors
and five speeds.

By Joe Kelleher

The good news from Datsun this year is the return of the 510 to its line of cars and trucks.By the time the original 510 was phased out (amid howls of protest) in 1973, more than 360,000 had been sold. Many of those 510s are still on the road. One driver, Mark Yeager of Texas, has logged over 200,000 miles on his '73 Datsun 510, and it's still going strong.

About the only thing the 1973 and the 1978 models have in common is the 510 designation and Datsun's reputation for building durable machinery. Our test car, a bright red, two-door, five-speed hatchback, performed superbly over more than 1,000 miles of hard use. Around town and in heavy traffic, the 510 has the nimble handling and brisk pickup needed to take advantage of any passing opportunity. On expressways an overdrive fifth gear lets the engine loaf along when the speedometer is registering 65 mph.

The suspension is so well balanced that the ride is smooth and comfortable on almost all road surfaces, even with four adults and their luggage in the car. Up front, a pair of MacPherson struts, with coil springs and tubular shock absorbers, combines long-bounce travel with excellent adhesion and positive steering reactions; the solid rear axle, too, is suspended on coil springs and tubular shocks. A unique four-bar linkage that connects the rear axle to the chassis allows the axle to move up and down freely but prevents transverse (or fore-and-aft) motion. By keeping the rear axle and wheels aligned, the system eliminates those twitchy, rear-end moves usually produced when potholes and railroad crossings are taken at speed. A set of 165 SR 13 steel-belted radials (filled to 26 psi) provides excellent adhesion, especially in wet weather; even when the tires are inflated to 30 psi for high-speed cornering, the suspension damps out the harshness usually associated with radials.

Power for the 510 hatchback is provided by a 119 cubic-inch (2,000 cc), overhead-cam, four-cylinder, in-line engine. With a two-barrel carburetor, the engine turns out 97 hp at 5,600 rpm and 102 ft-lbs of torque at 3,200 rpm. In these days of emission controls and EPA mileage tests, 97 hp from 119 cubic inches is impressive. Even more impressive is the flexibility and smoothness of the power plant. There is so little vibration at idle that it's easy to forget the engine is running. At just about any speed, a jab on the gas pedal delivers quick, smooth results. With the 510 barely rolling in second gear, flooring the accelerator will get you right up to 50 mph in one steady burst of power. In third gear, 70 mph is reached with no complaints from the engine. And with fourth and fifth gears still to go, you can easily wind up with a batch of green stamps courtesy of Smokey the Bear, if you're not careful.

To complete the handling package, Datsun installed recirculating ball-and-gear steering, added power-boosted brakes (front discs and rear drums), and connected everything to a rigid, unitized chassis-body. The result is a durable family car with excellent handling, smooth riding, feisty pickup, and superb braking ability.

A totally new body was designed for the hatchback that incorporates subtle dimensional changes to distinguish it from the other 510 models. At 53 inches high, the hatchback is 1.6 inches lower than the sedans and 2.2 inches lower than the wagon. Overall length is 170 inches, wheelbase 94.5 inches, and width 63 inches. Compared with the phased-out 710, the 510 is smaller on the outside and bigger on the inside—a neat trick. The only dimension that increased was the width—up only .8 inch, but providing 2.7 inches more usable interior width.

The sporty styling of the 510 is epitomized by the hatchback's sweeping roof line. The hatchback's large glass area (20 percent greater than in 710 models) offers excellent visibility in all directions. The fully carpeted area under the hatch can be extended by folding the rear seats down to form a huge deck for oversized items. The king-sized hatch pops open at the touch of a finger, with most of the weight taken by spring-loaded gas cylinders. A spare tire, jack, and tool kit fit neatly beneath the trunk floor.

New low-back bucket seats and diagonal inertia-reel belts furnish the required lateral support during high-speed maneuvers and excellent back support during extended trips.

If you're an old Datsun buff who has been waiting for the return of the 510, you won't be disappointed. If you've never owned a Datsun, a trip to your local dealer and about $4,600 may help you to switch your brand. In either case, if you can wangle a test drive, you'll find it difficult indeed to return the car to the showroom.

Photographs by Jim Lee

"THE GRENADIER I WAITED 5 YEARS TO SMOKE."

Cigars are for victories. At least that's how it seems to me. Because I've never felt like smoking a cigar after losing a game. And no matter how far ahead we were at half time, I could never light one up before the game was over. That would be too cocky even for me.

Since I've been playing pro ball, I've smoked a lot of Grenadiers after a lot of games. But the Grenadier I enjoyed the most was the one I lit up after we won Super Bowl XI.

For four straight seasons from 1972-1975, we kept on just missing winning the big one. Take '72. That playoff game sticks in my mind like a favorite old girl friend.

There we were ahead 7-6, with only a minute, 26 seconds left in the game, when their quarterback threw a pass that bounced from the intended receiver's fingertips to a defensive back's, and into the hands of their big fullback, who ran for a touchdown. We were behind 13-7, when we ran out of time.

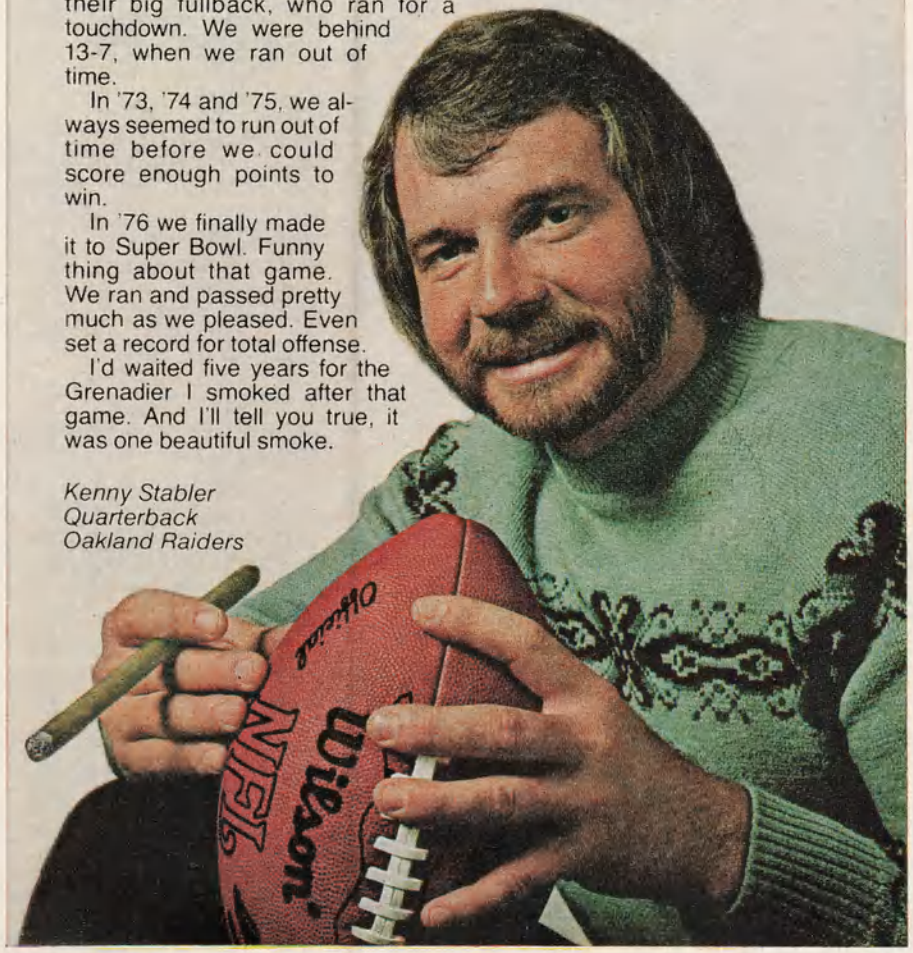
In '73, '74 and '75, we always seemed to run out of time before we could score enough points to win.

In '76 we finally made it to Super Bowl. Funny thing about that game. We ran and passed pretty much as we pleased. Even set a record for total offense.

I'd waited five years for the Grenadier I smoked after that game. And I'll tell you true, it was one beautiful smoke.

Kenny Stabler
Quarterback
Oakland Raiders

A&C... ONE BEAUTIFUL SMOKING EXPERIENCE.



SPIELBERG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

earth to research our cosmic neighbors, but they're here researching us. I never give much motivation for their actions in the film, because I think it's presumptuous of me to pretend that I know what they would be thinking or why they would be here. I have no profound answers to the riddles of the universe.

Penthouse: How did you come up with the title for your film?

Spielberg: I didn't. The phrase was coined by Dr. Hynek, currently director of the Center for UFO Studies. He wrote a book entitled *The UFO Experience: A Scientific Inquiry* and was my technical adviser on the film. He also served for more than twenty years as astronomical consultant to the air force on projects involving UFOs until the projects were discontinued.

Penthouse: How did he define encounters of the first, second, and third kind?

Spielberg: Encounters of the first kind are when you see something mysterious in the sky: you are provoked into asking lots of questions. Close encounters of the second kind are sightings of UFOs that come close enough to leave physical evidence—something like burn rings on the ground. Close encounters of the third kind occur when a spacecraft is sighted and the observer has an encounter with the occupants.

Penthouse: Do you think anyone has real proof of UFO activity?

Spielberg: I think the CIA knows for a fact whether we have or have not been visited by other worldly intelligences. I also think similar intelligence-gathering organizations could have been involved in clandestine operations for several decades, attempting to discover the truth, if any, behind UFOs.

Penthouse: If that is true, why hasn't this information been made public?

Spielberg: I can only speculate. The government and the CIA have been concerned about the UFO phenomenon since the end of World War II. There was a committee formed, called the Robertson Panel, and they submitted the following conclusion—I'm reading from the document:

"The continued emphasis on the reporting of these (UFO) phenomena does, in these perilous times, result in a threat to the orderly functioning of the protective organs of the body politic. We cite as examples the clogging of channels of communication by irrelevant reports, the danger of being led by continued false alarms to ignore real indications of hostile action, and the cultivation of a morbid national psychology in which skillful hostile propaganda could induce hysterical behavior and harmful distrust of duly constituted authority."

The Robertson Panel recommended "that the national security agencies take immediate steps to strip the Unidentified Flying Objects of the special status they have been given and the aura of mystery

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

COUPLES

FOREIGN AFFAIR

He wanted in, and she let him.
If he married her, he
could push right through—customs.

"Thomas mounted me from behind while Flo sucked him. Flo and I weren't interested in each other; we were competing to see who could give him the most pleasure."

THOMAS'S STORY: I don't understand this sudden concern that Americans have about their roots. In Jamaica, where I'm from, we know all about roots: they're tough, and they're bitter. When I was growing up, I always envied Americans. You have nothing to keep you tied down. You do as you please. Of course, the only Americans I ever saw were the ones who drove around Kingston in their big cars and the larger-than-life versions in the American movies I'd have to sneak out to see, because my father hated everything that was American.

My father was a Eurasian, you see. He was the product of a romance between an English sailor and the daughter of a local Chinese merchant. He never forgave the insulting racial attitudes of so many of the Yanks he'd met. My mother was a Spanish woman who married my father when he came to be chief agronomist of the sugar plantation where I grew up. Later we moved to Kingston after the plantation burned down.

I have roots on three continents, but I hardly fit in anywhere. I'm not complaining, though. I inherited my English grandfather's looks, blue eyes and all. I can talk as black as anyone in Trenchtown; yet my skin says I am white. It makes me feel like a chameleon, never really myself. Maybe because it was forbidden to me for so long, I started to feel that only in America would I be free to be myself.

But I knew that any chance I might have of getting into the States was remote. Whether immigrants are white or black, America has little need for them if they're unskilled. I dropped out of school to help support the family after my father had his accident. I worked for a few years in the kitchens of tourist hotels in Kingston. Then one day I realized that if I got a job as a waiter in one of the beachfront hotels, I'd be able to meet my ticket to the United States.

The problem wasn't in getting to America, you understand. I had enough money saved for the plane fare. It was more a question of how I could obtain a permanent visa so that I wouldn't have to leave again after the ninety-day visitor's permit expired. The answer was simple: by marrying an Amer-

Photographs by Earl Miller

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ican girl, I'd be allowed to stay in the United States as a permanent resident. I heard of a woman in America who took $1,500 in exchange for marrying a Jamaican. Eight months later they filed for divorce. By then, of course, he was living in the States with his green card. Still, I couldn't see spending all that money. I figured that as a waiter I'd get a chance to find the American woman who'd marry me.

Now, my task turned out to be far more difficult than I'd expected. For one thing, political incidents on the island were scaring away many of the tourists from the United States. Then again, it was one thing to sleep with a Yankee girl I'd meet and quite another to get any kind of commitment out of her. Each situation was so different—this one a schoolteacher, that one a doctor's wife, another one just separated, others just young innocents, some more mature and passionate. But they all had one thing in common: when they inhaled the warm Jamaican air, they became as randy as female goats in springtime. Each of them would jump on the first available male and hump and bump and suck him for a couple of days and then never talk to him again.

Now, I must admit that I was also quite inexperienced with women when I started pursuing my American bride. I was nineteen and still a virgin. Shyness was my biggest handicap, but with American tourists I learned how easy it was to have a woman. After my first night as a waiter I lost my virginity with the help of a forty-year-old blonde whose main hobby was cheating on her husband. It was the most pleasurable way to become a man I could ever imagine: to be initiated by an experienced woman who was enamored of my body and did everything in her power to please me.

My first night of waiting on tables was sheer hell. I remember running, exhausted, into the kitchen and back, to and fro, for hours on end. Then I noticed those beautiful, green eyes staring at me from a table in the corner. I was quite correct in my demeanor while taking the order for the party of two seated there; yet it was impossible not to detect the cuckold's horns growing out of the husband's head. Mrs. Simmons's eyes were dilated with lust when they discovered the bulge growing in my pants. I perceived that her husband had already been drinking and that, with the several *piña coladas* I brought to the table, he was soon totally oblivious of his wife's desires.

Every time I approached the table, Mrs. Simmons gave me a lingering look. Her meaning was unmistakable. I felt a quivering in my groin at the thought of finally achieving manhood. Sure enough, in the middle of the flaming lobster bisque, her husband passed out at the table, barely singeing his hair. Mrs. Simmons got him on his feet and eased him out the door. She apologized for not being able to get the wallet out of his pocket but promised to have a tip for me if I would come up to the honeymoon suite after getting off work.

When I arrived upstairs an hour later, she was waiting for me in a sheer pink nightgown, through which her taut brown nipples and small breasts could be seen. I stiffened at the sight of her half-naked figure. She beckoned me in and whispered that on her second honeymoon she was even more miserable than on her first. From the other room came the loud snores of Mr. Simmons. Before I knew what was happening, I found Mrs. Simmons in my arms. Our mouths locked together in the kind of passionate kiss I had only dreamed of. Our tongues stroked each other while her hand reached for the hard-on throbbing in my pants.

Undoing the buttons of my fly, she pulled at my cock and stooped down to kiss and lick it as if she were a starved cat finding cream. Naturally, I had never heard of oral sex. I was quite overwhelmed by what I took to be Mrs. Simmons's marvelous invention. I would certainly have had an orgasm right then, but she slipped two fingers around the base of my penis and squeezed tightly. My whole body felt like a peal of thunder about to burst. I couldn't believe what was happening.

With one hand gripping my prick, Mrs. Simmons used the other to undo my shirt and slip my pants and underwear down around my ankles. I was standing totally naked except for my shoes and socks and crumpled pants. I couldn't move, but then I didn't have any need to. Mrs. Simmons started to give me little bites on my chest and neck and thighs. She spent some time nipping at my buttocks and driving her tongue toward my ass hole. I couldn't take any more after a while. I started to laugh and squirm. So she just lifted her gown up around her shoulders. Then she lay down on her back right there on the pink carpet by the door. I bent down, and she eased me into her wetness.

> She pulled at it and stooped down to lick it. I had never heard of oral sex, and I was quite overwhelmed by what I took to be Mrs. Simmon's marvelous invention.

That's what I remember most about my initiation into sex. I had no idea that a woman's cunt would be so wet and soft. I rocked back and forth inside her for a couple of strokes. Then I couldn't hold back any longer. I squirted my load into her, and she began to gasp. Her hips bucked insanely, bobbing and grinding away as if every drop of sperm were being pulled as far up into her as possible. And then her orgasm exploded. To someone who had never seen anything like this before, the cries and helpless shaking of her body were rather frightening. After I was more experienced—and it didn't take that long—I realized that Mrs. Simmons's orgasms had been of volcanic proportions.

Oh, I almost forgot the banana. After I pulled out of her to rest and catch my breath, Mrs. Simmons picked a banana out of the basket of fruit on the coffee table beside her. She asked if I liked banana splits. When I said I'd never tried one, she smiled. First she peeled the banana and pushed it into her pussy ever so slowly. Once she'd gotten almost its entire length inside her, she pulled the banana out. It was covered with a glistening white coating of my sperm and her juices. She licked the tip and told me how good it tasted. Then she offered it to me. I said it tasted like slightly salted butter on a banana. Saying it needed "cream", she chewed the entire banana. With a mouth full of its pulp, she gobbled up my cock and ate her banana split—to our mutual satisfaction.

I've always regretted not seeing Mrs. Simmons after that momentous night. I left her suite at dawn. I wandered around,

grinning, through the empty streets of Kingston. Her husband must have found out about her fling, because when I reported to work for my second day in the restaurant, the *maître d'* handed me an envelope Mrs. Simmons had managed to leave before they checked out of the hotel. The envelope contained an American twenty-dollar bill and a note explaining that I'd forgotten my tip. That was all. I was disappointed, to say the least. But I also knew there were other fish in the sea.

I should be honest and admit that I felt betrayed by many of the American women I slept with. I know I must sound like an awful romantic, but if I had sex with one of these women for anything more than a one-night stand, I found myself falling in love with her. Maybe I was trying hard to be loved in return. In any case, I'd be ever so intimate one moment and then find myself totally rejected the next by some woman who would refuse to give me any help in reaching the States.

Of course, I had an ulterior motive in bedding these women down, but they were doing no favor in spreading their legs. Too many sessions of lovemaking turned into bouts of drudgery with these demanding women telling me what to do. *Touch me here. Not there. Do it slow. Do it fast. Come now.* No wonder American males get tired of them, and these women have to come to Jamaica to get their furrows plowed.

I know I shouldn't be complaining. For about eighteen months I did have a rather vigorous sex life. Still, I was no closer to my goal of finding an American girl to marry me. And just when my doubts began to grow, along came Diane. I'll never be sure whether things went differently with her because I'd decided to try another tack with women and be aloof, or whether there was some special spark drawing us together. We'll be celebrating our first anniversary together three weeks from tomorrow; so you'd have to say everything worked out quite well.

The funniest part of our story is how close we came to never meeting at all. We must have seen each other a dozen times before we ever exchanged a word. The first time I caught a glimpse of Diane I was in the restaurant. Even from across the room, I could see that she was very attractive, with dark silky hair and the generous figure that Italian painters were so fond of. She was sitting at another waiter's station with a plump girl, who worked in her office back home, I found out later. I really paid no attention to Flo and Diane, but for the next few days I kept crossing paths with the two of them in the hotel lobby or by the cocktail lounge. On one occasion we shared a ride on the lift. No one made any effort to start up a conversation. Yet I sensed that both girls were most intrigued by me. I could feel their eyes ranging over my body.

Diane and I finally met on my one day off. Whenever I had any time to myself, I liked spending it in a hammock by a cove over on the rocky end of the beach. People at the hotel stayed close by the sandy section; so I would have the view of the water all to myself. I often brought along an old, battered guitar that I'd won in a cricket wager and practiced some simple chords. I was lost in my music when suddenly there emerged out of the sea, maybe a hundred feet away, a distracting figure in a very brief bikini. After she took off her snorkling mask, I saw that it was the girl with the generous figure. She flopped across the rocks in her flippers and then stretched out on a patch of soft dirt. She was exhausted; if she had come by water all the way from the hotel, she had just swum close to a mile. While she relaxed in the sun, I continued playing my guitar. We were content to ignore each other for a little while longer.

Once she'd caught her breath, Diane nonchalantly removed the top of her swimsuit. She had her back to me at first, and then she lay on her stomach. But after a while she turned over on her back, and I could clearly see her bare breasts. Diane is rather slight, about five foot three at most, and her breasts appeared immense. She looked up and saw me staring. She started to cover herself but then thought better of that idea. Instead, she looked rather defiantly in my direction. At the same time she cupped her beautiful tits in her hands. It was the most obvious look of lust I'd ever seen.

What's that expression Americans have? *When you've got them, flaunt them*. Well, she was definitely flaunting them. They looked as round and firm as papaya. I wanted to taste her fruit, but I managed to maintain my aloofness. Diane wanted to get a rise out of me, I knew; so she went further still. She reached into her bikini bottom and started touching herself, looking at me all the while. Peeling her bathing suit off, she swiveled around to give me a view of her glistening pussy. As her fingers worked at her clitoris, I heard her moaning with excitement.

> I had no idea
> a woman would be so
> wet and soft.
> I rocked back and
> forth for a couple of strokes;
> then I couldn't
> hold back any longer.

There was only one way to cool this woman off: I'd have to take her for a swim. I ran toward her, discarding my clothes along the way. I grabbed her up in my arms, caught hold of the snorkle by her side, and plunged into the water. I towed her out to the end of the promontory, where the water was deep and very still. When we got there, I let her tread water while I donned the mask and snorkel and stuck my head underwater.

Diane's skin glowed in a world of blue green light. Red tan marks outlined the most intimate parts of her body. Her breasts floated like perfect moons of flesh while currents in the water toyed with her pubic hair and parted her lips ever so slightly. The pinkness that peeked through was too inviting for me to ignore. I edged Diane over to where she could hold on to an outcropping of rock. This way there would be no worry about getting dunked in a moment of passion. I eased her legs apart and entered her. She clamped onto my cock with her powerful vaginal muscles. Then she started to bob back and forth ever so gently, like the waves lapping around us. She made wild animal sounds, like a creature of the jungle.

We floated this way for quite a while, with the sun warming us from above and the water cooling us down below. Gradually, our hips switched to a faster tempo. Soon little tremors began to spread through Diane's body. We edged toward climax together, with our bodies thrashing wildly. And then we were both overwhelmed by a long, slow, rolling orgasm. I rested inside her after that and then began to drive my cock into her again. Diane was loving it. We came so many times

that afternoon that I lost track after the first half dozen or so. It was the most memorable fucking of my life. It was for Diane, too. All day long she was in a trance.

Three days later we were married. One more day and I was in the U.S. to stay. Diane and I have been living happily together ever since. Though it was a marriage of convenience, I have no intention of ending it. I'd have to be insane. Diane is truly marvelous. How does that ad on television go? The one for adult vitamins. Oh yes—"My wife. I think I'll keep her." Diane always gets a kick out of that.

DIANE'S STORY:

One reason why I agreed to do this interview was so that I could let my friends see how happy Thomas and I are together. Everyone I know thinks he's just using me to get to stay in America. They think that I was crazy to marry him on the spur of the moment. My friend Flo, especially. They all figure Thomas will leave me sooner or later. Well, I have news for them: we're doing just fine. Besides, it was my idea to get married in Jamaica. Thomas wanted to wait a little longer, but I insisted. I wanted him to be mine right away. I also wanted to shock the other assistants at Walter Reed Medical Center, where I work.

The first time I saw him at the hotel in Kingston, I thought Thomas was the handsomest guy I'd ever been near. He was so tall and wiry, and his tan made those blue eyes of his seem twice as big. I couldn't blame him for not paying attention to old pasty-faced me, fresh in from Washington. I'm still amazed that someone so incredibly handsome could be married to me. Let's face it. I'm no great beauty. I'm an ex-fatty who happens to have nice big boobs. All sorts of guys want to get their hands on my tits, but not one of them ever makes me feel beautiful. Thomas does that for me.

He's a real gentleman, something you don't find too often. And in bed he's an unbelievable stud, also a rarity these days. Oh, I suppose there *are* other things in life besides being well-hung. But nothing else is so exciting. Thomas knows how to make me helpless in his arms. In bed he takes over completely, and I let him do anything he wants to me. We've had our share of kinky scenes. He loves to fuck me up the ass, and I love it when we jack off in front of each other.

He's persuaded me to join in on some threesomes, but they've never really been to my liking. I get terribly jealous over Thomas. He knows this makes me all the hotter for him. He loves to let me suffer for a while, and then he'll fuck my brains out. I must admit that I enjoy it when he gets that turned on from screwing someone else, but I can't help getting pissed off as well. The most maddening time happened after we'd just fucked for the first time and he walked me back to the hotel.

When I unlocked the door to my room, I heard a lot of scrambling inside. Thomas swung the door open, and we glimpsed a really awkward situation. Flo was in bed with the sheets drawn up to her nose. This guy she'd picked up was standing in the middle of the room, zipping up his fly and buttoning his shirt. He whispered something in her direction, and then he was gone out the door without even saying hello to us. Flo should have bitched at us for bursting in on her, but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, she was anxious to be introduced to Thomas. She greeted him with a French kiss. The next thing I knew, Thomas was on top of Flo. He still had all his clothes on, but he was sticking his cock in my best friend's mouth. The nerve of those two!

I would have stood there fuming for the rest of the night if Thomas hadn't gotten up and pulled me over to the bed. He and Flo stripped me of my shirt and bathing suit. Then Thomas mounted me from behind while Flo sucked at his balls. Flo and I weren't a bit interested in each other; we were competing to see who could give Thomas the most pleasure. He was doing his best to return the favor. At one point, Flo and I were both licking his cock while he had a couple of fingers working away inside our pussies. We were driving each other into a frenzy. Thomas stuck his cock in me, and soon we were coming together while his tongue was bringing Flo off. God, he was a terrific lover! It was then that I realized how much I wanted him to be my man.

I had never met anyone like Thomas before. Until I went on that trip to Jamaica, I'd never been farther from home than Baltimore. Flo wanted to take a tour to Acapulco, but I'd just seen *The Harder They Come* at a midnight movie showing in Georgetown, and I'd fallen in love with reggae music. The beat was so sexy, and the *chicka-chicka* of the rhythm guitar made my clit twitch. I had to go to Jamaica after that. Flo was a little scared because of the shootings they'd had in Kingston; what convinced her to go was the super deal our travel agent got us on the cost of the hotel.

A week in Jamaica during the rainy season can be an eternity. It rains every day. Until I met Thomas, I was having a miserable time. For openers, the music in the hotel was crap. It was third-rate, watered-down calypso that the tourists ate up. Yech. I hadn't come 1,000 miles to hang around with the folks from home.

The only Jamaicans I met were the ones who worked at the hotel or on the beach. Most of them were out to get anything they could from a young American. American girls have a reputation for being easy, and with these good-looking natives around, you could hardly blame them. I slept with James, the cute guy who ran the glass-bottom boat by the hotel. I'd never slept with a black man before, and it seemed as good an opportunity as any to find out what it was like.

James was good. He was very good. He knew how to touch a woman, and he moved so well. I came very close to having an orgasm. His cock wasn't all that I had hoped it would be, but my pussy gets so tight that any decently hung male can fill me up. Still he *was* a good fuck. I don't think it was a question of his being black so much as the number of women he got to practice his stroke with. He claimed that he'd never slept with an American girl before, but the next day I spotted him on the beach at sunset and he had his hand in some other American girl's pants.

Against my better judgment, Flo insisted that we pick up a couple of Texans that evening in the cocktail lounge. They were in their middle twenties, and there was something creepy about them. The long-haired one started talking to me. When he said that they were both in Kingston for a mortician's convention, I nearly fell off my seat. Flo heard what they did, and it made her hot for the guy she was with. She gets turned on by the weirdest things, I swear. We went back up to the room the two were sharing. Room service kept bringing up banana daiquiris while we sat on the terrace. Those daiquiris are so fattening, but oh, so delicious. I figured if I was going to sin, why not go all the way? I ended up balling the long-haired guy while Flo got it on with hers in the other bed.

It should have been such an exciting trip. I found his hair wasn't the only long thing about him. And I'd never fucked with other people in a room before. In the dark the sounds of another couple should have been a super turn-on. Instead, it was like being in a mortuary. Neither guy said anything to us once we had our clothes off. They just talked to each other as if they were doing autopsies. "Jesus, you should feel the tits on this one," my bed mate said. "This one's not bad either," replied his friend. After they both had come, they switched beds and started fucking again. I guess I got the better of the deal, since the long-haired one couldn't get it up for Flo.

After that I decided that Flo could have all the adventures she wanted: I was taking a vow of chastity until this vacation was over. Flo did all right for herself: she slept with eight more guys before the week was out. I stuck to my vow pretty faithfully—until I finally met Thomas. I'm sure he's already told you about how he came on to me on the beach that afternoon. I want to add this explanation. What turned me on most about him was the way he played the guitar. While I was lying there, my heart pounding from all the swimming I'd done and the sun warming me up, I heard him strumming and I was sure that I'd drowned and this was paradise.

Thomas is so modest about his music, but I think he's dynamite. He writes, sings, and plays, and he does it all really well. He's going to be a superstar some day. The first white, reggae, heavy-metal superstar. Then I'll have my laugh on those so-called friends who've been talking behind my back. I insisted that I work for the two of us while Thomas spends his time on his music. In a few more months he's going to have enough material for a demo. When I whiz by in my limousine, we'll see how the girls back at Walter Reed like driving in their Ford Mustangs.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

Thomas is open and honest about his motives. Some people may raise eyebrows because of his intention to "use" women for pecuniary ends, but this practice has been going on for centuries. Many an impoverished, so-called gentleman has married an heiress, not for love, but for her fortune. Thomas has the best of both worlds, because he also loves his wife and is saved from choosing between his sexual freedom and his financial freedom.

I'm afraid his story about American women tourists is not very flattering, but it's not only American men who "go native" once they leave the shores of their own countries and do things they wouldn't do "at home." Promiscuous female tourists become more noticeable in a small vacation resort such as Jamaica than they do in, say, Spain or Italy. The women who choose to go to Jamaica rather than to a European country are vacationing for sun, relaxation, and adventure, not for museums, wine, and shopping. Thomas lost his virginity to one such woman and has been exposed almost exclusively to this type of woman during his whole life. So it's really no wonder that he stereotypes women as "loose." Young women on vacation, many times for the first time without their parents, feel free to lead any type of life they please—for two weeks—and then return to their usual lifestyles. No one can take exception to any man exploiting such a situation or to any girl who wants a "holiday romance."

Nevertheless, anyone who wants to make a marriage of convenience is taking a risk of at least a year of absolute hell, before the convenience is established sufficiently to become inconvenient and expendable.

Thomas says that he often felt betrayed by many of the American women he slept with, for if he had more than a one-night stand with any of them, he found himself falling in love. I don't quite believe that he really developed any deep feelings during these short-term flings. More probably, his pride had been hurt because these women weren't overwhelmed with his manhood. He appears to be a warm, emotional young man. He feels that he needs an emotional relationship rather than a purely physical one, and he's so right, although difficulties would set in when his motives were less than honorable. Thomas represents another case of the man who has his own personal set of rules.

Now, why did he finally choose Diane? First, as in 99.9 percent of all cases of attraction, the initial reason was a physical one. Diane satisfied his sexual desires. But she herself confesses to be "no great beauty." So there must have been more to the attraction than physical sex, and this is where Thomas's emotional need to be loved enters the picture.

Diane had a need, too. The sex she had had before she met Thomas had not been satisfying. It did not live up to her romantic standards. Then she met Thomas, under the most romantic circumstances, and everything fell into place, so to speak. I sincerely doubt if Thomas and Diane would have married if they hadn't been in love. Diane certainly had no reason simply to marry for marriage's sake; and, even though Thomas was looking for an American wife, the women he had met prior to Diane didn't appeal to him enough to warrant his constant attention. Thomas is just not cold-hearted enough to marry just any woman amenable to marriage. (And if Diane's descriptions of him are accurate, I'm certain any number of women would have been willing.) Thomas and Diane have been very fortunate with their marriage.

PARTING SHOT

LONELY AT THE TOP

By Edward Sorel

GOOD HEAVENS, DAVID, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER?
MONDAY I CALLED THE MAYOR... I TOLD HIM THE OLD COURT HOUSE STOOD IN THE WAY OF OUR NEW OFFICE BUILDING... HE AGREED TO TEAR IT DOWN
THEN I CALLED THE GOVERNOR... I WARNED HIM THAT MY BANK WOULDN'T BUY ANY STATE BONDS UNLESS HE CUT THE BUDGET... HE AGREED TO CLOSE DOWN FOUR COLLEGES AND THREE HOSPITALS
THEN I CALLED THE PRESIDENT... TOLD HIM HIS NEW TAX PROGRAM WOULD BE DISASTEROUS FOR BUSINESS... HE AGREED TO MAKE THE CHANGES I SUGGESTED
YET THIS MORNING WHEN I PICKED UP THE TIMES, THERE WAS AN EDITORIAL INSISTING THAT "THE SYSTEM WASN'T WORKING"!
GOOD LORD, WON'T THEY EVER BE SATISFIED?
Edward Sorel

Soon our new, exclusive warm-up suits with the Penthouse logo and colors will be in the finest stores. But we're offering our readers an opportunity to be first on the courts with them.

Men's and women's. Men's sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL. Women's sizes: 6/8, 10/12, 14/16, 18/20, 22. Luxurious acrylic/polyester triple knit. Machine washable. Jacket has 2 nylon zippered pockets. Pants have stretch waist. Stripes are sewn in. $49.95 plus $2 postage and handling.

Send check or money order or charge to your American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank # for Master Charge.) Mail to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. NY residents add appropriate sales tax.

To expedite your charge order call toll free number (800) 223-7763. NY residents call direct (212) 593-0334. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. Be sure to indicate desired size(s).

PENTHOUSE
VIVA
TENNIS COLLECTION®

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The most
refreshing taste
you can get
in any cigarette.
KOOL
Filter Kings
MILD MENTHOL
KOOL
Super Longs
MILD MENTHOL FILTERS
Flip-Open Box
KOOL
Filters
MILD MENTHOL
No wonder it's America's #1 menthol.
Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; FOB, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

Stimula me.

Want to give me so much in bed that I ask for more? It's easier than you think. All it takes is a man who knows what I like. And I like Stimula®, the condom designed especially to give women extra pleasure.

You see, Stimula has 877 ribs that let you touch and caress me in ways I never dreamed possible. To add something new and different to lovemaking. And it has a special lubricant that works with my own natural secretions. So everything comes beautifully and effortlessly. Stimula is pre-shaped to cling to you like a second skin. And made of latex so thin, we can feel each other's body heat.

When I get together with a man and Stimula, I feel super sexy. So sexy, in fact, that I want to take all you've got to give me.

Next time you're ready for this kind of sensuous excitement, make sure you understand two little words. Stimula me. And make it an unforgettable night. For both of us.

The condom is still the best known safeguard against Venereal Disease. For more information on prevention, detection, and treatment of VD, write: Akwell Industries, Inc., Dothan, Ala. 36301. Akwell Industries, Inc. © 1978

Stimula® is a registered trademark of Akwell Industries, Inc.

SPIELBERG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

they have unfortunately acquired." It also recommended "that the national security agencies institute policies on intelligence training and public education designed to prepare the material defenses and the morale of the country to recognize most promptly and to react most effectively to true indications of hostile intent of action."

Perhaps the most important thing about the report is the fact that the meeting was called by the CIA and that these conclusions were made after consultation with the CIA. My own feeling is that if the country were told tomorrow that we have been coexisting—though perhaps not actually communicating with—"foreign" entities, it would score headlines for several years. Then, after a while, if no miraculous solutions were found to our global problems and no direct interstellar intervention took place, the UFOs—now identified—would be tucked away with other wonders of the world and forgotten. Of course, fundamentalists would go on arguing for centuries.

Penthouse: There have been UFO sightings all over the world. Do you think the CIA is working with other governments to suppress them?

Spielberg: I don't think there is any kind of coalition to suppress UFO reports. I feel, however, that there are valid reasons for different governments not to tell their people that there could be other seats of power up there that are much more powerful than theirs, powers that could perhaps serve the citizenry better. Yet, there are certain important government officials in some countries, including Brazil and France, who believe that UFOs exist but who have no fear that this information will lead to public hysteria, ridicule, or culture shock.

Penthouse: There has been talk in the media about alien beings visiting our civilizations at various times over the last 5,000 years. Why haven't they made a concerted effort to communicate with us?

Spielberg: It seems to me that it's just their choice not to intervene in our growing pains.

Penthouse: Do you anticipate more UFO sightings and government denials as a result of your movie?

Spielberg: If the film is popular, people will be seeing UFOs in their soup. I hope visitors from outer space will take me to another world for about five days to prove I was right. Either way, I expect dozens of strange creatures to suddenly appear and tell me, "I'm a UFO. You've stolen my story."

Penthouse: When did you begin making movies?

Spielberg: A long, long time ago. I became interested in moviemaking simply because my father had an eight-millimeter movie camera, which he used to log the family history. I would sit and watch the home movies and criticize the shaky camera movements and bad exposures until my father finally got fed up and told me to take

IN THE FEBRUARY *VIVA* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

RINGO STARR

Eternal prankster, eternal innocent, eternal sage of the Beatles, Ringo reveals just what it was like to be smack dab in the middle of the greatest cultural phenomenon of the twentieth century.

BALLET MADE EASY

You needn't be Margot Fonteyn in order to make the supremely classic art of ballet work for you. With the aid of Joan McConnell's new book, *Ballet as Body Language*, you can discover that there's a little bit of *La Sylphide* in you.

SERGE LUTENS

He's the one-man creative force behind all those super-elegant Dior ads. The world's classiest makeup artist tells his best-kept secrets.

THE MAN IN THE EMPTY SUIT

How can you love a man if, when you gaze soulfully into his eyes, you find that no one is there?

MARTHE KELLER

Al Pacino lost his heart to her twice—on film and in real life. Unexpectedly shy Marthe Keller talks candidly to *Viva* about her love affairs, her films, and the way it feels to verge on international superstardom.

JOHNNY CASABLANCAS

"Who," they sniff, "does Johnny Casablancas think he is?" With the world's most beautiful models at his beck and call, Casablancas doesn't think; he knows. Photographed at New York's hotto-trot boutique, Fiorucci.

A VALENTINE SURPRISE

Poet-playwright-actress Ntozake Shange sets in verse her arresting views of life and love. Especially for *Viva*.

PLUS:

Finding out if you're afraid of success, sci-fi by Frederik Pohl, and testing your knowledge of aphrodisiacs past and present.

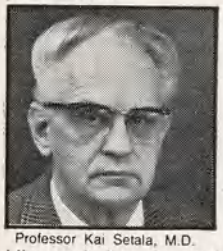
WORLD RENOWNED SCIENTIST REVEALS "WE DISCOVERED CURE FOR BALDNESS!"

"HAIR LOSS CAN BE STOPPED. THINNING HAIR CAN BE RESTORED"... READ THE INCREDIBLE FACTS REVEALED BY THE AUTHORIZED MEDICAL STUDY PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF HELSINKI

Team of Doctors and Dermatologists Reveal Scientific Facts About Revolutionary New Discovery That Signals the End to Hair Loss Problem.

The Inventors

Professor Kai Setala, M.D., Director of the Department of Pathology at the University of Helsinki, holds over 30 international patents. The results of his research have been published in over 200 scientific journals and publications.



Professor Kai Setala, M.D.

Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, M.D.

His work has been funded by the National Cancer Institute and the United States Public Health Service. He is a member of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the Royal Society of Medicine and others. He has received professorship from and has been invited to lecture at the University of Bonn, Germany; Taft University, Boston; Baylor Medical School, Houston, Texas; University of Copenhagen, Denmark; University of Heidelberg, West Germany and many others.

Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, M.D., specialist in scalp and skin pathology, assisted Prof. Setala in leading the team of doctors and scientists that produced "Baldness and Its Cure".

"Hair Loss Problem Yields To Research"

Declared Professor Setala in a recent scientific lecture he delivered in Ontario, Canada. It shocked and astounded the medical community.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

"I speak to you today about a development which will have an enormous impact on the hair industry. We shall be releasing, shortly, a new study which will reveal, in its entirety, a new treatment that corrects the hair loss problem and stimulates growth of new hair. During the course of our skin research, we had quite accidentally discovered a new formula that would stimulate hair growth and eradicate hair loss.

You can actually see the astounding results that have been achieved in the picture in front of you. We have treated hundreds of men and women with our new formula. The results were astounding. Hair loss was stopped and hair growth was stimulated in a great majority of the cases. Considering the overwhelming evidence and the universal significance of this great discovery, we have decided to make the results open to the public in a medical study which will be published by the University of Helsinki."

Before After

As appeared on page 109 of study

Jan Swenson, 49 years old, suffering from gradually developing baldness, before treatment and after 23 months of using the new formula. Density of hair distinctly increased; no longer any bald area.

"RESULTS TESTED AND PROVEN ON HUNDREDS"

Revealed Dr. Setala in an exclusive interview with Heinrich Kraus, international scientific reporter and author of the book's introduction.

Question: Let me ask you directly, Professor, Can you really make hair grow?
Professor Setala: After many years of dedicated work by myself and my staff of doctors and scientists, we finally broke through 'the skin barrier'. Tests were performed on hundreds of patients suffering from varying degrees of baldness and hair loss. The results were conclusive, as the table below shows. At about the same time as their hair loss was discontinued, new hair began to appear, a stimulation of regrowth of hair was concluded to occur on the following criteria:

(a) an increase in density and the average length of the hair in general
(b) new hair occurred in such scalp areas from which hair had been shed
(c) hairline had obviously changed.

THE FOLLOWING IS A TABLE OF RESULTS OBTAINED

As appeared on page 110 of study

Treatment Time (Weeks)	Percentage of Regrowth of Hair
8	26%
12	38
16	42
20	50
24	53
28	66

Question: Is this discovery really of significant importance in helping men with progressive baldness or thinning hair?
Professor Setala: We firmly believe that our new discovery is the most important of its kind. It is a breakthrough achieved in the midst of a scientific project entirely financed by the public. After considering our findings, we have decided to release the facts and results gained through our research to the general public. Patents have been granted in or sought for in major countries throughout the world, including the United States. At this time, our discoveries are in actual use in Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Canada and the Scandinavian countries and in many other nations.

Question: Why do men lose their hair?
Professor Setala: I can tell you that it is caused by a slowdown in cell growth that takes place under the skin surface. To get a really accurate answer, I recommend that anyone concerned with hair problems should read **BALDNESS AND ITS CURE.** It tells explicitly how hair follicles rejuvenate, how hair loss can be stopped and regrowth can be achieved. The study has been fully documented with hundreds of patients using our formula.
It contains a wealth of valuable research and information pertaining to the many aspects of hair loss and hair care. It is something the public must be made aware of.

Learn The Facts About Hair Growth Today

End your anxieties about the cause of hair loss. Learn the medical facts revealed by Prof. Setala in **BALDNESS AND ITS CURE.** A totally scientific study about growing hair, stopping hair loss and restoring thinning hair. It's time for you to learn what doctors already know and are doing.
And if you find that you are not absolutely astounded by the startling new discovery just return your copy within 14 days for a full immediate refund—no questions asked.

Order BALDNESS AND ITS CURE Today

Riverbrook Research Corporation
6 Commercial St., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801

Gentlemen:

Please rush me "Baldness and Its Cure". I enclose $9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling, a total of $10.70. I may return it for an immediate refund if I'm not completely satisfied. N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PT/20

Canadian Orders: Riverbrook Research Corp.
Suite 1650, 439 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario

IN THE FEBRUARY *FORUM* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

HOW ELVIS TURNED AMERICA ON

What Elvis did was to tell young men—and old men, too—that it wasn't unmasculine to hang loose, open up, and let the nerve ends show through the skin.

MIND CONTROL: IT WORKS—AND IT'S FANTASTIC

People who practice mind control are able to stop smoking, lose weight, get ahead at work, and win at love. In fact, they can achieve any goal they want to. Mind control may change your life.

WHY OPEN MARRIAGE DOESN'T WORK

Robert Rimmer, author of *The Harrad Experiment* and many other novels about alternate life-styles, tells why he believes that open marriage can lead only to unhappiness.

FIGHTING CAN IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONSHIP

It's true; quarreling can actually bring you and your mate closer together instead of driving you apart. The secret, explains psychologist Dr. Peter A. Wish, is knowing how to have an argument.

BEFORE YOU GO TO YOUR DOCTOR, READ THIS!

We all make mistakes, but when your doctor does, it could cost you your life. Here are all the vital questions that you should ask him when he makes a diagnosis or prescribes a course of treatment.

THE (SENSUAL) SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

Good wine improves with age, and so can sex. This is a candid and invigorating conversation with Louis, a seventy-six-year-old gentleman—and lover.

over. I became the family photographer and logged all our trips.

Then I began to think that staging real life was much more exciting than just recording it. So I'd do things like forcing my parents to let me out of the car 100 yards before we reached the campgrounds when we went on trips. I'd run ahead and film them arriving and unpacking and pitching camp. Then I began cutting the films together, speeding the camera up, slowing it down, experimenting with time-lapse photography. I also played the bully brother, dressing my sisters up as German soldiers, blasting at them with toy submachine guns, and filming them tumbling down a hill—they died four or five times in each picture. But I never really thought I would make movies for a living. Mainly, it was something fun to do, to keep me away from studying algebra and French.

Penthouse: When did you go to Hollywood?

Spielberg: When I was sixteen, my mom and dad split, and there was no longer a routine to follow. My life changed radically. I left home and went to L.A. I lived with my second cousins for a summer. One day I went on the Grey Line tour of Universal Studios. I was fascinated by it all; so when the bus made a rest stop, I got out and hid behind one of the sound stages. So the bus left without me, and I spent the day walking around the lot. I watched the television shows being shot. It was my first exposure to the clapper sticks, the ringing bells, all the great nonsense and shouting.

For about the next three months, I returned to the lot every day and got in by dressing up in a suit, waving to the guards, and bluffing my way around. I suspect that the guards were afraid to kick me off the lot because they thought I might have been related to somebody in the black tower.

Penthouse: Did you get involved with gangs or drugs when you were young?

Spielberg: No, and none of my friends did either. By today's standards, we were pretty straight. But I did have a six-month fling as a juvenile delinquent. One day I went with four of my friends to a modern shopping mall that was being built and threw rocks at plate-glass windows for three hours. We later discovered we had caused about $30,000 worth of damage.

The other heinous thing I did happened at the largest movie theater in Phoenix. It seated about 1,200 people and had two balconies. My friends and I took a lot of white bread and mixed it with milk, Parmesan cheese, creamed corn, and peas. We put this foul-smelling mixture into bags, went to the movie, and sat in the highest balcony. They were showing *The Lost World*. At the most exciting part, we made vomiting sounds and squeezed the solution over the balcony on the people below. We did it for laughs. Little did we realize that it would begin a chain reaction of throwing up. The movie was stopped, the house lights came on, and ushers appeared with their flashlights—ready to kill. We were so frightened that we raced out the fire-escape exit. Even though we had brought two cars, the seven of us ran about a mile and took a bus home.

Penthouse: How did you relate to girls while you were growing up?

Spielberg: I didn't, much. My time was spent in scouting, baseball—I was a good second baseman in the Little Leagues—and making eight-millimeter movies. I was always seducing a camera. Girls came later, when I was a first-year student at college, but I never was a stud jock. I always lusted after the lady cornet player in the high-school band, who had the round mouth and forehead acne.

Penthouse: What kind of women turn you on now?

Spielberg: In high school and college, bright women intimidated me and drove me off. Not any more. It's nice to have a friend who also becomes your confessor, your lover, a second voice in your head. To me a sensuous woman is one who, first of all, has a sensible knowledge of herself. She isn't a drifter. She is goal oriented. She has a sense of humor about herself and enough energy to light her life on fire and keep it burning until she has what she wants—and still not be satisfied. I like liberated women. Women are much more aggressive about themselves today. There's a whole self-realization movement occurring, which is enormously healthy.

Penthouse: The success of *Jaws* has made you one of America's most powerful filmmakers. How are you using this power?

Spielberg: Well, right now I expect to produce several films over the next few years for other directors, some of whom I'm helping to get started. I am also being more courageous in finding new ideas for films. I am losing the fear of failure. I'd like to help abolish the adage that you're only as good as your last picture.

When you succeed in Hollywood, it's sort of like getting your Master Charge card renewed for twelve more months. The more successful you become, the more rope you're given to hang yourself with further on down the line. I don't think it's possible to accumulate too much power in the movie industry. The movie industry is only a diverting entertainment for people in politics and business. In a way, I've always looked at movies as dessert, something you treat yourself to after a hard day at work or school. In a few years, perhaps I'll change my whole philosophy, be anxious to do a personal movie and not give a shit about what the majority thinks of it. But right now it's very exciting to make an impression on the mass audience—an impression that will stay with them for years.

But I'm not going to fool myself. Movies might be my life, but it's not that way for 225 million other Americans. There's more to living than re-creating life on celluloid. This is something I'm beginning to find out.

Penthouse: Why didn't you direct the sequel to *Jaws*?

Spielberg: I never designed *Jaws* for sequels. Universal is making a sequel because *Jaws* has become a multi-million-

dollar business. The title alone will bring in $30 million in preexhibitor advances. I couldn't find a story that would justify doing another *Jaws* film. The premise of the sequel—that another huge shark would attack again in the same place—was a fish story very hard for me to swallow.

Penthouse: How did you feel about the whole *Jaws* phenomenon that followed the film's huge success?

Spielberg: I was as proud as a father whose kid goes off and gets straight A's in college. *Jaws* developed a life of its own beyond anything I gave it. It was the type of film on which the audiences superimpose their own creative imaginings and make it an even better picture than it actually is. *Jaws* became a sociological event. I would read about it in "Peanuts," watch Johnny Carson talk about it, see Nixon compared to it in political cartoons, and watch TV specials and commercials either spoofing or imitating it. It was a great feeling to see the film become the sole property of the American public and part of our pop culture.

Penthouse: You make it sound as if *Jaws* was pure exhilaration to make. Was it?

Spielberg: Far from it! I believe *Jaws* was the only picture in Universal's history to have taken 155 days to shoot. For a long time, I was accumulating only about thirty seconds of usable film every three days. I didn't realize it at the time, but the studio actually considered pulling the plug on the entire film and making their money back by putting the shark on tour and raising the prices a nickel. They thought we were mad. Most of us were.

Penthouse: What was your emotional state like during the filming?

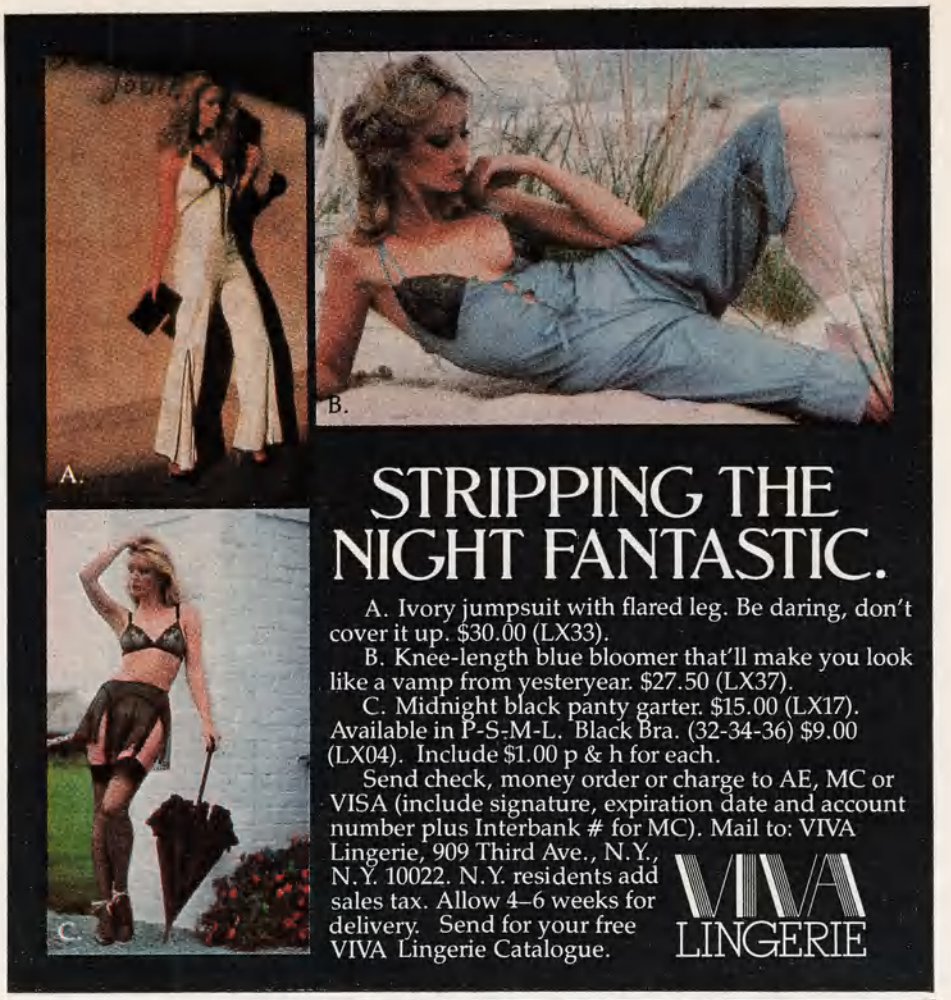
Spielberg: I felt very strongly that my career was at stake. Had *Jaws* only broken even, I would have taken both barrels point-blank from all the people who were watching our clumsy progress and predicting doom. There are some grim realities involved in directing a picture. Many people in the Hollywood community are more interested in seeing you fail than succeed. I sometimes feel that only my folks, my girl friend, my secretary, and the New York investors are on my side. You have no time to yourself, except to eat, shoot your movie, plan your shots for the next day, sleep, and forget women. When I'm making a movie I become partially celibate. I get into the routine of fucking my movie.

Penthouse: "Fucking your movie"?

Spielberg: A movie is a painful act of conception. I become mad Doctor Frankenstein with test tubes and electrical sparks, creating a living organism from dead parts. I'm just trying to be honest, though, by saying that the sexual urge isn't as strong when I'm making a movie as it might be for several film producers I know, who take that opportunity to just sport-fuck seven days a week.

Penthouse: Is there a lot of "sport-fucking" on location?

Spielberg: Does a bear shit in the woods? Location shooting is the Rites of Spring for certain members of the crew, who may



STRIPPING THE NIGHT FANTASTIC.

A. Ivory jumpsuit with flared leg. Be daring, don't cover it up. $30.00 (LX33).

B. Knee-length blue bloomer that'll make you look like a vamp from yesteryear. $27.50 (LX37).

C. Midnight black panty garter. $15.00 (LX17). Available in P-S-M-L. Black Bra. (32-34-36) $9.00 (LX04). Include $1.00 p & h for each.

Send check, money order or charge to AE, MC or VISA (include signature, expiration date and account number plus Interbank # for MC). Mail to: VIVA Lingerie, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add sales tax. Allow 4–6 weeks for delivery. Send for your free VIVA Lingerie Catalogue.

VIVA LINGERIE

Discover Air
The Beautiful Way To Sleep

Credit Card Orders Call Toll Free 800-323-2272 Ill. Residents Call 312-595-0461

The Original Velveteen Air Bed

The World's Most Comfortable Mattress With Independent Air Coil Support

SUPER SALE SAVE UP TO 25% King Size Now Just $89.95

The AIR COIL BED has become synonomous with the most revolutionary and luxurious way to spend a third of your life. You are gently but firmly supported by 100% air instead of metal springs and stuffing. Many chiropractors agree the structured Air Coil Bed has unprecedented orthopedic value as a permanent mattress. **Lightweight...Sensual...Adjusts to your comfort.** The Air Bed is an experience in rest or play unmatched by any other support structure. It takes the seasickness, immobility, and weight out of waterbeds. Yet, it gives you the same "give and take" sensation. Two people can sleep on a full, queen or king size bed virtually undisturbed by the other's movements. This is because **the air coil construction - with multiple controlled air chambers - supports your body evenly and independently.** Store it on a shelf, take it camping, use it in your van, boat, summer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it. All 8" high standard sizes:Twin-39"x74", Double-54"x74", Queen-60"x80", King-74"x80". Inflates in minutes with any air pump or cannister vacuum (Adapter included). Durable 20 gauge poly vinyl cleans with soap and water. Repair kit included. 1 year manufacturer's warranty. High Powered Air Pumps. AC pump operates from standard electrical outlet. DC pump operates from auto cigarette lighter. $29.95 each. **Do not be confused by inferior imitations. This is the original, permanent, red velveteen airbed, once priced as high as $119.95. Because of recent direct-from-manufacturer arrangements, we have been able to eliminate all middleman costs and pass significant savings directly to you.**

A Permanent Bed

©CMI 1977

Please send me the following red velveteen finished Air Bed(s). If not satisfied I can return in 10 days for a prompt refund.

	Originally	Now Only
☐ King (Item 1374)	$119.95	$89.95
☐ Queen (Item 1360)	$89.95	$69.95
☐ Full (Item 1354)	$79.95	$59.95
☐ Twin (Item 1339)	$59.95	$44.95

Add $4.95 per bed for shipping and handling. Illinois Residents add 5% sales tax.

☐ Air Pumps $29.95 ea. ☐ AC(Item 0004) ☐ DC(Item 0005)
☐ Check or M.O. enclosed ☐ Please Charge my Credit Card
☐ Bank Americard ☐ Diners Club ☐ Carte Blanche
☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express

Credit Card No. _____
Master Charge No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____
PHMB-032

Contemporary Marketing Inc.
790 Maple Lane Bensenville Ill 60106

Call Toll Free: 800-323-2272 Illinois Call: 312-595-0461

even be happily married, and for young cast members who have never been away from home before. Holiday Inns across America are probably host to more sprung beds and screaming orgasms when a movie company comes to town than at any other time. Walking down the hall at 1:00 in the morning at those Holiday Inns sometimes sounds like Gyorgy Ligeti's *Atmosphères* from *2001*.

Penthouse: It seems you have enough material for a porn film. Have you ever made one?

Spielberg: No, but I have seen a couple—*Behind the Green Door* and *Deep Throat*. *Behind the Green Door* was a little more erotic because of the sexual imagination of the filmmakers and some of the stunts they pulled. I didn't find anything especially moving about *Deep Throat* when she was gorging herself. I mean, I couldn't especially feel it. I could just watch and hope everyone was having a good time.

Penthouse: How do you feel about current legislative attempts to close down so-called porno theaters and ban their newspaper advertising?

Spielberg: I'm against any censorship regarding films, but I think porno films should have age restrictions. There's something pure and natural about sex. Taking a small child into a porno theater, where he sees slabs of meat coupled in clinical, unloving fashion, could be detrimental to a healthy understanding of sex.

Penthouse: Do you think the rating system is valid?

Spielberg: It should have a few more degrees of G, PG, R, and X. For example, I think there should be extra consideration given to certain films, such as George C. Scott's *The Savage Is Loose*. The film was given an R rating, not for the sum of its parts, but because of an overall idea, a parochial taboo. That's one hell of a bum deal. Sex films don't bother me as much as violent films. Maybe it's naive to say, but I would rather see someone go to a porn film and later imitate what he has seen with a consenting adult than see someone run out of a violent flick, buy a gun, and blow someone's head off. I think it's much more dangerous to see violence than sex.

Penthouse: How did you feel about the violence in *Jaws*?

Spielberg: I thought, in all fairness, that *Jaws* should have received an R rating, but I can also defend its PG. The violence in *Jaws* couldn't easily be emulated—unless some psychotic who saw the film ran out into the street and ate his victims. People can't identify with the violence in *Jaws* and then reenact the plot in real life. Let me tell you, I cut a lot of very gory scenes from the final picture. I shot one scene with a man's head protruding from the jaws of the shark. The head was crushed and spewing blood when the shark pushed it into a small child, screaming hysterically in the water. I cut that out even though it took three days to shoot. It was just too horrifying.

There comes a point where horror is too theatrical, and then people start using defense mechanisms, like hysterical laughter. I worked in a hospital when I was growing up and saw things that were so horrifying that I had to fantasize that there were lights, props, makeup men, just to avoid vomiting. The one scene in *Jaws* that I cut was so horrifying to look at that it went beyond reality. People would have started thinking: "Is that real blood? Wow! How is the actor able to breathe in all that water? Isn't that shark mechanical-looking!" It's a coping mechanism we all use.

I think I retained the mystique of the shark by not showing him too realistically, too graphically. It's like erotic art. Seeing a woman through a veiled negligee is far more stimulating than seeing her in the raw, with hard, front light.

Penthouse: Haven't you and some of your filmmaker friends banded together?

Spielberg: Yes. There's George Lucas, his wife, Marcia—who is a filmmaker in her own right—Hal Barwood, Matthew Robbins, Brian DePalma, John Milius, Marty Scorsese, and a few others.

> People in Hollywood are more interested in seeing you fail than succeed. I sometimes feel that only my folks, my girl friend, and the New York investors are on my side.

Penthouse: It's been reported that you sometimes exchange percentages of each other's films.

Spielberg: We sometimes consult on each other's pictures. We're always trading scripts, making comments and criticisms, seeing rough cuts of each other's movies. But as friendly as we get, we are still a very competitive, ambitious group of people who are all trying to be number one.

Penthouse: Is your group planning to form an invisible studio?

Spielberg: No. An invisible studio would mean that we would all get together to make movies for each other. It's better for us to just be friends and leave business out of it. We have agreed to protect each other's films. If a studio takes a swipe at one of us or some executive tries to recut one of our films, that studio is going to alienate a lot of good film directors for a few years. Freedom, within the parameters of a certain budget, is more important to me than how much I get paid to make a movie. Sometimes it requires a big hit film to assure your creative autonomy.

I've been fortunate, however. Somehow, even before *Jaws*, I had complete control over what I did. So I've been solely responsible for my successes and solely responsible for my failures. You know, though, no one seems to want to declare his contribution to a film that bombs, whereas a hit has a hundred fathers. The shameless credit grabbing that occurred after *Jaws* would rock you back. I guess that, too, was just part of the *Jaws* phenomenon. There are several individuals whose careers have taken off as a result of their avowed contribution to the success of *Jaws*, when the sad fact is that these people did the least work of all.

Penthouse: You have a reputation for maintaining a low profile in Hollywood. Is that important to your creative process?

Spielberg: Yes. I need privacy. I work a lot late at night, when I'm alone.

Penthouse: Do you enjoy solitude?

Spielberg: Sometimes I do. The truth is I do my best work when I'm in the pits emotionally. Sometimes I'm in the pits for six months straight, but it's okay, because my creative juices don't flow as well when I'm happy.

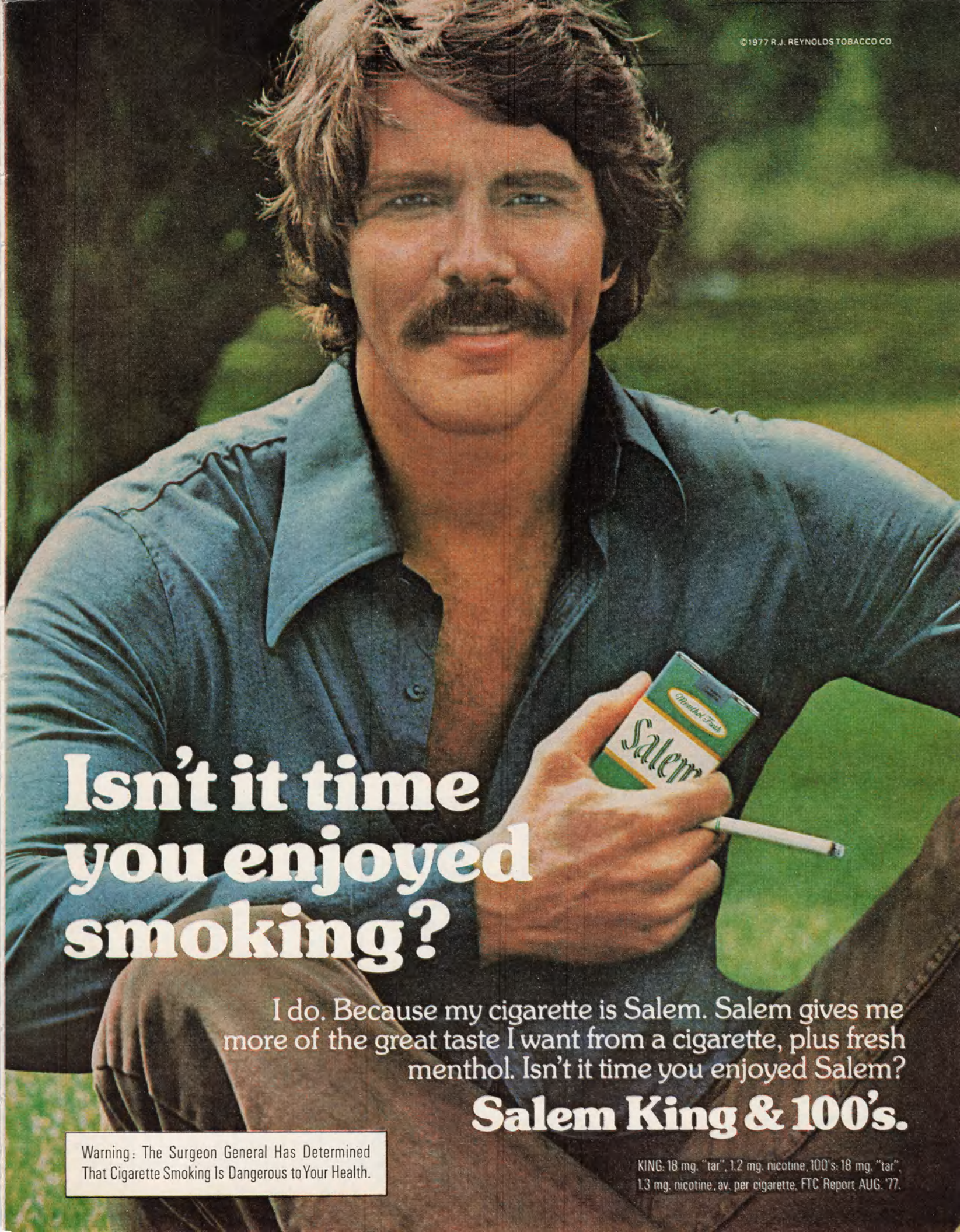
Penthouse: Given the competitive nature of your business, can you really trust your friends?

Spielberg: Friendship and loyalty are two of my most cherished values. I have a lot of casual friends, but there is just a handful I consider really true friends—people who would stick by me when things aren't so hot. You would be surprised at the number of friends who turn away when you achieve success. Some acquaintances who I thought were my friends turned into snipers when *Jaws* hit the top. I'm leery—really cautious. I don't make friends that easily, because I think a lot of people don't know what it means to be a true friend: how to reciprocate, how to share the bulk of the problems, how to be honorable.

One of the worst things about the movie community is the way it gossips. I sometimes think that the good news, and especially the bad news, travels faster than the speed of light. That's one of my peeves about living in this town. It's hard to protect yourself and your work from gossipy speculation. You begin to question whether or not you should even trust yourself. The only time I feel totally happy is when I'm watching films or making them.

Penthouse: Do you ever think of escaping?

Spielberg: Sure. My false poetic dream has always been to meet a female bank teller from Kansas, with hay in her hair, and go off and marry and live on a dairy farm in Wisconsin. Of course, that's the last thing I'd ever want to do. But when things are getting too hot to handle and nothing's going right, and I don't like my movie anymore and I don't like my associates anymore, and I just want to go off somewhere—before I think of Hawaii or the Virgin Islands, I think about the roots of the American heartland. It's a completely dishonest dream. I must have picked it up by looking at too many Norman Rockwell and Andrew Wyeth paintings. Let me tell you, if I were ever given my wish, I'd be the unhappiest boy on the farm.


©1977 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Menthol Fresh
Salem
Isn't it time you enjoyed smoking?
I do. Because my cigarette is Salem. Salem gives me more of the great taste I want from a cigarette, plus fresh menthol. Isn't it time you enjoyed Salem?
Salem King & 100's.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

The closest thing to wearing nothing at all.

Mother Nature made love one of her most joyous and tender moments. And in keeping with that spirit, we made Fourex Natural Skins the most natural contraceptive you can buy.

You see, Fourex is a natural tissue membrane with the texture and sensitivity of soft skin. They're so sensitive that every nuance of your natural warmth is communicated. And they're lubricated in such a way as to enhance that sensitivity. Fourex Natural Skins are available in the unique blue capsule or, if you prefer, rolled in the convenient foil pack.

Take your pleasure.

FOUREX™XXXX

Sold in Drugstores.
Manufactured by Schmid Laboratories, Inc.,
Little Falls, New Jersey 07424

PROBLEMS IN SEX?

GET WHAT EVERY MAN NEEDS WITH FANTASTIC PLACEBO SEX AIDS

Complete Control For The Over Eager Male
STA-POWER SPRAY
Now You Can Go On and On and On

Does early climax stop many exciting moments of sexual intercourse? This is a common problem that Sta-Power will help you with. Sta-Power Spray contains benzocaine and is three times stronger than our cream. It is a safe, proven, scientific compound that can be sprayed directly on the penis without the knowledge of your partner. It will help you delay your climax in order to coincide with that of your partner. You will feel and appreciate the improvement the very first time that you use it.

STA-POWER SPRAY $6.95

For A Better Erection That Will Astound You And Delight Your Partner
ERECTION PILLS
Results Are Immediate and Long Lasting

Don't leave her unsatisfied. Erection Pills can make even the limpest of men powerful. Give her what she's craving. Be the big man you always wanted to be. This preparation is a must for those of you who are having difficulties in obtaining and maintaining a fulfilling erection. Instant action guaranteed. Your money back if not completely satisfied.

ERECTION PILLS $6.95

Not Getting It Up Lately?
STA-POWER PILLS
For A Terrific Rise — Erection Supreme

Has a stimulating power. Ideal for a balling hot time. Will enable you to go on and on and on. What more can we say than is already said by the name of this fine preparation. Effects will last for hours. Also ideal for turning her on. This pill will do everything we say it will or your money will be immediately refunded. This pill can be mixed in any type of drink.

STA-POWER PILLS $5.95

Do You Need Help?
INSTANT ERECTION CREAM
Create a New Dimension of Sexual Delight

Instant Erection Oil is scientifically formulated to help you get an instant erection when rubbed on the head of the penis. It is skillfully compounded into a sensuous true fruit flavored oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head and shaft of the penis, it causes a flow of blood to rush into the penis, giving you an instant erection. Not only should it give an instant erection, it should cause the penis to get harder and larger for a prolonged period of time. Like the Instant Erection Cream, this new and amazing product is for men who have tried everything else and have no luck. No longer need you let the best of joys that life has to offer pass you by. With this fantastic product you too can now stand up and be counted. You owe it to yourself to try some today.

CREAM $6.95

Guaranteed To Make Her Hot
IMITATION SPANISH FLY & GINSENG
Do You Measure Up? You Can.
Unbelievable in Their Effect.

Ginseng is a plant which is chiefly grown in the Far East, especially in China. The Chinese have used it as an aphrodisiac for over 1,000 years. Ginseng has recently been introduced into the United States and is very popular. Legendary writings say Ginseng is highly effective in awakening and producing sexual desires in men and women alike. We have added our imitation Spanish Fly to the Ginseng to make it work faster and longer. We have also made it easier and more pleasant to take now, in a capsule. We are making it available to you, the public, at a price you can afford. If you need Ginseng you cannot afford to be without it. Ginseng is sometimes called "The Turn-On Root". To quote S. Steingold" . . . if you think you have been turned on before you ain't seen nothing yet". Try our Ginseng with Spanish Fly Capsules and find out what he means. Can be emptied and mixed into any drink.

24 TABLETS $8.95

POTENT PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS, INC. P-278
P.O. Box 535 Cooper Station New York, N.Y. 10003

My First 500

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

the strength or the inclination to fuck him, which was something we often did at orgies: we fucked each other last as a sort of signal that we were going home. I had fucked the same dude all evening, and that was completely out of character for me. I usually went through at least five or six!

After the shower Two-sixty-nine joined us, and we talked and exchanged telephone numbers and promises to get together again very soon, and we left.

NUMBERS THREE-HUNDRED-ONE THROUGH THREE-HUNDRED-EIGHT

It was another fun-filled occasion at One-hundred-six and M's house, and I had already fucked five men. I had just taken a quick shower, mainly to perform a light douche as I usually did between each man I fucked at an orgy. Three-hundred-six was standing there when I got out of the shower. He handed me a towel, and I dried myself slowly as I looked at him. He looked to be about seventeen years old—tall, suntanned, and with sandy, brown hair.

"He's a good-looking kid, isn't he?" said a guy who was standing there in the bathroom next to him. I had just finished fucking him in an adjoining bedroom.

"Yes, he is," I agreed. "Where did he come from?" I had not seen him before, and he looked a little young to be participating in an orgy.

"This is M's son," he said as he introduced us. "He usually goes out when his parents have orgies, but tonight he came home early, and he wants to fuck you."

"You're kidding!" I said.

"No, I'm not," the kid assured me.

"Is it okay with your parents?" I asked.

"Sure," said the kid.

"I don't know," I said hesitatingly.

"Come on," said the older man (who was the kid's uncle, it turned out). "It's okay."

"Please?" begged the kid.

I finally gave in and walked over to him and undid his pants. He already had an erection. He took off his pants and followed me into the bedroom, with his uncle close behind. I got onto the bed and lay down on my back. Awkwardly, he positioned himself on top of me and started jamming his penis into me, trying to find the entrance to my vagina and missing the target every time! I reached down and grabbed his cock, guiding it into me properly. His movements were erratic and uncontrolled. After about five strokes that went in all directions, he climaxed. His uncle immediately took his place and started fucking me wildly. The kid disappeared, and I didn't see him again until the end of the party. We were leaving, and I was saying good-bye to his mother when he walked past.

"That's my son," she said, calling his name. He turned and winked at me.

"He's a nice-looking kid," I said as I was walking out of the door. "How old is he?"

"Fourteen," she said.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. My husband, who dislikes doorway conversations, dragged me off to the car.

NUMBER FOUR-THIRTY-SIX

Four-thirty-six was an actor who kept his motorcycle inside his apartment—right in the front room! He confessed to being so involved with it that there wasn't anything he'd rather do than fuck around with it.

"So you're into fucking your bike?" I asked quite seriously.

"Yes, I would if I could," he answered, and I'm sure he meant it.

"Well," I said slowly, "suppose I get on the bike and you fuck me while I'm on it. Would that do it for you?"

I sat sidesaddle on the seat of the big bike, with my legs spread apart. He agreed to try it and, precariously balanced, we got into it. Slow and easy at first so as not to lose our balance, then fast and furious. It was a beautiful fuck, and we didn't even drip come on the chrome!

NUMBER FOUR-NINETY-NINE

"Thanks for helping me find it!" I said to Four-ninety-nine. I was in a very large toy store. The store carried everything, which made it impossible to find anything unless you worked there.

"Now, if I could just take you home with me to assemble it," I kidded him.

"I'd be happy to put it together for you. Do you live far from here?" asked the fresh-faced young clerk.

"No, it's not far at all," I answered, and I gave him directions to my house.

"Around eight o'clock?" he asked.

"Sure, fine," I replied, not really expecting him to show up.

By eight-thirty he was sitting in the middle of my living room, erecting my son's newest toy. I offered him some grass. He had brought a few joints of his own, and we lit up. He finished putting the toy together, and the children played with it while we watched and smoked. After I put the kids to bed, we talked and smoked some more. Then he started coming on strong.

"Are you sure you're old enough to indulge in this sort of behavior?" I kidded him half seriously.

"I'm eighteen, and that's old enough," he insisted.

"Well, if you insist."

His aggressive young body was full of energy. His white, supple skin matched the purity of his youth, but his body moved with the mastery of an older man. It was evident that he had done some reading on the subject of sex, or that he'd had the opportunity for practice. He was a master of the art of making love. No doubt he had met many a divorcée during his employment at the toy store!

NUMBER FIVE-HUNDRED

He was PP's boyfriend—or, I should say, ex-boyfriend. They had split up, and he had come over for some "tea and sympathy."

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls

"Most Men Are Too Busy Trying To Pick Up Girls To Meet Any"

Don Ricci had always been shy with girls. That's probably why he spent so many lonely nights home alone.

Don is still shy with girls — but that doesn't matter anymore. Now he's meeting enough beautiful girls (in spite of his shyness) to keep him happy for a long, long time to come.

For example — in just one week out of last month, Don met six girls. Out of the six, he ended up dating five. And out of those five, he ended up sleeping with three. (Pretty darn good for a man who's half scared to death of girls!)

Sound crazy?

Maybe so. But give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to do the same. Give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to meet enough beautiful girls to last you a lifetime.

What's more — we're so sure that you *will* meet girls our Shy Man's Way that we're going to give you a rather "daredevil" type of guarantee.

And here it is:

Try out our material for a full year. That will give you plenty of chance to decide whether or not it's worth the $9.95 we're going to ask you to send us.

Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you the rest of your normal lifetime, return the material. We'll send you back the $9.95 you paid for our material — *plus* — we'll send along an additional five dollars *out of our own pocket.*

Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

Okay — now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary — to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to — for whatever reason.)

On the average — he ends up sleeping with three new girls a month (every month).

In a six month period, nine different girls asked him to marry them. (He turned them all down. He claims he'd be an idiot to get married now.)

He's always getting presents from girls. Shirts, sweaters, home-made food. (He refuses most of them).

He never has to worry about seducing girls. If one doesn't want to sleep with him, he simply moves on to another. There's always plenty to choose from.

And we'll show you *exactly* how he does it — the Shy Man's Way.

It doesn't require "good looks." Don looks like any other average guy.

It doesn't require a "good personality." Being bashful or feeling uneasy with girls means absolutely nothing when you use our material.

It doesn't require "money." Our material works just as good for the poor as it does for the rich.

It doesn't require "youth." We personally know a 55 year old gentleman who's getting all the girls he wants ... doing only what we taught him.

What *does* it require?

Desire. Enough to take a chance. Enough to go ahead and send for our material. Enough to put our principles into *action* once you receive them.

If you do just that much — no more, no less — the results *will* be hard to believe.

Remember — we guarantee it.

Remember also — that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls *in spite of it* that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is — by far — also the *easiest* way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

We're not asking you to "believe" us. Just give it a try.

If we're wrong, you'll get your money back *plus* an additional five dollars from us. If we're right, you'll soon have enough girls to last you the next 50 years. Either way, you come up a winner!

Silverman Research, Dept. P-278
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

I don't know if you're crazy or not, but you can count me in for sure. Send me the Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls. Here's my $9.95.

I will try out your material for a year, then if I haven't met enough girls to last me a lifetime, I may return it for your special refund. If I do return your material, you will send me back my $9.95 *plus an additional five dollars out of your own pocket.*

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

© 1977

The All New 4 Way Sensualator EROS-69

MADE IN SWITZERLAND!

When the Swiss make something, they make it *right!* And this precision-made 4-Way Sensualator is no exception. Compact in size, designed to nest firmly and gently in one hand, this unique new sensory delight comes with four special attachments to suit every mood and taste:

- A Sensuously soft **"Pleasure Button"**
- A Magical Many-fingered **"Skin Teaser"**
- A **"Suction Seducer"**
- An **"Alpine Peaks"** Tantalizer for that final moment of delight.

SPECIAL SPEED AND SOUND CONTROL

Leave it to the Swiss to design a new unit so discreet that it is virtually *silent* compared with other vibrators, so the only sounds you (or anyone else) will ever hear are the sighs and moans of ecstasy. **ONLY $19.95**

Valentine Products, Dept. 6916
P.O. Box 5200, F.D.R. Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find my check or money order for $19.95 plus $1.00 for postage and handling. Please rush my fully guaranteed Eros-69 to me immediately in a plain package. CODE #396

Name _____

Signature _____
(I am over 18 years of age. Please sign as on credit card)

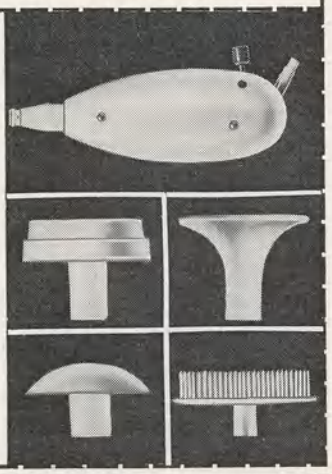
Address _____

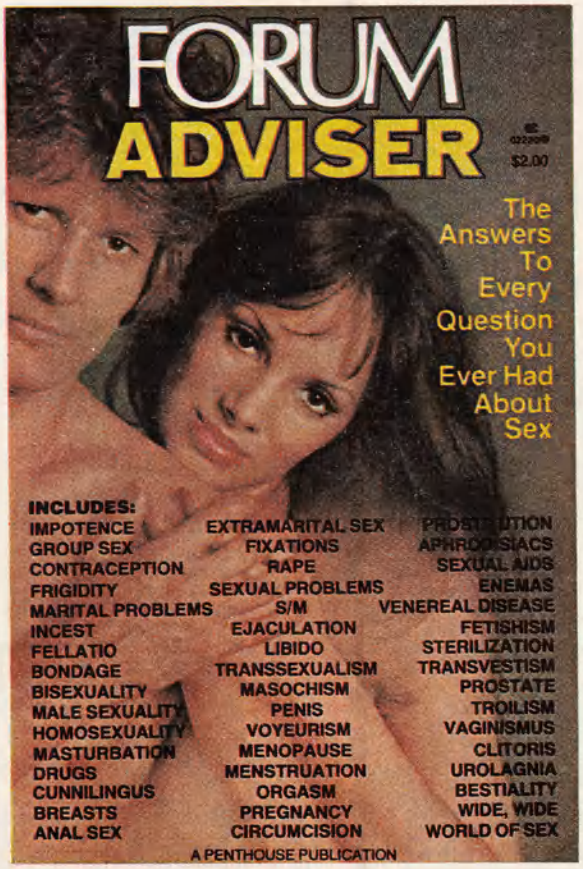
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Mastercharge ☐ BankAmericard (VISA)

Interbank # _____ Exp. Date Mo. Yr.





NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

Or, send a check or money order for $2.00 plus 50 cents for postage and handling to: Forum Adviser, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

We had been talking for some time about the renowned and ever-popular issue of sex. Five-hundred's questions about the subject could probably have continued all night. His biggest problem, as far as I could see it, was that he couldn't replace PP immediately and he was horny! The conversation led to the revelation that he had never had a blowjob.

"I don't know why they call it a blowjob; sucking on it is so much more pleasurable than blowing on it," I kidded him.

"Aw, Rachel, would you give me some head?" he asked earnestly. His stiff cock was pushing against the soft material of his faded Levi's, no doubt stimulated by our conversation. It doesn't take much when you're only seventeen! A thought is enough to do it, and we had been talking sex for a couple of hours; so I suppose he had a right to be turned on. The pleading look in his eyes made me give in.

"Suppose I do it and you like it? You'll probably be wanting me to do it all the time."

"No, I won't," he promised quickly. (At this stage you can get a guy to promise you practically anything.)

"Well, you fell in love with PP just because she let you fuck her," I accused.

"I loved her for other reasons!" he said, defending himself. "But I sure did like fucking her . . ." His voice trailed off.

"You'll find someone else," I said, trying to comfort him. "Come on, if you promise not to get emotionally involved, I'll suck you off."

I led him to the bedroom. He sat on the bed with a sheepish grin on his face as he fumbled with the front of his pants, and then his stiff young cock was exposed as he undid his fly. It was outstanding! A perfectly beautiful size and shape. The head was the kind that I prefer—the curved rim of the glans extended just slightly out from the straight-as-an-arrow shaft. A good, solid six and a half inches. Thick and pulsating. I was turned on. I wanted to fuck, but I had promised to suck him off. I helped him slip his pants down below his knees. I gazed at his pink cock as it lay fully erect against his white belly, and I felt a yearning for it. Eagerly, I took it into my hands and kissed its warm, full head.

"Beautiful," I said, and I looked up at him. He blushed. I sucked his cock into my mouth while my fingers explored his pubic hair and then swirled around his balls. I looked up at him again. He was smiling.

"It tickles," he said, and then he shut his eyes tight. "Oh, I'm gonna come!" he exclaimed . . . and he did. His semen rushed into my mouth in pulsating spurts. It tasted bitter, perhaps because it had been contained in his testicles for a very long time. Because of the bitter taste, I had no desire to swallow it, and I went into the bathroom to spit it out. When I returned to the bedroom, he was putting on his pants.

"Wow," he said when he saw me.

"You liked it?" I asked even though it was a silly question.

"Sure." The sheepish grin returned to his face.

CARTERGATE IV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

communication. They need some hand signals or some means of passing information that the rest of the room is not clued in about. Of course, in the case of the Fed, it's not chips that are involved, but the favorites do let the dealer know when they need new reserves. And Burns obliges.

Throughout 1977 Burns increased the money supply at a rapid rate, which in some months reached as high as 19.4 percent. He did so by acting to keep the Federal Funds Rate low at times when the big New York banks were borrowing. The banks would simply call up and say, "We're running short of reserves; pour in some more money." And Burns did. In his chairmanship of the Fed, he has largely deferred to the system's main beneficiaries, the big New York banks. These banks and their uncrowned leader, David Rockefeller, dominate the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, of which Rockefeller is a director; and the New York Fed, in turn, is the center of the open-market operations that essentially determine the growth of the money supply. Thus the rate of inflation is pretty much what Rockefeller wants it to be. Although Burns makes pious statements to the public about controlling inflation, whenever Rockefeller asks him to create more money, he flips the switch on the printing press to "on."

The most readily understandable aspect of the whole thing is that the inflationists will continue to increase the supply of paper money, while they obscure their activities behind a man like Arthur Burns. He has the knack of confusing the issue and making it all seem so deathly dull and academic that the public becomes bored trying to understand its own undoing. So remember to listen carefully the next time you hear a pronouncement by or about Arthur Burns. Bear in mind that he is a learned man and does his job well. And look at the bright side. If, when the inflationists are through, you still have as many pairs of underwear as Arthur Burns has doctorates, you'll only have to do the laundry once a month.

JERRY WURF

Wurf, who is fifty-eight, has been international president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees since 1964. During his stay in office, he has proved to be an eager junior partner in the inflationist enterprise. Not only has he joined multinational financiers in profiting from increases in your cost of living, but also he has promoted them—and for an easily understood reason. Inflation supplies Wurf with a convenient rationale for excessive wage demands. When the value of the dollar is declining, everyone wants a cost-of-living adjustment, a fact that makes the public more disposed to sympathize with government pay hikes. But what the public seldom realizes is that

COME WITH ME.
Introducing
The Rough Rider® Condom.
Studded for more pleasure.
Come with me. And let me take you on the most sensuous ride of your life. A ride like you've never before experienced. Because there's never before been anything like ROUGH RIDER®... the first condom with 468 exotic, orgasmic studs that cover every inch of you. And send sensual signals that make me tingle with ecstasy from the tips of my toes to the top of my head.
With ROUGH RIDER,® it's easy to unleash the sexual animal inside me. And, because ROUGH RIDER is made of latex so thin it clings to you as closely as I do, you'll feel the throbbing excitement deep within me from the moment we begin to make love. Finally, ROUGH RIDER has a silky smooth lubricant called SK-70® that actually works with our own body secretions. So loving always comes naturally and effortlessly.
Come with me and join the ROUGH RIDERS. And together we'll experience the most adventurous, sexual ride of our love lives. With ROUGH RIDER,® the first condom studded from head to shaft for more pleasure than you've ever dreamed of.

Order Rough Rider Now! And take advantage of this sensuous introductory offer... A sensational 7" vibrator, retail value of $5.00 for only $1.00 with each order.

Rough Rider® Condom

Stamford Hygienic Corp., Dept. PH-45
114 Manhattan St., Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me:
☐ 12 Rough Rider studded condoms for $4.00. ☐ 15 Special Assorted condoms for $5.00. ☐ 36 Deluxe Assorted condoms for $10.00. ☐ 99 Super Deluxe Assorted condoms for $20.00.
All assortments include Rough Rider, Stimula, Nuda, Hugger, Conture, etc. ☐ Special Offer $1 Vibrator
☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order
☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge Acct. # _____
Exp. Date _____ ($10.00 minimum on charge cards)

Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

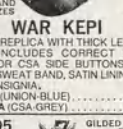
Free catalog sent with order © 1978. Stamford Hygienic Corp. Money Back Guarantee. Orders shipped in discreet packages.

MILITARY BUFFS!

ORIGINAL AND REPLICA INSIGNIAS, MEDALS, HELMETS, FLAGS, SAMURAI SWORDS, EQUIPMENT, ETC. FOR MILITARIA COLLECTORS, HISTORIANS AND ENTHUSIASTS. SEND FOR NEW COLOR CATALOG SHOWING HUNDREDS OF ITEMS, ONLY $1.00.

REPLICA $19.95 EACH
COMES WITH INSIGNIA
BLUE OR GRAY WOOL CLOTH
SMALL, MEDIUM AND LARGE SIZES

CIVIL WAR KEPI
DELUXE REPLICA WITH THICK LEATHER VISOR INCLUDES CORRECT UNION EAGLE OR CSA SIDE BUTTONS, CHIN STRAP, SWEAT BAND, SATIN LINING AND BRASS INSIGNIA.
No. 3-08 (UNION-BLUE) $19.95
No. 3-08A (CSA-GREY) $19.95



$14.95 EACH GILDED METAL REPLICA
ONE-SIDED BLUE CLOISONNE
COMPLETE WITH NECK CHAIN

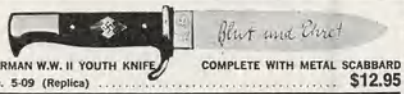
"BLUE MAX" MEDAL
REPLICA OF FAMOUS "POUR LE MERITE", GERMANY'S HIGHEST DECORATION AWARDED TO ROMMEL IN WWI. No. 20-77 ..... $14.95

$24.95 EACH
ORIGINAL, NOT A REPLICA
COMES WITH DECALS

COLLECTOR'S HELMET
WWII GERMAN "STAHLHELM" (STEEL HELMET). ORIGINAL WWII HELMET USED BY WEHRMACHT PRIOR TO SURRENDER IN 1945. FULL LINER, CHIN STRAP, REPAINTED AND DECALS FURNISHED. NO SIZE CHOICE, EXCELLENT CONDITION.
No. 7-01 ..... $24.95

ORIGINAL GOGGLES $4.95 EACH
RARE!
LIMITED QUANTITY!

ROMMEL'S GOGGLES
RARE COLLECTORS FIND . . .
STILL IN WWII ISSUE PACKAGE. SAME GOGGLES AS WORN BY FAMED GERMAN FIELD MARSHALL ERWIN ROMMEL, "THE DESERT FOX," COMMANDER OF THE AFRIKA KORPS. ORIGINALLY OF BRITISH ISSUE, THESE GOGGLES WERE USED BY ROMMEL AND HIS TROOPS AS LIBERATED "SPOILS OF WAR." MANY PHOTOS OF ROMMEL SHOW HIM WEARING THIS LIGHT GOGGLE ON HIS VISOR HAT AND HE IS KNOWN TO HAVE PREFERRED THEM BECAUSE OF THEIR LIGHTNESS AND PROVEN EFFECTIVENESS IN THE HARSH DESERT WEATHER. THESE "ROMMEL GOGGLES" ARE **GUARANTEED 100% ORIGINAL**, PRE-1945 MANUFACTURE AND ARE ADDITIONALLY GUARANTEED TO BE THE EXACT TYPE WORN BY ROMMEL. CONDITION "LIKE NEW," READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE. AVAILABLE INDIVIDUALLY (#30-083), IN SETS OF TWO (#30-083A), AND IN A MASTER PACK OF SIX (#30-083B), WHICH CONSISTS OF ORIGINAL DATED STAMPED SLIP CASE CONTAINER WITH FOUR CLEAR AND TWO TINTED SETS OF GOGGLES. **RARE! LIMITED QUANTITY! ORDER NOW!**
No. 30-083 ONE PAIR $4.95
No. 30-083A TWO PAIR $8.95
No. 30-083B MASTER PACK $29.95



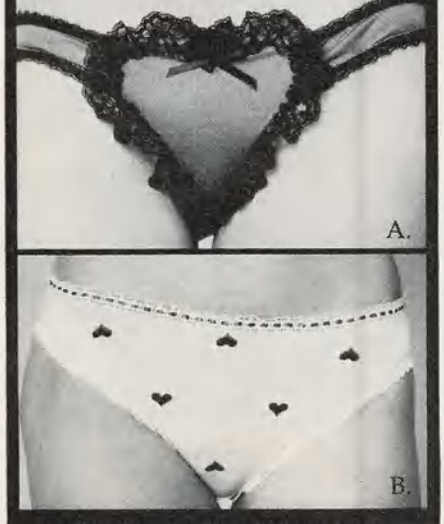
Blut und Ehre

GERMAN W.W. II YOUTH KNIFE
COMPLETE WITH METAL SCABBARD
No. 5-09 (Replica) $12.95

SEND CHECK, MONEY-ORDER or CHARGE YOUR ORDER! AMERICAN EXPRESS, BANKAMERICARD, MASTERCHARGE, DINERS CLUB
Minimum Charge: $10.00 Add $1.50 Postage & Handling.
CALL TOLL FREE (ORDERS ONLY) Florida Residents Call: 1-(800) 432-5024
1-(800) 327-1010 24 HRS.-7 DAYS A WEEK

FREE COLOR CATALOG OF OVER 1000 ITEMS WITH YOUR ORDER

UNIQUE IMPORTS, INC. Dept. PH-028
800 SLATERS LANE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22314 U.S.A.



YOU'LL LOVE FEELING HER HEART THROB.

A. Red hot satin bikini with black outlined heart $6.

B. White nylon bikini with red embroidered hearts and sexy beading on top $6.

In S-M-L. Add $1 p & h for each garment. Send to VIVA Lingerie, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add sales tax *Immediate delivery.*

SEND FOR YOUR FREE VIVA LINGERIE CATALOGUE.

VIVA LINGERIE

government employees, who appear to suffer along with the rest of us at the supermarket, are already substantially overpaid. Their inflation-generated salary-and-fringe-benefit increases actually enable them to prosper from inflation.

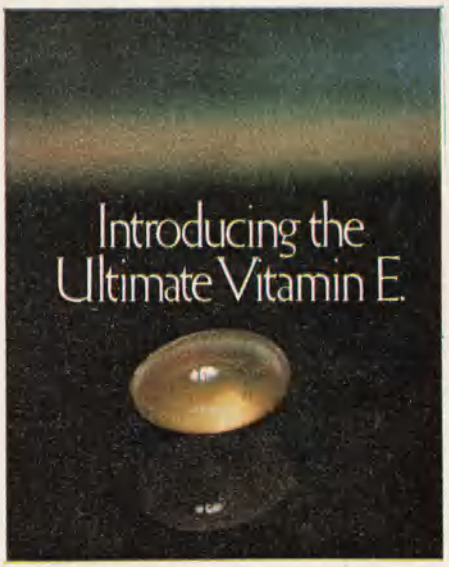
The facts bear this out. All the way back in 1929, government employees were better paid than the rest of us during all the years when inflation was high. The only time that they have fallen behind the average, and then only marginally, was during the decade of the fifties—when inflation was low. Since the mid-sixties, when inflationism really began to take hold, there has been a dramatic escalation in the pay accorded to Jerry Wurf's membership.

To study Wurf's handiwork up close, you need only take a look at New York City. It was there that Wurf perfected his techniques for wangling excessive wage settlements. He said of himself, "The guy who invented public-employee strikes in New York was a fellow named Jerry Wurf. I used to tear the city apart with grim regularity." That he did. And, thanks to his efforts, the city borrowed billions to pay fantastic salaries and fringe benefits. At one point, a garbageman working for the city cost taxpayers an average of $19,654 annually. Employees in some departments worked notoriously short hours. Uniformed service personnel received sixty-two days of paid vacation—two months—each year. Retirement plans were go generous that in some instances the pensions that city employees received were actually higher than the salaries they received when working. The result, as everyone knows, has been bankruptcy for New York.

And other municipalities, and even states, are not far behind. Wurf has taken his salary-grab tactics nationwide. When responsible people try to resist, Wurf can organize strikes that will withhold essential services until his demands are met. Since Wurf came to power in the nationwide union, the number of strikes by government employees has skyrocketed. In 1963 there were only twenty-nine strikes, with a total of 15,400 man-days lost. By 1970 the number of strikes by government employees had escalated 1400 percent to 412—more than one per day. And the total of man-days lost had increased to 2,023,200. In most instances these strikes have been successful. With the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees in charge of everything from the water supply to maintenance at the courthouse, it is no longer an idle threat when AFSCME leaders announce, as Gerald W. McEntee did in Pennsylvania: "Let's go out and close down this goddamned state."

Wurf and his union members are the shock troops of inflationism. They form the core of active, public agitation for larger federal deficits and the conversion of the government into an agency for servicing of debt.

As more and more communities borrow in order to satisfy the demands of Wurf's members, the shift to an inflationist econ-



You've probably heard people call Vitamin E "the sex vitamin". Many people believe that Vitamin E actually increases one's sexual drive and potency.

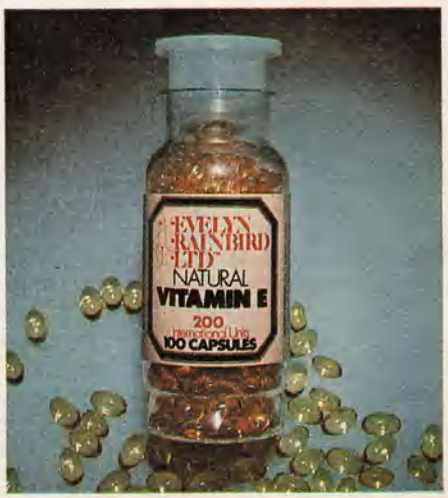
Vitamin E also reportedly has the capability of making a person feel healthier, more vigorous and alert.

Is all of this true? Honestly, we can't be sure. There just isn't a big enough body of scientific fact to make any equivocal statement.

All we can say is that we have made the Ultimate Vitamin E, the best one possible. Produced in one of the leading vitamin laboratories, where it has been subjected to extraordinary tests . . . yet test after test has proven the incredibly high quality of our Vitamin E.

To order a bottle containing 100 capsules send check or money order for $4.95 (200 units) or $6.95 (400 units) plus $1.00 p and h to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., ™ 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD™



omy accelerates. The cities and states have to beg the Feds for money, and that, in turn, requires larger federal-budget deficits. The process feeds upon itself.

As long as Wurf and his government employees are richly paid to be enthusiastic about inflationism, they will be. And their role will become more crucial as increasing numbers of people begin to understand what is going on. In spite of the slick advertising campaign that Wurf has undertaken to pooh-pooh concern about inflation, the public is beginning to worry. Pollster Albert Sindlinger recently told a Senate committee that public confidence in the government had slipped to an all-time low. Only the government employees still had any; the overwhelming majority of people didn't. Sindlinger told the senators that true popular support could not be restored until inflation was ended.

The inflationists don't want that. So they will struggle along with the confidence of 10 percent of the population—the government employees—and hope that Jerry Wurf can raise it to 15 percent by finding millions of cushy new jobs. He will try mightily, using strikes and the threat of strikes to pad the government payroll in one community after another. And whenever he meets resistance, he will take ads denouncing "fat cats" for "cutting back human services in order to balance their books."

As we listen to his pep talks, we'll surely note that, compared with David Rockefeller or some of the other inflationists, Wurf at least sounds sincere. But then, as Sinclair Lewis noted, even "a cockroach is sincere."

J. PAUL AUSTIN

Austin, who is sixty-two, has been chief executive officer of Coca-Cola since 1966. He was a Wall Street lawyer before he joined Coke; he has risen rapidly there, first to take charge of the company's export division and, eventually, of the entire worldwide operation. During the years Austin has been peddling soft drinks, he has evidently attained a shrewd dealer's appreciation for the way that printing-press money can aid certain types of businesses—such as Coca-Cola. As a charter member of The Trilateral Commission and the financial patron of Jimmy Carter, Austin is well positioned to be one of the leading inflationists.

But don't check your Coke carton for a little blurb stating that inflation is good for you. Austin doesn't promote inflation that way. He is a silent partner in inflation, a man who, like all good Wall Street lawyers, never says an intelligible word in public. He does his work behind the scenes.

Since Carter's election Austin has had an almost unparalleled number of channels into the councils of power. Austin's corporate lawyer, Charles Kirbo, is widely recognized as Jimmy Carter's great friend and confidant—the Bebe Rebozo of the late seventies. Another Austin protégé, a

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction—or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective devices available from around the world. Devices that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!)

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection
Dept. H-2
P.O. Box 31039
San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

I am _____ years old.

Signed _____

HORNY?

LET YOUR T-SHIRT TELL THE TAIL!

Join the Horny Hoot Owl Club and get it all together:

- The T-shirt that says it for you—as illustrated. Sensuously soft cotton and polyester. It's a turn-on!
- Membership card entitling you to discounts on coming attractions from the Club.
- You learn how to recognize other Horny members with or without shirts.

All for **only $9.95!**

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Get it off in the mail today to:

The Owl's Nest, Inc.
P.O. Box 5804, Fullerton, CA 92635

Please enroll me as an active member of the "Horny Hoot Owl Club." Enclosed find $_____ for _____ membership(s).

Rush my T-shirt in the size indicated:

LADIES ☐ Small ☐ Large ☐ Medium
MEN ☐ X Large ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐ Small

My Name _____

Member's Name _____ (If different from above)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4 weeks for delivery. © 1977 The Owl's Nest, Inc.

catch up with PENTHOUSE

MAY 77

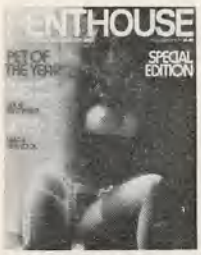
JUNE 77

JULY 77

AUGUST 77

SEPTEMBER 77

OCTOBER 77



NOVEMBER 77

DECEMBER 77

Per-issue prices are: $1.50 through August 1977; $2.00 for September, October and November 1977; $2.50 for December 1977 and January 1978. Please include $.50 for each copy ordered to cover postage and handling.

Send check or money order to:
PENTHOUSE Back-Issue Dept.
21st Floor, 909 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

former member of Kirbo's Atlanta firm, is Attorney Gen. Griffin Bell. Still another Kirbo partner, Jack Watson, is secretary to the cabinet.

Over in the Pentagon Austin's associate, Charles W. Duncan, former president of Coca-Cola, has been installed as deputy secretary of defense. These and other individuals who form a "Coke Connection" give Austin ample scope for promoting his views at the White House. When he feels the need, as he reportedly already has, Austin can arrange secret, face-to-face meetings with Jimmy Carter.

Since Austin is no political blabbermouth and won't tell you himself why he is aiding the cause of inflationism, it takes a bit of detective work to figure out the reasons. One of the important clues came from an unlikely source—President Mobutu of Zaire.

Those who have followed Mobutu's colorful career know him variously as: (1) a CIA stooge, (2) the promoter of the George Foreman–Muhammed Ali fight, (3) the man who bankrupted what used to be known as the Belgian Congo. Not all the residents of Mobutu's country are fight fans; so a bit of unrest has developed over the other two cornerstones of his reputation. He has recently been locked in battle with a ragtag band of Katanga rebels. At one point, when fighting was going poorly for his team, a desperate Mobutu sent a message to his sponsors in Washington. He said: "Send Coke."

He asked for arms and money, too, of course. But the really fascinating part of his request was the demand for an emergency airlift of Coca-Cola. It appears that under Mobutu's rule, the Zairian economy had become so impecunious as to be unable to afford enough of the "real thing." With his government practically in receivership to commercial banks, as a result of his having borrowed tons of money that he could not repay, Mobutu had to institute an austerity program.

That meant that the natives did not have enough cash to purchase all the Coca-Cola they would have liked. So when the revolt broke out, Coke had become a luxury item. Mobutu's army balked at fighting until more of it was flown in.

The situation had all the makings of a comic opera, except that it underscores an important reason why J. Paul Austin is an inflationist. The export of inflation around the world has been a major factor in lifting the sales of Coke in underdeveloped countries. Although Coke's exact sales figures are a closely guarded secret, we have ascertained that there has been a dramatic increase in the sales of Coke syrup abroad in the last decade. As a leading analyst put it, "Coca-Cola management continues to effectively blunt the impact of the long-term slowdown in U.S. and foreign soft-drink consumption by penetrating formerly untapped regions." The more credit that is extended to the underdeveloped countries, the more Coke Austin can sell. It is that simple.

Credit expansion is perhaps the most common form of inflation. When banks extend credit to countries like Zaire, which has virtually no prospect of repaying the loans out of income, it is the same thing as printing money.

In either case, whether the banks print the money and ship it to Mobutu or simply give him a check, you and people you know bear the cost. Your money and the value of your insurance and savings are proportionately reduced to subsidize someone else's consumption.

If you are the average American, you probably buy just about as much Coca-Cola as you are ever likely to. Even if you were a millionaire, you probably would not spend more on Coke. There is only one way J. Paul Austin can get his hands on more of your wealth—if you no longer control it. If inflation takes 10 percent of the value of your income and savings and redistributes it to persons who *will* use it to purchase Coca-Cola, then Austin's sales and profits go up.

And that is just what happens. Not only have hundreds of billions in credit expansion been diverted to subsidize purchasing power in underdeveloped countries, but also much of the inflation at home has served the same purpose. Inflationists, such as Austin, have been rewarded by the shift of funds from savings to consumption through such means as government welfare programs.

While the redistribution of your spending power is justified with noble-sounding rhetoric, its real purpose is to reward the inflationists, such as J. Paul Austin. He knows that while inflation may not be one of those "things" which "go better with Coke," Coke does go better with inflation.

THORNTON F. BRADSHAW

Bradshaw, who is sixty, has been president of Atlantic Richfield Oil Company since 1964. He formerly was a professor at the Harvard University School of Business Administration and is a director of the American Petroleum Institute. He was a member of Jimmy Carter's campaign energy-policy task force and of the oil-industry commission, which last spring issued a heavily publicized report setting forth big oil's energy plan. He is the oil industry's foremost inflationist.

Thornton Frederick Bradshaw is perhaps the only businessman in American history who has come out publicly in favor of inflation. He may well be the only human being in world history who has come out for *planned* inflation.

The current world price for crude oil is $14.50 a barrel. According to Bradshaw, if it weren't for blackmail by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, the free-market price would be more like three or four dollars. This fact upsets Bradshaw—not because OPEC's price is too high, but because he thinks it's not high enough. Bradshaw has been going around telling his fellow oil executives that the Arabs can't

be relied on to keep the price of oil high enough to make it worth the companies' while to look for new reserves. He wants the U.S. government to step in and come up with a long-term plan to jack up the price of oil and keep it there.

We are constantly being warned that "proven" reserves of oil are so low that if we don't start tearing up Indian reservations and immediately look for coal, we're all going to be reading *Penthouse* by the light of goose-grease candles in about five years. Bradshaw knows that this warning is nonsense and that "proven" reserves are only a small fraction of what's underground.

He knows that the reason the rest is still unproven is that, to all intents, the companies haven't troubled themselves to look for new oil since 1957. Instead, until the Arabs mugged us in October 1973, the oil companies took cheap sheik crude, tacked on a generous markup for themselves, and flogged it to us.

Now that 3,000 Saudi princes have got us by the shorthairs, you'd think that Bradshaw would be hot to start drilling again elsewhere. But he isn't satisfied to rely just on OPEC greed to keep oil expensive enough to guarantee that searching for it will be profitable. He wants Washington to out-Arab the Arabs: "the permanent management of crude-oil prices by the U.S. government."

"Under such a plan," Bradshaw wrote recently, "the government would first set a goal for crude-oil production and then set a price that makes it possible to meet that goal. . . . We should raise or lower prices on our own initiative, based on what is needed to nurture production incentives rather than simply to cope with the actions of OPEC or others."

Bradshaw said "raise or lower" because if he just said "raise," the villagers would be coming for him with torches. But he goes on to say that there would be no need to control oil-product prices, because under his plan gasoline and fuel oil prices "would, in the marketplace, merely rise to acceptable levels through industrial efficiency and competition."

And you always thought that, in the marketplace, prices *fell* through industrial efficiency and competition!

Do we need to tell you that Bradshaw's plan wouldn't do a thing to stimulate discovery of new oil? As one senator has pointed out, "With the threefold increase in oil prices, production of new oil has not increased."

There's a simple alternative to the federally planned oil-price inflation that Bradshaw is trying to shove up our gas tanks: an end to control over energy markets by the inflationist elite. By freeing natural gas and oil from price controls we could do just what Bradshaw doesn't want—expose his regulated prices to open competition.

That would lead to what Bradshaw calls a "disorderly" glut of new energy supplies. And, in short order, energy prices would fall, just as they have twice before in this century after political price controls were removed.

Of course, Bradshaw and other inflationists don't want a free market in energy. There is so much money involved in energy sales, and the industry is so volatile, that open competition might bring success to their competitors. This could weaken the grip that inflationists have over the economy and possibly even threaten their control of the government. To avoid that possibility, the oil inflationists welcome Carter's "energy program."

Representatives of ARCO, EXXON, and Shell vetoed a suggestion that the American Petroleum Institute launch a full-scale fight against the Carter plan. They knew that while Carter pretends that he is fighting oil giants "who want it all," his policies are really meant to smother competition within the oil industry and thus really give "it all" to companies controlled by Bradshaw and his fellow inflationists.

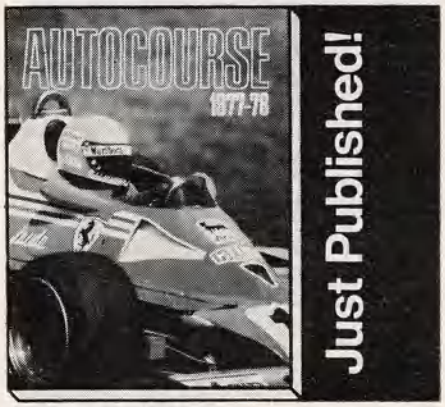
After a few years of inflationists calling the energy shots in the Carter Administration, you can be sure that the number of major competitive companies in the oil industry will fall—and the price you will pay at the pump will go up, up, up.

THE INFLATION OF NATIONS

Inflationism isn't a dark conspiracy. The inflationists don't meet wearing false beards in a cellar or plot out, around a candle in a Chianti bottle, how they're going to ding us next. They don't have to conspire together, because inflation is so much in the interest of each that he would have to be a fool—or a hero—not to promote it. We chose the five inflationists profiled in this article because their individual activities contribute so effectively to the cause of inflationism. Yet, as we investigated these men, we discovered that despite their apparent economic and geographic separation, they are in regular contact with each other. For example, you might imagine that a soft-drink executive, a central banker, and a municipal union leader would seldom be in the same room together. Yet Austin, Burns, and Wurf all belong to the Twentieth Century Fund, a public-affairs research foundation. Austin and Rockefeller are members of The Trilateral Commission. Bradshaw's boss, ARCO Chairman Robert Anderson, is a member of the Chase Manhattan board that David Rockefeller chairs—Chase, as luck would have it, being the largest stockholder in ARCO.

What do inflationists chat about when they happen to bump into each other in this way? We don't know. Perhaps they talk about what a terrible flight they had or what a devilish tennis serve someone has. We'll just sign off with an observation that the British laissez-faire economist Adam Smith, author of *The Wealth of Nations*, made back in 1776. "People of the same trade," wrote Smith, "seldom meet together but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some diversion to raise prices." OH

TREAT YOURSELF . .
TO THE EXCITING AND COLORFUL WORLD OF RACING CAPTURED IN THE TWO FINEST MOTOR SPORT ANNUALS AVAILABLE!
These are the books that come fully recommended by such racing greats as Niki Lauda, Jackie Stewart, James Hunt, Barry Sheene and Mike Hailwood. They include all the major events of the 1977 International Road Racing Season.



Autocourse 1977-78
Over 200 pages of action packed details on the cars, drivers and events of F1-2 and 3, World Championship for Sports Cars, Le Mans 24 Hours, and much more. Special sections on the U.S. Racing Scene and Comprehensive Race Results. Hundreds of photos in color and black and white 7134A $24.95

Motocourse 1977-78
Profiles the personalities, bikes and events that make up the exciting International Motorcycle Road Racing scene. Over 200 pages, filled with hundreds of color and black and white photos, cover all the major battles, including AMA Camel Pro Grand Nationals and Anglo American Match Races 10202A $21.95

PHONE TOLL FREE
24hr.800-826-6600
Wisconsin, Canada Rush Service Call 715-294-3345.
No COD to Canada.

Classic Motorbooks
P.O. BOX 1/Q2
OSCEOLA, WISCONSIN 54020

Please send __copies of Autocourse @ $24.95 ea.
Please send __copies of Motocourse @ $21.95 ea.
Please include $1.00 handling fee on all orders.
Enclosed is $_____
CHARGE: ☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Acct. #_____ Exp._____ MC Bank #_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Q2

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on the fashions shown on pages 124–127, contact these manufacturers or stores.

PIERRE BALMAIN MENSWEAR
9 West Fifty-seventh Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 759-8422

Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
J. Riggings, Atlanta, Ga.
Dino's, Cincinnati, Ohio
Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.

AL B. ARDEN (pullover sweat shirt only)
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 581-4179

Cy Amber, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Louis, Boston, Mass.
Dimensions, Philadelphia, Pa.
Whitehouse & Hardy, New York and Chicago (big pullover shirt only)
Frost Bros., San Antonio, Tex.
Ultimo, Chicago, Ill.
Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco, Calif.

BARNEY SAMPSON CO.
40 West Fifty-seventh Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 541-5420

Eric Ross, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Anthonie's, Minneapolis, Minn.
H.D. Crosby, Columbus, Ohio
Ron Ross, Tarzana, Calif.

GIL TRUEDSSON for ERICSON OF SWEDEN
545 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) PL1-4308

The Tannery, San Francisco, Calif.
Beau Brummell, Forest Hills, N.Y.
Cote d' Azur, Philadelphia, Pa.

BILL KAISERMAN for RAFAEL FASHIONS (chamois shirt only)
29 West Fifty-sixth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 399-2450

Morry's, Chicago, Ill.
Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco, Calif.
Noah's Ark, Miami Beach, Fla.

BEGED-OR II (V-neck pullover blouson only)
526 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 221-6922

Boutique St. Tropez, New York, N.Y.
Robert Lee, Boise, Idaho (vest and chaps only)
Steven Burger, New York, N.Y.

J. WALDEN
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 592-6011

Barney's, New York, N.Y.
Georgetown Leathers, Washington, D.C.
Gatsby's, Chicago, Ill.
Nordstrom's, Seattle, Wash.

ACCESSORIES

GEORGE G. GRAHAM GALLERIES
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 582-7750

WRAPID TRANSIT from WRANGLER
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 868-5300

UNIQUE CLOTHING WAREHOUSE CO.
716 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10003 (212) 674-1767

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

The American Jewish Congress was pleased to see in *Penthouse* the article "The Myth of a Palestinian Homeland," by the AJC's research director, Moshe Decter. We liked it so much that we have made many reprints of it.—*Richard Cohen, Associate Executive Director, American Jewish Congress, New York, N.Y.*

I would like to let Mr. Moshe Decter know of my sincere appreciation for his superbly written article "The Myth of a Palestinian Homeland" (October 1977). It is the first time, to my knowledge, that someone has comprehensively published the truth about the political events in Palestine since the beginning of the First World War. I can only hope that this article has a wide distribution in the United States, so that it may reverse a public attitude and the thoughts of so many who are presently following only the usual propaganda headlines.—*Dr. Bernhard Reimann, El Paso, Tex.*

Barry Manilow

I am really shocked that *Penthouse* would publish such a one-sided, opinionated article as "The Cyclamate of Pop" by Henry Post (November 1977). I read your magazine because of the articles, which are usually polished and of excellent caliber, but what an exception your Barry Manilow profile is!

Pride in one's self, work, and accomplishments is something too few people have these days. Why knock someone who has worked so long and hard for his success and is pleased and proud of it? Barry Manilow has every reason to feel that way. He continues to develop a wonderful gift, with every drop of sweat, every cramp in the hand, and long, lonely nights spent trying to get the music just right.

Barry Manilow does write the songs. Mr. Post, you wrote some crap!—*Brenda Wittern, Atlanta, Ga.*

I take offense at your recent article both for myself and for Barry Manilow. I was the middle Harlette on Barry's first tour, and I never heard any of the comments Henry Post claims were made by us.

I believe that there is a place for many kinds of music in this country, and Barry Manilow obviously satisfies the need for well-arranged and well-sung songs. He has worked many years for his success and has paid his dues many times.—*Robin Grean, New York, N.Y.*

Veterans' convention

We would like to inform those of your readers who would be interested about the upcoming Eleventh Annual Convention of the National Association of Concerned Veterans. The convention will open on Monday, April 3, and run through Friday, April 7, 1978, in Baltimore, Md. Several dignitaries will be visiting with us, and Baltimore is only forty-five minutes from Washington, D.C., in the event that you would like to meet your congressmen or senators. All of this should make the convention interesting, informative, and rewarding. Write to me for more information and reservations.—*Jeffries Carey, Chairman, National Association of Concerned Veterans, 4710 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21207*

Hundreds of thousands of Vietnam-era vets have been refused jobs and benefits because of less-than-honorable discharges. Jimmy Carter was elected president with the understanding that he would establish a program which would review individual cases of vets with "bad paper" discharges and, with luck, improve those discharges. And Carter did just that; he fulfilled his obligation with a shit-eating grin.

Of the 400,000 Vietnam War vets with bad discharges only 60,000 applied for upgrading. Of those who applied, less than half, 28,000, have been processed so far and only 16,000 of those were approved for upgrading. In other words, about one out of every twenty-five vets with bad papers from Vietnam had his discharge upgraded.

Well, that's better than nothing, no? What about that kid of eighteen years, who back in 1969, thought he was leaving the farm and going off to war to keep integrity, justice, and democracy sacred only to find himself killing strangers just to keep big business big back home? That kid got demoralized, depressed, degraded, defeated, and, in some cases, deformed.

When that liar Nixon decided to escalate his police action, he needed more bodies, no matter what their education, police record, or emotional makeup. Since they'd be killed sooner or later anyway, it really didn't matter. But they weren't all murdered. Quite a few were able to get away one way or another; they escaped either "dishonorably" or "generally."

Remember those 16,000 vets who were upgraded? Half of them will lose their VA benefits after they go through a military-review board. The new law that Carter signed denies automatic eligibility to upgraded veterans.

Well, why not? Those vets have good paper now. They can get back the same jobs they had before they quit and went to war; that is, if they had jobs back then. And college? Vocational training? Why, these seedy little people can just put themselves through school on welfare—right, Jimmy?

Why Carter decided to compromise all those people I'll never know. Perhaps things would be different if they were all named Bert Lance.—*Andrew Lacher, Mesa, Ariz.*

Photo feedback

I have just gone through my November copy of *Penthouse*, and I have a comment to make. Your photo story "Through a Lens Starkly" is pure dynamite. I have enjoyed it very much, and so, much to my delighted surprise, has my wife. It seems that one of

"some straight talk about vitamins and your sex-life"

T.E. HOLDING III, PRESIDENT, HOLDING LABORATORIES

Copyright 1977 © A.L. Stone & Co./Holding Laboratories

Today there is a new openness and honesty about the way we think and express ourselves. And thanks to this, frank discussion of how to achieve a healthy, satisfying sex life is no longer taboo. We are discovering new things about our sexuality. Things that have, in all truth, waited much too long to be discovered.

I am going to tell you about some new facts and discoveries concerning the effect vitamins and nutrition have on your sex life. And about a research program, conducted by Holding Laboratories, that has led to the development of a remarkable new formula. This formula is a scientifically balanced vitamin tonic and stimulant called Sex-Alert, and it contains several vital substances that our research has proven are essential to a normal, healthy, and enjoyable sex life. First, however, I want to mention that Holding Laboratories is a long established firm with a reputation for making quality pharmaceutical products. We were founded in 1888 and have been in business for over 89 years. We are one of the oldest pharmaceutical firms in the United States.

WHAT WE DISCOVERED

Today vitamins and their positive effect on health are widely accepted but this has only come about within the last 20 years.

As our firm manufactures many vitamin products, we became professionally interested in the relationship between vitamins, nutrition, and sex, and we started detailed research. Much to our surprise, the older studies of human sexual behavior made by Sigmund Freud, Havelock Ellis and Kinsey (all done before the middle 1950's) made almost no mention of the important relationship between vitamins, nutrition and sex.

Yet newer research into human nutrition did! Many well-known doctors and scientists confirm the important effects proper vitamins have on sexual performance. And the internationally respected nutritionist, Adelle Davis, who has done more to build our growing awareness of the importance of vitamins than any other researcher, believed the following—

—many people's sexual difficulties disappear with proper vitamins and nutrition. And these sexual difficulties included the lack of sexual desire and impotence.

—the body's manufacture of hormones essential to adequate sexual performance in both men and women is directly related to proper vitamins and nutrition.

—active sexual performance is easily maintained into a person's 50's, 60's, 70's and beyond... providing their diet includes the proper vitamins and nutrition.

Let's face it. Sex is a physical act. And for the human body to perform any physical act with vigor, vitality, and lasting power, the right vitamins and nutrients must be present.

OUR RESEARCH PROJECT

As we continued investigation into the specific vitamins which most directly affect sexual performance, we made some interesting and important discoveries.

First, a lot of medical research had focused on hormone supplements. But these so-called "miracle hormones" proved disappointing in terms of safety and long range effectiveness. And, the body produces a plentiful supply of its own, natural hormones when the proper vitamins are present.

We also found that human sexual organs need specific vitamins and nutrients in *concentrated* quantities — and that while a person's diet may provide enough nourishment for general health, *it may not supply enough of the special vitamins necessary for adequate sexual desire and performance* — especially considering our national eating habits and the large amounts of highly processed foods we eat.

After over two years of careful research, analysis and testing, Sex-Alert was perfected. It supplements a person's normal intake of the vitamins and nutrients we have discovered to be essential to a healthy sex life. And Sex-Alert has been fully assayed and laboratory tested for *quality, potency* and *purity* in accordance with all Federal and State Agencies.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT THE REMARKABLY EFFECTIVE SEX-ALERT FORMULA

What are the main ingredients of Sex-Alert?

Vitamin E, Ginseng, Thiamine Hydrochloride, Niacin, Zinc, Iron and Para Amino Benzoic Acid.

What effect do Vitamin E and Ginseng play?

Vitamin E is needed by the body before sex hormones can be produced. Need for Vitamin E soars during menopause, and hot flashes and night sweats often disappear when it is taken. It also builds muscle strength and vitality. Tests have indicated that lack of Vitamin E has produced sterility in males and tragic malformations developed in embryos that died early. Vitamin E is also widely publicized as helping to forestall the aging process.

Ginseng research is being performed in order to verify that Ginseng should be classified as an "adaptogen" — a substance that increases an organism's resistance to adverse factors of a physical, chemical, and biological nature. Holding Laboratories' has pioneered in medical research on adaptogens. Ginseng could be the most reliable of adaptogens, and Soviet research reports that Ginseng increases vitality and endurance, and helps overcome the effects of physical and psychological stress. All are important factors in a normal, healthy and enjoyable sex life.

What about Sex-Alert's other ingredients?

Zinc deficiencies, which are not uncommon, are related to the retardation of sexual development of men and prostate disorders. At an American medical meeting, Dr. H.A. Ronagy of Pahlaul University in Iran reported on a study of 187 dwarfs among 20 year old men. Given Zinc as a nutritional supplement, they developed sexually and grew in height. Para Amino Benzoic Acid, an important B complex vitamin, has corrected the premature graying of hair. The other ingredients aid in combating emotional disturbances, mental depression, and are utilized by the nervous and circulatory systems.

Is Sex-Alert an Aphrodisiac?

No. It is a safe, ethical product, for both men and women. It can be taken without prescription. Its precise, balanced formulation of key vitamins and nutrients builds the body's content of essential vitamins and nutrients to a consistent, high level in order to promote a healthy and enjoyable sex life.

What results has Sex-Alert Achieved?

Hundreds of letters attesting to Sex Alert's remarkable effectiveness are fully documented and are maintained in Holding Laboratories Research and Product Development files. A mature preacher who had not engaged in sex for many years has had his sex drive reawakened. And many women indicate their sex life has changed from semi-frigidity to full enjoyment and satisfaction. Others report their sexual appetite increased —to a point where they wanted sex one or two times daily instead of just once or twice a month. Sex-Alert produces results in just 10 to 14 days. It is a safe, sane, balanced way to a more perfect sex life.

AN INVITATION FOR YOU TO DISCOVER SEX-ALERT UNDER THE TERMS OF A SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE OF COMPLETE SATISFACTION

A.L. Stone & Co. has been chosen to act as our exclusive mail-order distributor of Sex-Alert. It is available only from them. You've read this ad—which means you've read some honest, straight talk about vitamins and your sex life. Research (the famed Masters and Johnson study) shows that at least half the marriages in this country (if not many more) are plagued by some form of sexual inadequacy.

Now it's time for you to consider your sex life — honestly and straightforwardly. Consider your needs. And those of your partner. If you'd like to try Sex-Alert, we urge you to do so for 30 days. If you feel the results are not what you hoped for just return the unused portion for a full and immediate refund of your entire purchase price. We know how effective Sex-Alert is. And we will not sell it without this special guarantee.

Mail to: A. L. Stone & Co. Dept. SA— 22
358 Lantana Avenue, Englewood, New Jersey 07631

Please send me the supply of Sex-Alert as indicated below. Also include your free book on mental and physical aspects of a healthy sex life. I understand that if unhappy, I may return the unused supply of Sex-Alert for a full and complete refund.

☐ Please send me one bottle of Sex-Alert (#250306) for $4.99 (plus 75¢ postage and handling.)

☐ Please send me two bottles of Sex-Alert (#250306)—a 60 day supply—for only $8.98. I save $1.75 because postage is paid!

Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____
(New Jersey residents please add 5% sales tax) (print name clearly)

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

With The Pleasure Machine You Get:

The Four Hands
Attachments for special parts of your body.

The Satisfier
The ultimate stimulator. Designed to safely massage delicate clitoral tissues.

The Stamford System
An explicit, illustrated how-to-book.

In the Deluxe Edition You Also Get:

The Lotions
5 Oils and unguents to use with the Machine. They heat and cool your skin, making it your most responsive sexual organ.

The Velvet Bag
A convenient pouch for your oils and unguents.

The Pleasure Machine

$20.

Now any woman can reach a level of sexual pleasure she never dreamed possible. The Pleasure Machine, now featuring two speeds, is designed to give you full, satisfying orgasms, while fine tuning your body to be more responsive to your lover.

It will help you discover erogenous zones you never knew you had. And lead you to warm whirling orgasm with its silent throbbing stimulation. It can help you direct your lover's attention to all the secret places you've uncovered. And together you can let yourselves go. Again. And again.

Our Guarantee:

Use and enjoy The 2-Speed Pleasure Machine for 30 days. If still not satisfied, simply return it to us for a full refund.

ORDER NOW AND RECEIVE YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE FREE!

Stamford Hygienic, Corp. Dept. ZP-6
114 Manhattan Street, Stamford, Conn. 06902

Please send me:
____The Pleasure Machine, $20. ____Deluxe Edition, $25.
____Deluxe Edition plus elegant leather-like carrying case, $30.
Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order
Signature (if using creditcard)_____
☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge
Account #_____ Exp. Date_____
FREE SEXUAL HOROSCOPE SENT WITH ORDER!!!
My birth date is_____. ☐ Male ☐ Female
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Please add $1 to every order to cover postage and handling
Free catalogue sent with order © 1977, Stamford Hygienic, Corp.

THE PENTHOUSE CASE AGAINST TIME

Time is tough on the pages of your favorite magazine. Our new Custom Bound Library Case is even tougher; made of rich brown simulated leather, it's built to last and to keep 12 issues in mint condition. The spine is embossed with a gold PENTHOUSE logo and each case includes a gold transfer for recording the date.

Send your check or money order ($4.95 each; 3 for $14.00; 6 for $24.00; postpaid, USA orders only) to:
Penthouse Library Case,
P.O. Box 5120, Philadelphia, Pa. 19141.

Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

WANDA

Leaping off the pages of *Penthouse*, Wicked Wanda, the most explosive heroine of the twentieth century, can be found for the first time in her very own "bound" collector's edition. Wry, whimsical, and wet, Wanda will whip you through her bizarre adventures and light the flames of erotic fantasies unsurpassed.

For a private look at this beautiful premier edition, send check or money order for $2.75 plus $1.00 postage and handling to the **Penthouse Book Society, 909 Third Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. New York residents please add the appropriate sales tax.** Allow 4–6 weeks for *Oh, Wicked Wanda!* to arrive.

her fantasies is quite similar to the ones that are so beautifully and so vividly depicted in this story.

I am quite sure my praise will be said more eloquently, with a lot more verbiage and vitality, but this is one guy who very nearly "got it off" just by looking at this series of photos. I would not object to more of the same.—*David J. Stevens, Houston, Tex.*

Fiction feedback

I read "The Passion of New Eve" by Angela Carter in your November issue, and I quite agree with those who have said that fiction writing in magazines didn't just die; it was murdered by editors who don't know what the hell good fiction is.

It was a fruitless, dragged-out disaster and boring besides.—*S.L., Cincinnati, Ohio*

I was so caught up with the "hero's" adventures in the future city of New York in "The Passion of New Eve" that I went out the same night I'd read the piece and bought the book from which the story is excerpted. The same thing happened after I read the parts you published from Philip Roth's novel "The Professor of Desire" (September and October 1977).

I think that it's a good idea to publish parts of current books. I've never been much of a reader. (I only manage a few magazines a month.) *Penthouse* has helped introduce me to some good books that I've really enjoyed. Best of all, I've added some "brains" to my "brawn"—which is very helpful in approaching the women of the seventies.—*Nicky Russo, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

MOANS & GROANS

I admire the intelligence and courage of Craig Karpel's article "Cartergate: the Death of Democracy" (November 1977). However, I also believe that by presenting sex and alleged beauty as quantities to be consumed, you are taking a giant step toward bringing to reality The Trilateral Commission's vision of a world of soulless consumers. How is this possible? The influence of the mass media is such that your readers may interpret anything your magazine presents as a cultural imperative. And if, in your magazine, human beings are turned into numbers—quantities of sex to be consumed and thrown away—then the best of your intentions in presenting Craig Karpel's article may be engulfed by the influence of unthinking, violent lust unleashed in your pages, which can only eat its prey—or destroy it.—*K.I.B., Albany, Calif.*

A nation of "soulless consumers" might well be The Trilateral Commission's vision, but Penthouse, *far from dehumanizing its audience, offers its readers many varied*

Roll a straight cigarette for a change.

Banish the bumps. Get it straight.

Roll a perfect cigarette with the new Rizla Double Wide Luxury Adjustable Rolling Machine.

Adjusts to two widths, and makes a smooth smoke either way.

Made to measure for use with Rizla Double Wide Rolling Papers.

"I'd like to get it straight with the Rizla Double Wide Rolling Machine." Send $5 for each machine. Or get our special introductory offer and pay only $3 when you enclose 5 front labels of any Rizla cigarette paper packets. California residents add 6% sales tax. Offer expires July 1st, 1978.

RIZLA

enclose $.....for.....machines

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

To: Rizla Products U.S. Inc., 8601 Hayden Place
Culver City, Ca. 90230 P/2/78

political and sexual viewpoints. We believe that this choice is one of the essential elements of a democracy, which would perish without a wide variety of ideas and lively intellects. As long as democracy flourishes, we need not fear The Trilateral Commission's drive for total power.

The first time I ever saw your publication was the other day, when I ran across an old issue, June 1977. I found the whole magazine distasteful, but I was absolutely incensed when I saw the layout "Bound for Glory." By suggesting that men tie women up to get what they want, you encourage and condone the violent crime of rape. The pictures that you show, depicting women bound and gagged, are perverse. To say that women love it is a damnable lie. You are perpetuating the idea that women want to be abused.

There is no justification for the material you publish. I intend to campaign wholeheartedly against your magazine and others like it.—*K.W., Kansas City, Mo.*

"Bound for Glory" is obviously a pictorial satire and certainly does not encourage rape or abuse of women. We are sorry that you missed the humor in the layout.

I have just finished reading the November issue of *Penthouse*. I was disgusted to read that you had awarded $75,000 worth of gifts to a girl whose only claim to fame is posing before a camera with no clothes on. Talk about waste! "She's the most beautiful girl," you may say. More beautiful than I? I doubt it. You see, my beauty is in my head, which brings me to the point of this letter. I had always thought that *Penthouse* advocated beauty from the inside out. You people are perpetuating the idea of women as gold diggers, an image we're all trying to shake. It seems that the women who do the least get the most credit and notoriety in your magazine.

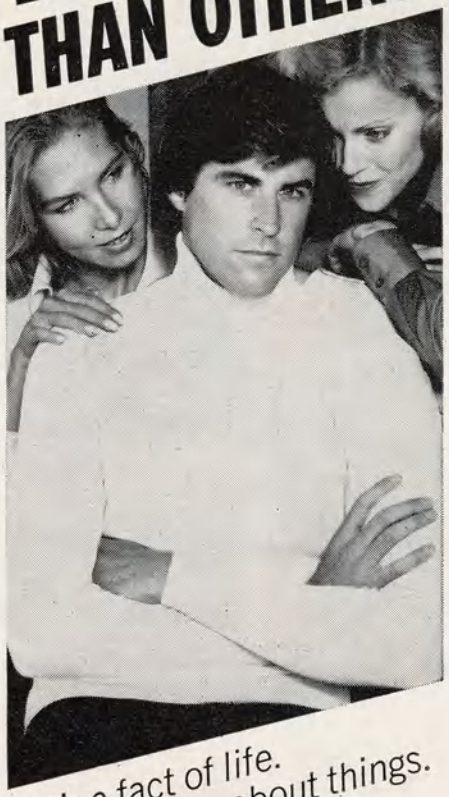
I believe that *Penthouse* and your sister publication, *Viva*, should use that money for women's causes which are trying to do something for the benefit of all women and all mankind.—*P.M., Glen Cove, N.Y.*

"Posing before a camera with no clothes on" is not Victoria Lynn Johnson's "only claim to fame." Not only is she a top model in Atlanta, Ga.; she also has three movie roles to her credit—a promising beginning for a career in films.

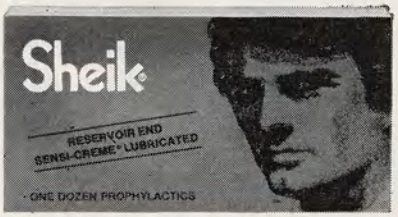
The woman elected Pet of the Year has many responsibilities, including a twenty-two-city tour of veterans' hospitals, where she visits and cheers hundreds of disabled and often lonely ex-servicemen. She lends her promotional services, free of charge, to many charities, such as The March of Dimes.

Viva, as a part of the Penthouse Corporation, was one of the first magazines to donate funds and devote editorial space to the Equal Rights Amendment, one of the best and most important women's causes we know.

SOME GUYS DO BETTER THAN OTHERS.



It's a fact of life.
They're sure about things.
They're in control.
They use Sheik.®
Sheik contraceptives are sensitively thin and transparent, so you feel all there is to feel.



For free samples send coupon and 25¢ (for handling and postage) to:
Schmid Labs., Inc.
P.O. Box 2269
Dept. C, Hillside, N.J. 07205

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Sold in drugstores. Also available in Canada.

Wicked Wanda
I HAVE DECIDED! WE'RE OFF TO HOLLYWOOD—THE MOVIE MECCA OF THE FREE WORLD! YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO SPEAK UP.....
.... OR HOLD YOUR PIECE!
SMOG, SMUT, SMOOTHIES AND SCHMALTZ! HOW CAN SHE DO THIS TO A CIVILISED EUROPEAN?
I'D LIKE TO HOLD HERS!
SERIOUSLY, FELLERS.. THERE'S A WANDA MOVIE AFOOT. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT—ANIMATION LIKE "FRITZ THE CAT"...
... OR REAL LIFE LIKE 'BARBARELLA'? AND WHAT HOLLYWOOD STAR SHOULD PLAY WANDA? SEND YOUR SUGGESTIONS TO: WANDA c/o PENTHOUSE 909 THIRD AVE., N.Y. N.Y., 10022
PLEASE, MOSTEST—MAY I PLAY A SCENE WITH JEAN HARLOW?
VON K FUN MONEY
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

hits HOLLYWOOD next month
SMILE, AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU!
TELL AGENT BEAUREGARD TO STAY WITH HER! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IN THE NAME OF ANDREW JACKSON SHE'S DOING IN HOLLYWOOD?
TELL HIM TO USE HIS BIKE -SAVE ENERGY!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT!
CONSERVE EVERY THING
NUTHIN' THAT HAPPENS IN THIS TOWN SURPRISES ME!
JOE'S HOT DOGS
Chili Dog Special
-AND I, ANITA BRYANT, FRUIT-SQUASHER BY DIVINE APPOINTMENT, PRONOUNCE HER PUBIC ENEMY NUMBER—UH —I'LL PRONOUNCE THAT AGAIN.....
A GAY WITHOUT ANITA IS LIKE A DAY WITHOUT SUNSHINE
WHAT IS SHE— SOME KINDA NEW FAMILY SHOW?
WITH A CLIENT LIKE HER I COULD MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO MOVE OUT OF MY TRAILER!
SHE MUST BE NUTS! EVERYONE ELSE IS LEAVIN' HOLLYWOOD!
ONE THING'S FOR SURE —SHE AIN'T NO THREAT TO ME!
IT'LL BE A CHANGE FROM ALL THOSE FARRAH FAWCETT MAJORS POSTERS!

TEXTURE PLUS™

Not Only Ribbed
Hundreds of Raised "Pleasure Dots"™
To Stimulate Her
To Higher Levels of Sexual Excitement

At last . . . a perfect blend of contraceptive and stimulator. Not like other textured condoms with conventional ribbing. This exclusive condom has ribbing and raised "Pleasure Dots" that are more pronounced . . . raised higher for greater stimulation. But that's not all . . . it's the only condom with texturing all over the condom. Eleven textured rings on the head, hundreds of embossed dots on the shaft. Texture Plus is preshaped and so thin it lets you feel like you're wearing nothing at all. Gently lubricated to work with natural secretions for extra sensitivity. It's the condom you've been waiting for!

Try our Executive Sampler, featuring Texture Plus, BOLD 45™ (world's only color condom that's textured), and more.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND

ADAM™ EVE

Adam & Eve, Dept. DPHS-4
P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush me in an unmarked package:
☐ Texture Plus (wallet of 10 condoms) $6.00
☐ Executive Sampler (30 condoms, featuring Texture Plus)..$11.50
☐ Rebel Rouser (an exciting stimulator ring), 3 for.....$3.00

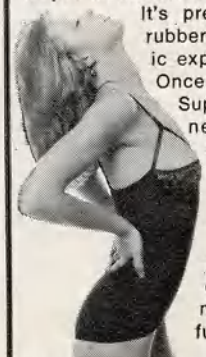
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ©1977, PPA

SUPER VIBE

The amazing dual control, triple action vibrator. It can vibrate with the toughness that you desire or as gently as you require, plus . . .

Super Vibe thrusts up and down, and . . .
Super Vibe rotates round and round.



It's premium quality lifelike rubber will give you the erotic experience of a lifetime. Once you've tried it with Super Vibe, you'll never use any other vibrator. Super Vibe is guaranteed to your total satisfaction or return it within 14 days for your money back in full.

Code 457

If coupon is removed, please send check for $24.95 to **VALENTINE PRODUCTS,** 880 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

VALENTINE PRODUCTS, Dept. SS-179
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

I've enclosed my check or money order for $24.95 plus 75¢ to cover shipping and handling. Please rush me my Super Vibe Vibrator in a plain package today. (N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax).

Name _____
Signature _____
I'm over 18 years of age
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

never thought I'd see the day I would be writing to "Forum." I'm a graduate student at a small, mostly male engineering college in upstate New York. Also, I happen to be a dorm representative at a dormitory known as "The Ranch." Because it is one of the few coed dorms on campus and because of the nature of my position, I get to meet many undergraduate girls. But my job prevents my getting involved with any of these young females. However, this year, much to my regret, I was forced into such a situation.

Late one night I was on duty, as is customary for dorm reps on prescribed nights. It was quite late, and I was getting ready to go to bed. Then, without warning, one of the better-looking freshmen strolled in (I keep my door unlocked while I'm on duty). She seemed a little embarrassed when she explained that she had locked herself out of her room. I had been reading *Penthouse*, which I always find stimulating; as a result, I was somewhat aroused. I think that she noticed, for her voice became very soft and sexy. The next thing I knew, she was sitting next to me with her head on my shoulder, seeking sympathy because she had been having a hard time adjusting to college life.

I started to grow hard, feeling that young, warm female body pressing against mine, but I tried to suppress my urges. Just when I thought I would succeed, she reached down into my shorts and pulled forth my rigid cock. I was past the point of no return.

What followed was the best sex of my life. She proceeded to suck me off with tremendous vigor, and I exploded with such force that she almost choked. She then wrapped her mouth around my balls and teased them playfully with her swirling tongue.

I slowly removed her clothes while she licked up and down my quivering shaft. At that point, I caressed her soft breasts, while gently licking under her armpits. This was quite a turn-on for her. I then slid my tongue across her chest to her pliant nipples and worked my way down toward her pulsating mound. I buried my head in her soft pussy and feasted on her natural juices. She moaned with delight as she erupted in orgasm.

Until now I had been having guilt feelings but could not stop myself from enjoying the strange situation. Her eyes begged me to satisfy her need; so I thrust my rod into her tight, throbbing cunt. We exploded simultaneously. Afterward, she casually admitted that she hadn't really locked herself out. Then she left just as suddenly as she had appeared.

Although I enjoyed every minute of our encounter, it has caused me much worry if anyone finds out what happened, I could lose my job and might be put on disciplinary probation by my school. So, as a warning to all other dorm reps, don't give in!—*Name and address withheld*

New Freedom Pantyhose

At last, pantyhose that are cool, practical, sensual, and healthier, too!

The Danish Garter: The latest in Scandinavian design for total sensuous freedom. There's nothing cooler nor anything more erotic. Available in tan or black. One size fits all. **$5.95. Code #446.**

French Nouveaux: European elegance and practicality. A waist fastener allows you to remove one leg at a time or take panties off without removing hose. Comes with extra third leg. Available in tan or black. One size fits all. **$5.95. Code #420.**

British Conservative: Open-slit front with elastic ensures a snug close fit, yet leaves you cooler and more comfortable than ordinary pantyhose. Available in tan or black. Specify either small, medium or large. **$5.95. Code # 412.**

Valentine's Starlight Fashions, Dept. PH-109
P.O. Box 5200, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022
Gentlemen: Please accept my check or money order for the following New Freedom Pantyhose:

CODE #	QUANTITY	SIZE	COLOR	PRICE
446.		Fits all		
420.		Fits all		
412.				
			Add $1.00 per item for SHIPPING.	
			N.Y. State residents add sales tax.	
			TOTAL $	

Name _____
Signature _____
(I am over 18 years of age)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAKE LOVE TO ANYONE YOU DESIRE

And have them at your sexual command, anytime... anywhere!!!

"Arouse" is a powerful new placebo pill especially formulated to turn anyone on. Now you can stimulate and excite anyone you desire. Carefully blended from the most potent and effective erotic spices ever known, "Arouse" will make any man or woman eagerly respond to your every desire. At last you can enjoy the intimate experiences with the person you've always wanted, even if you could not succeed before. "Arouse" dissolves quickly in any drink or liquid, is tasteless, and completely free from harmful side effects. It works on either a man or woman and is mailed in a plain package complete with instructions. You must be delighted with the results or return within 10 days for a complete refund.

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
RFN, Dept. P-278
PO Box 64, Duncannon, Pa. 17020

☐ 5 Portion Size only $4.95
☐12 Portion Size only $7.95 (Save $3.93)
☐24 Portion Size only $11.95 (Save $11.81)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State..... Zip.....

California pastorale

Last Thanksgiving week, when my wife and I were on vacation, we decided to have a picnic lunch up in the mountains near Cuyamaca. And the weather cooperated: typical Santa Ana temperatures and crystal-clear skies. It was about noon, and Martha was taking out the sandwiches and the fruit juice. While I was busy pouring the juice from the picnic jug, Martha was busy with a surprise. When I turned around, she had taken off her sweater and bra and replaced them with her long-sleeved, white-lace see-through blouse—fully unbuttoned! She was lovely, with her breasts beautifully catching the sun. So we lay down facing each other, Martha on her right side and I on my left. And I tried to eat my sandwich, but not very successfully. I couldn't keep my hands off those two beauties! I'd take a bite or two (of my sandwich), and then I'd have to lean over and admire the splendid sight before me. My cock was like a rock by this time.

Finally, with only half of my sandwich gone, I could stand it no longer. I abandoned the picnic, took off her slacks, and lay beside Martha, with my head buried between her super tits, loving and kissing their soft fullness while I teased her pussy through her moistening panties with my right hand. After about ten minutes of loving her breasts with my hungry mouth, I rose and pulled off her panties. Her pussy looked really gorgeous in the bright sunlight, the hair so golden, the lips so moist and pink. In seconds, my face was between her soft thighs, and my eager mouth covered that beautiful pussy. And I loved it, teased it, kissed it, and sucked it for what seemed hours.

Occasionally, my hands reached up and found her breasts and caressed their sun-warmed softness. The love juices were pouring from Martha's lovely pussy, and my tongue and lips were reveling in it. Martha was moaning and gasping and making incoherent love sounds, just as I was. And then I slipped a finger inside that juicy cunt while my mouth sucked gently on her clit. In five seconds, Martha was coming and groaning with the pleasure. I kept my mouth pressed on her clit, and my finger felt all the wonderful spasms deep inside her.

When her orgasm had passed, she urged me up with her hands. I tore off my pants and shorts but couldn't take the time to remove my sweater and shirt. I covered her warm, beautiful body with mine, devoured her mouth, and plunged my aching cock into her wide-open, juicy pussy. Martha came again instantly. And in less than a minute of frantic thrusting, I exploded inside her! We lay exhausted and satisfied for several more minutes before we finally came back to earth. We finally finished the lunch after we'd dressed.

I'll never forget that marvelous picnic. I've been married to my fantastic wife for twenty-seven years, and sex gets better and better every year!—*R.P., San Diego, Calif.*

Yes, you can have a FULL COLOR POSTER blown up from your color photo or slide at a fraction of the price. All color posters printed on Kodak paper. Great gift idea!

BLOW YOURSELF UP

into a FULL COLOR POSTER at Unbelievable low Cost!

LOW COST FULL COLOR POSTERS
20" x 24" . . . . only $9.50
14" x 17" . . . . only $6.50
24" x 36" . . . . only 14.50

BLACK & WHITE BLOWUPS TOO!
2 ft. x 3 ft. $4.50
1 ft. x 1½ ft. $2.50
1½ ft. x 2 ft. $3.50
3 ft. x 4 ft. $8.00
Laminated Posters up to 2 ft. x 3 ft. add'l. $3.00

For every color poster ordered, add $2.00 and get a black & white same size. Black and White Duplicates 50% off. Add 50¢ each item, handling. For prompt delivery put name & address on back of photo. Send check, cash or M.O. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax. If you send slide or negative, add $1.00 for each size. Shipped U.P.S. insured add $1.50 per item.

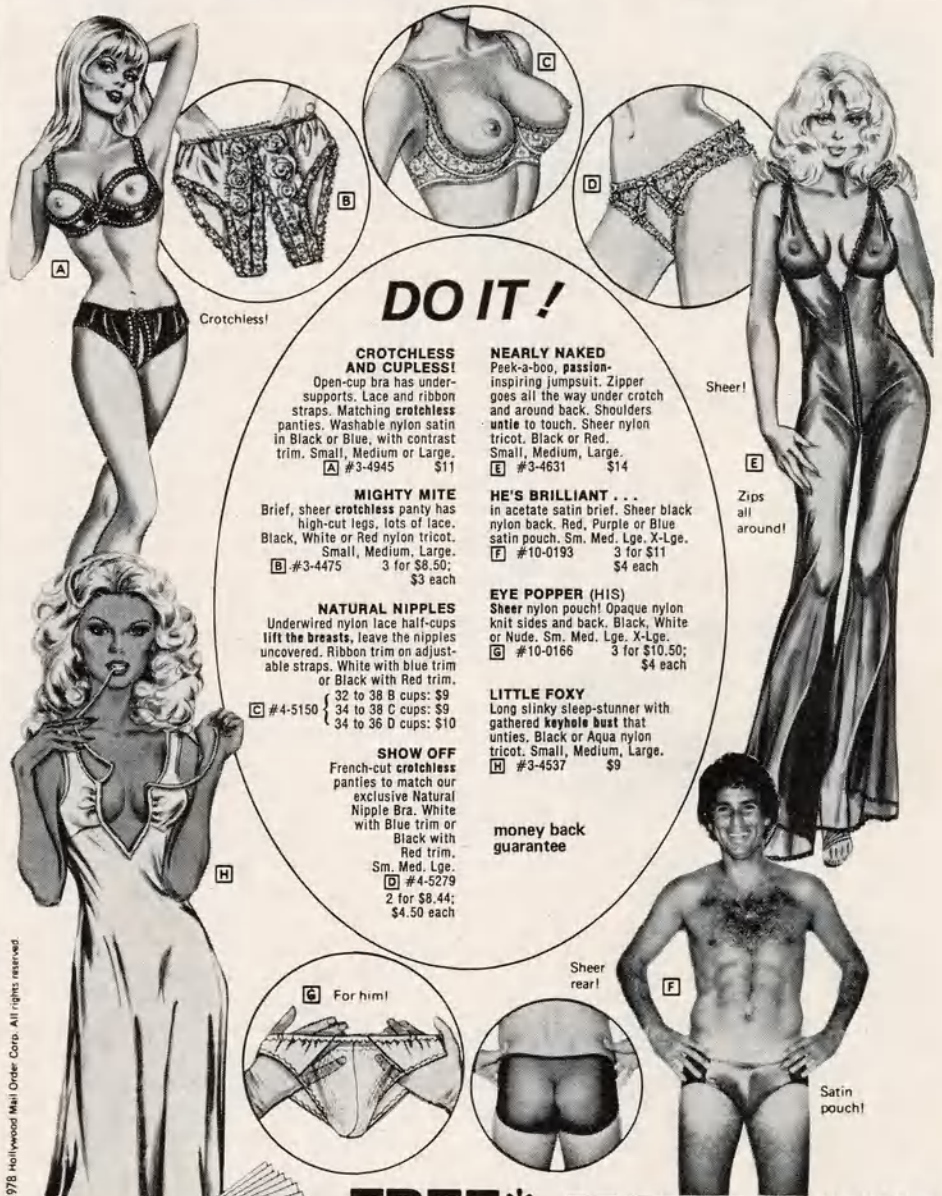
Congers Color Labs Dept. P-28, Congers, N.Y. 10920

PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

One of the most beautiful and practical books on physical love ever published. Over 195 photographs in color and black-and-white of a young nude couple in a variety of pre-coital and coital positions. Explores the whole field of physical love, including the building of sexual power, sexual stimulation, techniques for building up passion and much more. Over 225,000 hard-bound copies sold at $15.00, now available in soft cover for just $2.95. 320 pages. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Send $2.95 to: Adam & Eve, Dept. DPHS-3
P.O. Box 400, Carrboro, N.C. 27510

©1977, PPA



DO IT!

CROTCHLESS AND CUPLESS! Open-cup bra has under-supports. Lace and ribbon straps. Matching **crotchless** panties. Washable nylon satin in Black or Blue, with contrast trim. Small, Medium or Large.
A #3-4945 $11

MIGHTY MITE Brief, sheer **crotchless** panty has high-cut legs, lots of lace. Black, White or Red nylon tricot. Small, Medium, Large.
B #3-4475 3 for $8.50; $3 each

NATURAL NIPPLES Underwired nylon lace half-cups **lift the breasts,** leave the nipples uncovered. Ribbon trim on adjustable straps. White with blue trim or Black with Red trim.
C #4-5150 { 32 to 38 B cups: $9 / 34 to 38 C cups: $9 / 34 to 36 D cups: $10

SHOW OFF French-cut **crotchless** panties to match our exclusive Natural Nipple Bra. White with Blue trim or Black with Red trim. Sm. Med. Lge.
D #4-5279 2 for $8.44; $4.50 each

NEARLY NAKED Peek-a-boo, **passion-**inspiring jumpsuit. Zipper goes all the way under crotch and around back. Shoulders **untie** to touch. Sheer nylon tricot. Black or Red. Small, Medium, Large.
E #3-4631 $14

HE'S BRILLIANT . . . in acetate satin brief. Sheer black nylon back. Red, Purple or Blue satin pouch. Sm. Med. Lge. X-Lge.
F #10-0193 3 for $11 $4 each

EYE POPPER (HIS) **Sheer** nylon pouch! Opaque nylon knit sides and back. Black, White or Nude. Sm. Med. Lge. X-Lge.
G #10-0166 3 for $10.50; $4 each

LITTLE FOXY Long slinky sleep-stunner with gathered **keyhole bust** that unties. Black or Aqua nylon tricot. Small, Medium, Large.
H #3-4537 $9

money back guarantee

FREE* CATALOG

*with your order or send $2 for 11 issues (one full year) or $3 for a two-year subscription. Frederick's of Hollywood giant fashion-filled catalog. Hundreds of all-girl dresses, wigs, sportswear, foundations, swimwear, lingerie, shoes, more!

frederick's OF HOLLYWOOD

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD Dept. 3702
6610 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California 90028
Please send the following styles (order by Style Number):

Style No.	Qty.	Size	1st Color	2nd Color	Price

I enclose $ _____ ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
Add $1.25 shipping charge first item. © 1978
Plus 75¢ each additional item.
Calif. residents add 6% tax. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Not ordering right now — BUT RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG!
I enclose ☐ $2 (11 issues) ☐ $3 (two-year subscription)

©1978 Hollywood Mail Order Corp. All rights reserved.

V.I.P. FLEXIBLE MASSAGER
. . . for good vibrations

Give your favorite person the V.I.P. treatment with this flexible cordless vibrator. Made of pliable rubber, it yields to body contours. Plus it provides exciting and tantalizing variety to your lovemaking. 8 inches long. Only $11.95. Regular, tubular vibrator: $9.95. Economy model, just $3.95.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

Enjoy a 1 year's subscription to our sensuous 40 page catalog for just $2.00. Catalog contains vibrators, sensuous clothing, men's contraceptives and more! Catalog is free with any order listed above.

Write: Adam & Eve, Dept. DPHS-2
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

©1977, PPA

IN COLOR!

SEXUAL POSITIONS BOOK

Shows *sexual intercourse* in more different positions than ever! Over 200 new photographs in blazing color and black and white. Also includes text on foreplay, contraceptive methods, hygiene and much more!

#5-9248 224 pages $9.95

fredericks® OF HOLLYWOOD

Frederick's of Hollywood
6610 Hollywood Blvd. Dept. **3722**
Hollywood, CA 90028

©1978

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s
Calif. residents add 6% tax.
Add $1.25 shipping charge each item.

Did you ever want to own the world's greatest balls?

Inside the pouch, lay one of the most impressive set of balls you've ever seen. Take them out and relax with them, play with them, ask your friends if they want to see your balls — there's a terrific little book that tells you all the clever things you can do with them. So have a ball. In fact, have two.

To order: send $5.95 plus $1 p & h to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., NY, NY 10022. NY residents add sales tax.

Dreams fulfilled

Until about three weeks ago my friends and I were very disillusioned with our university sex lives. We had always been told that sex was free for the asking at college. Well, something happened three weeks ago that has two of us believing the adage again.

It was a Friday night. As on all Friday nights, the students in residence had put their books away for another weekend and had gotten down to some good partying. Anyway, around midnight, everyone in the student village was pretty drunk; so my housemate Al and I decided to do some visiting. We stopped by one house where these two really foxy girls, Sandy and Terri, lived. We had always talked about getting into their pants, but never in our wettest dreams had we expected anything like the treatment we each received that evening.

Sandy and Terri got us each a beer and then asked if we wanted to tour their place. Terri grabbed Al's hand, and Sandy took mine, and together we went upstairs. When we went into one of the bedrooms, Al jokingly said, "Wow, this would be a nice place to spend the night."

Well, with that, the girls flung us onto separate beds. Being very horny, we put up no protest and pulled the girls down onto our respective beds. After that I don't remember seeing Al until the next morning.

I took Sandy in my arms and kissed her, gently at first, with my tongue getting increasingly active. Already I had a hard-on that just wouldn't quit. I think Sandy noticed this because she went straight for the zipper of my jeans. She eased out my swollen staff and began gently massaging it with her warm hands. I immediately began undoing her pants. At this she said, "I think it would be better if we took off all our clothes."

We both quickly stripped off our clothes and climbed back into bed. Her body was really hot, and I wasted no time in trying to cool it down with my mouth and tongue. I gently moved down her throat until I reached one of her firm breasts. I tongued and sucked her beautiful nipple while I massaged the other with my hand until they were both rock-hard. But I had more territory to explore and so moved down to her already wet pussy. Her pubic hair was down-soft and a golden brown, just like the hair on her head. My tongue darted in and out through that lovely thicket until I felt her cunt lips. I gently licked around in increasingly smaller circles until I poked my tongue deep into her tunnel of love and felt her shiver with excitement. Her clit was not hard to find, and it was firm and exposed. I sucked and licked and bit and kissed her clit for what seemed hours, bringing her to two gasping orgasms.

By now my cock had turned a deeper shade of purple, and I decided that it was time to put it to use. I eased her legs apart and inserted it into her dripping aperture. She dug her heels into my back to urge me on. I tried to keep our mutual motions slow, but my lust and aching balls soon caused me to start pounding wildly into her, my balls

SOFT YET FIRM!

- Caress is softer and more pliable than any other vibrator.
- You can fondle and bend Caress.
- You can manipulate Caress to suit your own whims and desires.

Yet . . . Caress is firm—like the real thing.

When you receive Caress, you or your lover should hold it in the palm of your hand and feel its divinely exciting texture. Gently let your fingers glide along its length.

Now, allow yourself to experience the erotic vibrancy of its potent energy. Do it! Take firm hold of Caress and discover all its beautiful secrets.

Don't permit yourself to settle for anything less. Experience "the Delicate Difference."
ORDER CARESS NOW!

SALE $9.95

Valentine Inc. Dept. CR-182
P.O. Box 5200 FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Enclosed please find my check or money order for $9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. Please rush me Caress—the Vibrator with the "Delicate Difference" in a plain package today.

Name _____

Signature _____
I'm over 18 years of age

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND...
EXTENDER CONDOM
The UNIQUE 'SKIN-LIKE' CONTRACEPTIVE

ADDS INCHES TO YOUR SEXUAL MEASUREMENTS

MANY WOMEN BELIEVE THE MORE ENDOWED A MAN IS, THE BETTER ABLE HE IS TO PLEASE HER.

"EXTENDER CONDOM" instantly increases your genital dimensions...to give the penetration and snugness she desires during those intimate moments. Its remarkable skin-like texture and feel offers you the ultimate in comfort and confidence. MORE THAN JUST AN ORDINARY CONTRACEPTIVE, Extender Condom makes you bigger fast...and yet is so perfectly formed, it almost becomes a natural part of you.

Yes, this exciting new condom lets you command new length and width with total assurance and ease. More expensive than the usual condom? Yes...but now you can experience a whole new world of sexual pleasure!

The EXTENDER CONDOM is available by mail only. For your privacy and convenience, orders are shipped promptly in discreet packages. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed or your purchase price will be refunded in full. So order this unusual new condom today with 100% confidence.

UNIQUELY MOLDED TO INSURE A DEEPER, SNUGGER FIT DURING RELATIONS

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
BOLD ENTERPRISES, Dept. P-278
Box 872
Metuchen, New Jersey 08840

$_____ ENCLOSED IS

Gentlemen, Please rush me:
☐ 5-time package of Extender Condoms $ 6.95
☐ 12-time package of Extender Condoms 9.95
☐ 24-time package of Extender Condoms 17.95

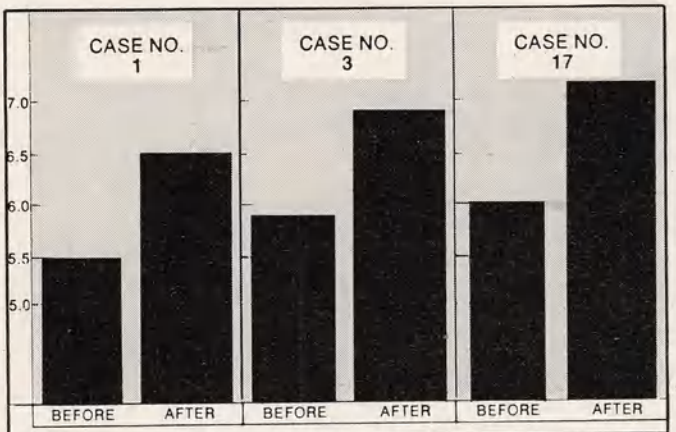
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Add Sales Tax Where Applicable

Dr. Brian Richards tells all about-
MALE SIZE, ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES,
and other important sexual facts *you* should know!



The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

The Bigger the Better?

At last, a medical doctor has some answers for the one question men have been asking since time immemorial: IS IT POSSIBLE TO MAKE A PENIS BIGGER?

And in our present liberal era of open-mindedness and greater freedom about sex, this question can now be explored honestly. Dr. Brian Richards, after years of dedicated research and experimentation, has finally published his views on penis enlargement—views that have many traditionalists up in arms!

Penis Size Is Important!

Dr. Richards answers with a resounding YES to those who want to know whether a big penis matters to a woman searching for complete sexual fulfillment. He exposes the many myths about penis size and gives his reasons why a larger penis is definitely a worthwhile goal!

In his remarkable new book THE PENIS, Dr. Richards takes you into the world of male and female sexual fantasies about big penises...covers the history of the large penis in fact and fiction...and explains the effects of a big penis on women during the act of sexual intercourse...and much, much more!

Which Method Works?

Step by step and detail by detail, Dr. Richards analyzes all the major penis enlargement techniques. He exposes those that are worthless frauds and lays bare the astonishing successes that have been achieved with one particular method of penis enlargement developed and tested in England.

With the precision that only a medical clinician could have, Dr. Richards explains to you the method of penis enlargement that has been acclaimed as the most successful!

In THE PENIS, Dr. Richards tells about the research done with volunteers in England, explains what method they used to achieve penis enlargement, and shows what the results were.

Science Helps Sex!

In controlled scientific studies, Dr. Richards and his co-workers divided volunteer men into two groups, one that would follow the recommended penis enlargement method, and one that would not. Both groups were carefully checked for health and their penises were measured regularly before, during, and after the test.

This table shows the actual figures from Dr. Richards' study:

Number showing enlargement 87.5%
Average increase in length 16.96%
Average increase in circumference . 15.88%
Smallest increase in length recorded 2.6cms.
Largest increase in length recorded . 3.8cms.
Smallest increase in circumference recorded ..... 1.4cms.
Largest increase in circumference recorded ..... 3.1cms.

AND AMONG THE CONTROL GROUP THAT DID NOT USE DR. RICHARDS' TEST METHOD, THERE WAS NO RECORDED CHANGE IN ANY INDIVIDUAL.

Read THE PENIS Now!

This totally fascinating book contains a wealth of information that every sexually mature and adventurous man and woman should know about. It's like an exciting, erotic travel guide into forbidden areas that most other so-called "advanced" or "liberated" sex books and manuals leave untouched!

And the book covers more than just penis enlargement! In chapter after stimulating chapter, you'll learn about why the big penis has been one of man's—and woman's—most fascinating, intriguing and intimate playthings since the dawn of time. You'll learn more about the psychology of the big penis...better ways to use it in lovemaking...why masturbation is OK...what to do about premature ejaculation...and more!

Order Your Copy Today!

Now that THE PENIS is available in America, order your copy (rushed to you in a plain package) and clear up the answers to the questions you may have been asking!

THE PENIS is the one book that puts an end to speculation and to the exploitation that has robbed thousands of men of the virile self-confidence that is their natural right!

IRON-CLAD GUARANTEE!

Order your copy of THE PENIS today. Keep this informative book in your home to read and examine for two full weeks. If you're not completely satisfied and amazed at Dr. Brian Richards' revelations, simply return the book for a full and immediate refund, no questions asked. Complete and mail the coupon now!

Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. HB-254
P.O. Box 5200 F.D.R. Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find my check or money order for $9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. I believe that it is time to end the uncertainty and ignorance that has been clouding these most important sexual matters. Please rush me my copy of Dr. Brian Richards' startling exposé, The Penis, immediately.

Name _____

Signature _____
(I am over 18 years of age. Please sign as on credit card.)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

☐ Mastercharge ☐ BankAmericard

Interbank # ☐☐☐☐☐ Exp. Date Mo.___Yr.___

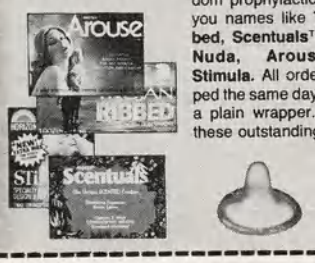
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Canadian residents send orders to **Valentine Products, Inc.**, P.O. Box 4077, Postal Station "A", Toronto M5W2A6

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR THE SENSUOUS

INDULGE! Now sample 30 contraceptive brands (50 condoms in all) for only $10!

Enjoy all the nationally advertised brands you've been wanting to use . . . privately, and at major discounts. Federal, America's oldest and largest mail order condom prophylactic firm, offers you names like **Trojan Ribbed, Scentuals™, Ramses, Nuda, Arouse™,** and **Stimula.** All orders are shipped the same day received, in a plain wrapper. Don't miss these outstanding prices!



Federal Pharmacal, Inc. Dept. PH278
6652 N. Western Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60645

©1978 Federal Pharmacal

Please Rush (In plain wrapper)
☐ $4.00 Adventurer Sampler 5 brands — 15 condoms
☐ $10.00 Sensuous Sampler 30 brands — 50 condoms
☐ $15.00 Textured Sampler — Today's 4 most popular textured brands — 39 condoms in all.
☐ $22.00 Bonus Value Sampler 12 brands — 144 condoms ($42.75 value)

Full color catalog free with order.

Enclosed is: _____ **Check** _____ **Cash** _____ **M.O.**

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ **State:** _____ **Zip:** _____

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

FOR THOSE WHO DESERVE TO LIVE IN A PENTHOUSE: THE PENTHOUSE KEY.

The symbol of success, the Penthouse Stick Pin. Gold $28, sterling silver $12, gold plated on sterling, $13. Send check or money order plus $1.00 for p & h to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., NY, NY 10022. NY residents add sales tax.

BOOBS NITE LITE©

Your eyes will light up when you see these boobs. Send check or money order for $8 plus $1 for p & h to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd.™, P.O. Box 548, FDR Station, NY, NY 10022. NY residents add sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.™

slapping against her buttocks. It seemed like only a moment before I felt my body tense, and I sent such a hard stream of come into her that she must have gained a few ounces. Fortunately, she came at that moment right along with me. After that, thoroughly exhausted, we both fell asleep in each other's arms. It was the most peaceful sleep I'd had since I had been at school.

When I awoke the next morning, Sandy was already in the shower. I walked over to where Al was and found him fast asleep with his head resting on Terri's crotch. Needless to say, we are all very good friends now and get together quite often (every other night). I hope that others like us will have the patience to wait, because the same may happen to them.—*M.S., Toronto, Canada*

Snore job

When I was a bit younger, there were not many sexual experiences that I hadn't encountered. One of the most delightful to me was a brisk, stimulating blowjob; for me this was ecstasy. But having been married for three years now and having a wife who has never had much taste for fellatio, I was reaching the point where I yearned to have my cock-head surrounded by her tongue.

One night I stayed awake in bed, thinking about the fine art of cocksucking. My wife was sound asleep, snoring somewhat loudly. I rolled over and gave her a nudge but to no avail. Just then a superb idea occurred to me. Getting more and more excited each time I thought about it, I soon sat up in bed and got on my knees over her face. Looking down at her lips, I said to myself that this has to be it! Her mouth was partly open, and she was breathing heavily in her deep sleep. I slipped my penis onto those vibrating, red lips. The more she snored, the more stimulated I became. It didn't take long for me to unload for all I was worth. To me this was a new and fabulous experience, a delight I could never have imagined.

In all my experiences with other women and their methods of stimulation, I have yet to find anything better than a snore job.—*G.D., Duluth, Minn.*

Keep the letters coming

I'd like to thank all the people who write to *Penthouse* about experiences that have given them pleasure, for it is these same letters that have become a great source of pleasure to me.

I am a woman who enjoys making love with both men and women; so I find your pictures arousing, to say the least. But it is the written section, i.e., "Forum," Xaviera's column, and "Couples," that really turns me on. I eagerly await each month's *Penthouse*, and there are many pleasurable afternoons that I have had with it. (At this point I would like to interject that I have a wonderful boyfriend, with whom I have a delicious sex life, but he works all day, and I'm out of school by noon, which leaves me with a lot of free time in the afternoon.)

ONLY THOSE WITH AN INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR PLEASURE SHOULD READ THIS AD.

Through this ad you can order The Incredible Sex Machine, called, appropriately enough, The PenisSizer Pleasurizer.

It's like having 5 women at once. Maybe even better.

This remarkable machine enables you to duplicate the act of oral love or sexual intercourse; or to improve on the sensations of anal sex or masturbation.

Includes the Suction-Master control module. Lightweight and portable.

To order: send check or money order for $29.95 plus $1.50 p & h, or charge to your BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number). Mail to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax.

Note: Accurate measurements are helpful. First measure penis while erect from beginning of shaft to tip of head. Also measure around the shaft (near the base). Please provide us with both measurements.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD™

TEMPTATION

The World's first and only vibrator to move up and down. Temptation is a dual action delight. Switch on, and its softly cushioned rubber vibrates purringly. Push the switch to the second position and it begins a straight up-and-down movement extending and contracting with smooth power. An exquisitely sensual experience beyond description or imagination.

$19.95 plus postage & handling

If coupon is removed, please send $20.70 to:
Valentine Products, Inc.
880 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Valentine Products, Inc., Dept. TT- 144
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Please rush me your TEMPTATION vibrator. Enclosed you will find my check or money order for $19.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. I am over 18 years of age.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
Sign your name as it appears on credit card.

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Interbank No _____ Exp. Date _____ Mo. Year

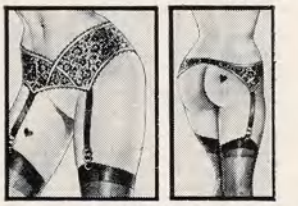
michaeL saLem's

EXOTICA BOUTIQUE

419 — REAL LEATHER
Leave nothing to the imagination in this real leather bra, garter belt and G-String, ensemble. Soft support, leaves nipples bare, firm and enticing. A real teaser under clinging garments. Color: Real Black Leather.
Bra (#419A) - One Size Fits All **$21.99.**
Garter Belt (#419B) S-M-L **$21.99.** XL **$23.99.**
G-String (#419C) - One Size Fits All **$14.99.**

417 — CLUSTER
Let it all hang out in this wicked, real-leather G-String for today's man. Anyone wearing it has to feel X-citing. Extremely comfortable. Gives you a feeling of nakedness. Real Black Leather. One Size Fits All. **$14.99.**

405 — SHOW AND TELL
Sizzle him in this bare tummy midriff baby doll. Engulfed in sheer black lace, it pronounces your most provocative curves. Easy untie front. Matching bikini. Black. One Size Fits All. **$16.99.**

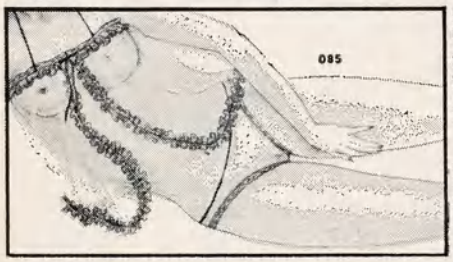


VENUS GARTER BELT (#106) Lush Lace, Hooks easily in back and has adjustable garters. The open 'Peek-A-Boo' rear is dynamite. **$6.99 (2/$12.99)** in S-M-L. Pink, Lemon, Beige, Red, Black, White. XL sizes **$8.00 (2/$14.99).** Garter Belt Extenders **(#119) $2.00 ea.**

PLUNGING FRONT CLOSURE BRA (#3010) Decollete front closure for that sexy and sensuous look. Gives you that maximum neckline exposure and makes the most out of a minus figure. Sizes: A32-36, B32-38, C34-40. **$6.99 2 for $12.99.** Black, White or Beige.

W-I-D-E OPEN is the only way to describe this ruffled LACE Bra and Garter Belt Set. **BRA (#110A)** in Red or Black. **$6.99. GARTER BELT (#110B)** in Red, White, Black, Beige **$6.99**. S-M-L. XL GARTER BELT **$8.99.** Black Fish Net Stockings One Size Fits All **(#110C) $4.99 pr. (2 pr./ $8.99).** 3-piece Set (#110D) **$17.99** S, M, L.
XL Set **$21.99.**

EXPOSED (#112) is what you'll be in this Sheer Nylon open crotch, open nipple style SET **$6.99 (2/$12.99).** Black, Red, Purple. One size fits all. XL Set **$11.99 (2/$21.99).** Panty alone **(#112A) $2.75 ea. (3/$7.99)** Black Satin Panty **$16.99. $25.00** Set. XL Black Satin Set **$35.00.**

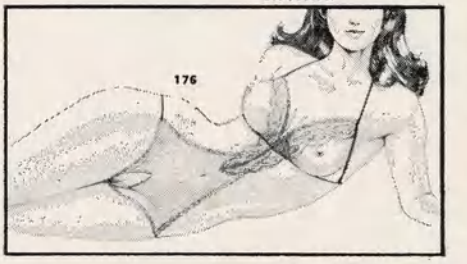


PASTIES G-STRING (#211) Now is your chance to be a little naughty. Add excitement to your life. Be a new and different woman with this Pasty and G-String ensemble. Comes in Glitter Purple, Glitter Red, Glitter Black, Glitter Gold & Glitter Silver. One size fits all. **$6.88 2 for $11.99.**

085 — TENDER TRAP
Caught is what he'll be in this outrageous sheer crotch, sheer nipple ensemble. Accented around border with soft lace trim. It's the sexiest thing you'll ever wear. Black, Red or Purple. One Size Fits All. **$12.99.**

OPEN BABY DOLL (#113) Open nipple and sensual surprise below, are a real turn-on. One-size fits all. **$8.99.** Complete Set, Red Black, Purple. In sheer soft nylon.

176 — SUNDOWN
Flaunt your charms in sheer peek-a-boo seduction. Perky ruffle edges teasing open front and lays softly across bosom.
Black or Red. One Size Fits All. **$9.99, 2/$18.99.**



SPECIALTY ITEMS

OPEN CROTCH (#115) PANTY HOSE (Not Shown) **$4.99 (2/$8.99)** in Black Beige. One size fits all. XL size for Men **$7.99 (2/$14.99)** Black, Navy, Brown

SHEER DELIGHT (#201) Sexy Thigh-High Stockings, have soft elastic that stay-up without garter belts. Silver, Black, Brown and Navy. One size fits all. **$6.00 (2/$9.99).**

OPERA HOSE (#117) approx. 42" long (not shown) in Black, Off Black, Beige. **$3.00 pr. (3 pr. $8.00).** sizes 8½-13.

SEAMED STOCKINGS (#122) not shown, for that ultra sexy look. Black, Beige, Taupe. Sizes 8½-13 Long. **$5.00 a pair (2 pair $8.99).**

FOR IN-PERSON PURCHASES OR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL (212) 371 - 6877.

LITTLE LIES (#104) can make big romances bloom when you're suddenly buxom and sexy. Life-like nipples and soft 'nude-look' rubber breast pads feel natural to the touch.
One size fits all. **2 pr. $5.00/ 1 pr. $2.88.**

UNDETECTABLE is the word for our 'Glycerine-Filled' breast pads **(#104A).** (not shown)
So soft and bouncy only you will know they're not real. Cup sizes AA, A, B, C to fill out your bra. **$9.95 pr.**

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

MICHAEL SALEM'S
EXOTICA BOUTIQUE
PO Box 1781, Dept.P-28
FDR Station,
New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ TV and Rubber Clothing Catalog ($8.00)
☐ Exotica Boutique Catalog Series ($2.00 without order)
I enclose payment in: ☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MO
Charge my order on: ☐ BA ☐ MC ☐ AX

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Please Print

STYLE	QTY.	SIZE	COLORS 1st and 2nd choice	PRICE

WE HONOR MASTER CHARGE
BANK AMERICARD
AMERICAN EXPRESS

Add $1.50 Shipping for the first item. Plus 75¢ for each additional item.
Where applicable add TAX.
(Foreign Orders Except Canada) add $3.00 per item.

Exp. Date ___/___
Card # _____
Signature _____
U.S. Funds Only

TOTAL $

Rush Orders – add $5.00. Not applicable on checks

Money Orders and Cash Orders shipped immediately.

TREASURE CHEST (#108) changes your entire appearance with a soft, pliable 'Real Latex' Torso. Easy to put on, light, comfortable and washable. Now you can have the figure you've always wanted. Regularly **$35.00**— Special Offer Only **$24.99.** One size fits all.

FREE WITH ANY PURCHASE!

The Exclusive Michael Salem Exotica Catalog. Filled with Hundreds of Unusual items in regular and larger sizes.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 220 EAST 57TH STREET • N.Y.C. 10022

Natural Stimulation

Here's a mechanical device which allows you to stimulate your lover to new highs of sensation via the male organ. The Penisator fits unobtrusively around the male organ-one size fits all-and when you push the button, it gently and tantalizingly stimulates and excites the male organ while transmitting its vibrant impulses to the most sensitive erogenous zones of the female, the natural way.

Truly a remarkable new development in stimulation aids which will help you and your lover enjoy sex more and more. Stimulate yourself and your lover today with the Penisator. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full.

SALE $9.95

Valentine Products, Inc. PN151
P.O. Box 5200 FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

I've enclosed my check or money order for $9.95 plus $1— to cover shipping and handling. Please rush me my Penisator in a plain package today. (N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax). CODE #453

Name _____

Signature _____
(I'm over 18 years of age)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

Discount Condoms Famous Brands Easier By Mail

- Ultra Thin For Maximum Sensitivity
- Lubricated - Formfit
- The Ultimate in Stimulation & Protection

☐ Sampler of 20 Asst. Condoms $5.00
☐ Variety Sampler of 35 Asst. Condoms $8.00
☐ Super Sampler of 60 Asst. Condoms $14.00
☐ Deluxe Sampler of 120 Asst. Condoms $22.00
Free Catalog with Order

Hygienic Research Co Dept. PTC2
P.O. Box 213 New York, N. Y. 10016
Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Refunded

GLAMOUR MODELS
for photographers and artists
10 Glamour figure slides $3.50
10 Nude color slides $4.00
8 mm Nude color film $25
8mm Color film sample $2.00
Also original slides and negatives
SEND $1 for illustrated catalogue and 2 slides
Write to: STARFIRE, Dept. H-2
P.O. Box 5363, Sherman Oaks, Ca. 91403

TELE-TAP
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE RECORDING DEVICE

Tele-Tap automatically starts & stops your tape recorder, allowing a record of **all** calls on your phone. Undetectable, no batteries, finest quality, 1 yr. warr. Only **$39.95** + $1 post. & hndl. CA Res add 6%. Send CK, MO, BA or MC to **TETRON ENG. & DEV.** 9701 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 710B Beverly Hills, CA 90212. 10 day money bk guarantee.

CAUTION: Some uses of this device may be illegal.

BBB

PANTIES TO MAKE HIM PANT.

A. Blue G-string. GX04. $5.00
B. Red open crotch, bikini. Lace front panel. GX10. $4.00
C. Shrimp color G-string. GX07. $5.00
D. Open crotch red bikini. Black front panel. GX01. $4.50
E. Snap open black G-string. GX14. $5.00
F. Beige lace G-string. GX32. $5.00
G. Open front red bikini, GX35. $6.50
H. Black open crotch bikini. GX20. $4.50

All in S-M-L. Add $1.00 p & h for each garment. Send to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd.™, P.O. Box 548, FDR Station, NY, NY 10022. NY residents add tax. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD™

When I get a new *Penthouse*, I come home and slip on my silkiest, sexiest lingerie and a pair of strappy high heels. I put on my favorite perfume and a little more makeup than usual. I then sit on my bed, surrounded by lots of soft pillows, and start looking through your magazine. The pictorials, as I said, are a great turn-on, but there the image is defined. I soon move from them to the letters, for there I can create my own mental image. As I am reading, I begin to run my hands along my body, over my breasts, playing with my nipples till they're hard with excitement. My hand inevitably slips down over my stomach, through the soft curls of my pubic hair to my eagerly awaiting clit. I stroke myself softly at first, still reading, increasing the pressure and speed of my strokes as my excitement increases. My ass gets hot and sweaty and my hips start to sway involuntarily. My whole pussy becomes sopping wet, as do the sheets I'm sitting on. Sometimes, while I'm reading a really juicy letter, I get so turned on that my eyes water and my vision is obscured. I can scarcely even see the page. But I don't let myself come. I force myself to read all the way through "Forum," "Call Me Madam," and "Couples." It isn't easy, because I am constantly on the verge of exploding in orgasm. When I have finished, I choose the piece that was the biggest turn-on and go back and read it again. I make sure to savor every word while my fingers work furiously away at my hot, wet pussy. Sometimes I put a vibrating egg in my ass and a vibrator up my cunt while I stroke my clit. I usually don't even finish reading it the second time—I just let myself come in a very powerful orgasm. The pen certainly is mightier than the sword. Fellow readers, keep those letters coming in!—*Name and address withheld*

Thanks for taking us along for the fun.

Underwater surprises

One hot Sunday afternoon I was swimming in the pool in the backyard of my home while my wife, Amy, was chatting inside with her best friend, Denise. After a while I came in. When the women saw me in my small, tight, dark trunks, Amy took off her shirt, revealing her stunning beauty clad only in a bikini. Most of her tits were displayed. The sight has always turned me on, so in no time at all my trunks showed quite a bulge.

Denise was quite impressed. She remarked, "You must be pretty well hung." Then she said to Amy, "Mind if I check him out?" Since my wife and I have always been proud of my meat, she agreed enthusiastically.

I instantly pulled my suit down under my cock and balls. Denise came over, fondled them, and commented, "Mmmm, you've really got nice equipment. Hey, Amy, I've got an idea." She went over and whispered in her ear.

When she finished, Amy said, "Sure, go right ahead."

Denise then returned to me, put her

hands on my chest, and said, "Now you just stay right there, and I'll be right back." With my cock hard enough to drill through a wall, I waited for Denise. Two minutes later, she came back, clad only in pink bikini underwear. "First," she said, "let's get rid of this thing." And she slid off my wet bathing suit. Then she blindfolded me and told me her plan: "We're going to go into the pool together, and the object of our game is for you, blindfolded, to remove my underwear without holding on to me. Once you've done that, we're gonna fuck right in the pool! Now how are you going to know where I am? Only one way; I will be holding your cock at all times!"

Then she led me, by the cock, outside in front of the pool. Amy followed, slapping me playfully on the ass, and chortled, "Good luck, stud!"

Denise reached round with her left hand, clutched my balls, and asserted, "Oh, I'm sure he'll do just fine!"

Denise let go with her left hand, her right still wrapped tightly around my ever-eager telephone pole, and instructed, "At the count of three, we'll jump in. Ready? One, two, three, jump!" The game really wasn't hard at all, and in no time I had stripped her bare. Then she removed the blindfold, and we grabbed each other and made sweet love in the pool. It was so good that we could easily have won a pool-sex championship! Best of all, during our little game, these two beautiful dominatrixes gave me nothing to fear, only breathless excitement and anticipation. That's what made it all the more fun. When I'm being dominated, I want love and I get it. That's why I love Amy so much. She knows how to lay it on me right, even in sharing me. That's a marriage that shouldn't be changed!—*P.H., Sacramento, Calif.*

Sheet treat

I have found what I believe to be the ultimate in sexual gratification. I discovered this purely by accident. During one of our lovemaking sessions, my lover and I got so tangled in our bed sheets that we couldn't get apart without difficulty.

Now, whenever we want a super fuck, we quickly tie a sheet around both our waists, making it impossible for us to part. (As if we'd want to!) The feeling of helplessness and intimacy inspires us both to terrific climaxes, far superior to the usual. I heartily recommend this variation to everyone.—*Z.H., Buffalo, N.Y.*

Entertaining a new friend

I am a twenty-two-year-old housewife who is very sexually oriented, liberated, and horny as hell. My husband, Johnny, is the greatest in bed, too. My story is about how we got started in the threesome scene.

We have always had a good sex life. We did all there was to do in bed: sucking, fucking, fingering—you name it, we did it. We even did it on horseback one time. One night, as I was sucking my husband's cock, I started thinking about how great it would be to have someone fucking me from be-

Contraceptives for the Sensuous Man!

Thin, sensitive condoms designed for sexual pleasure ARE available... privately by mail from Adam & Eve. Try the exclusive TEXTURE PLUS™ with erotic rings on the head plus hundreds of raised "pleasure dots" for the utmost in erotic stimulation. Or SLIMS.™ the exciting, preshaped condom that's 5% smaller in diameter for a snugger, more sensuous fit. These Adam & Eve exclusives, plus 36 other brands—the most complete selection anywhere—are available today at money saving prices. Send just $5 for a sampler pack of 22 assorted condoms (includes TEXTURE PLUS and SLIMS), our deluxe sampler ($8) which includes 38 assorted condoms, or Adam & Eve's SUPER 100 sampler ($20) which brings you 100 condoms including textured, ribbed, and snugger condoms plus natural membrane "skin" condoms for greater sensitivity! Why not write today? We guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

Adam & Eve, Dept. DPHS-5
403 Jones Ferry Road, Box 400
Carrboro, NC 27510

©1977 PPA

ADAM & EVE, Dept. DPHS-5
403 Jones Ferry Road, Box 400
Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush the following in a plain package. I enclose payment in full under your money-back guarantee.

☐ Sampler of 22 assorted condoms. $5.00
☐ Sampler of 38 assorted condoms. $8.00
☐ SUPER 100 Sampler. $20.00
☐ Assortment of six European French Ticklers (not contraceptives). $12.00
☐ Catalog alone. $1.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Over 500,000 Satisfied Customers

Give her all the pleasure she can take.

Your woman is ready for you now. So turn her on in ways she never dreamed possible. Excite her to ecstasy. Make HER a better lover than ever! Your secret? Prelude 3! Drive her wild with the System that guarantees you'll keep her moaning. It's recommended by doctors for women who wish to attain — or intensify — orgasms. Nothing to insert. Safe and effective.

Your Prelude 3 System Contains:

- The *new dual-intensity vibrator.* Uses standard outlet. *Noiseless*, hygienic, UL approved.
- A Special Stimulator™, *unique* to Prelude 3, for intense sexual sensations.
- Four more attachments to relax and stimulate *you both.* New feature locks all attachments in place.

So help your woman explore her full sensual potential. Prelude 3 is mailed in a plain wrapper.

YOURS FREE! A $4.50 VALUE! THE MOST SENSUOUS BOOK ON SELF-PLEASURE EVER

Only another woman could explain and illustrate so explicitly the ways to liberate your woman's body AND mind. MASTURBATION/ A WOMAN'S HANDBOOK. A $4.50 value. It's yours FREE when you order Prelude 3.

© 1978 Sensory Research Corp., 5 Lawrence St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003

30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. MAIL COUPON TODAY.

Sensory Research Corp., Dept. C-012
5 Lawrence Street, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Please send _____ Prelude 3(s) @ $29.95 ea., postpaid, and my free book, MASTURBATION/A WOMAN'S HANDBOOK (a $4.50 Value).

I enclose ☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for $_____
Charge my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

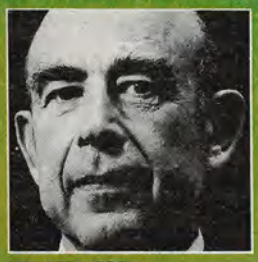
☐ I enclose $1 for catalog only (sent free with all orders).
In N.J., add 5% sales tax.
In Canada, send $31.95 to Sense-Aide, Box 400, Mt. Royal, Quebec, H3P3C6.

COMING IN THE MARCH PENTHOUSE

SEXUAL ROULETTE

WILL SOUTH AFRICA DIE FOR OUR SINS?

UPI



EDWARD KORRY

TELEVISION OR NOT?

The Man Who Knew Too Much—It's no secret that the government of Chilean President Salvador Allende was brought down by covert action on the part of the American government in collusion with the multinationals and extreme right-wing Chilean elements, but the extent and depth of that covert activity have not yet been described to the American people. Former U.S. Ambassador Edward Korry has tried time and again to bring out the true facts of the Chilean tragedy, to free it from the romanticism surrounding Allende and the strict silence imposed by American special interests (leading all the way to the White House), but he was stifled by Church's Select Senate Committee on Intelligence, and his story was covered up by the Justice Department. *Penthouse* is publishing for the first time Ed Korry's testament — a true story that the American government is afraid to touch.

Sexual Roulette—When Linda Kirsh came to New York she was like any young girl with stars in her eyes and dreams of Broadway. When money ran out and she advertised for roommates she didn't expect the ring of sexual professionals that moved in with theatrical ideas of their own. Nick Tosches's sensuous tale of a woman's intimate confessions to her shrink.

Will South Africa Die for Our Sins?—Probably. South Africa is the country that the whole world loves to hate, the whipping boy of global opinion. But things are not so simple as they appear, contends African historiographer Herb Parker; there is another side. In March's "Advise and Dissent" educator Parker takes an apostate's view of simplistic and potentially disastrous solutions to South Africa's fate. His contentions will surprise many and shock more than a few, but what is really at stake is the future of the real majority of black South Africans, not a small power elite that may exist at the expense of an entire nation of both black and white people.

We Real Cool—Trent is the new kid on the block, but not for long. His finesse with the dice wins him the instant admiration of the "Superior Sixers," Harlem's number-two ("soon to be number one—we're working on it") street gang. This funny, tough, and poignant tale by James de Jongh and Charles Cleveland traces Trent's evolution into "Ceelow" (from a crap-shooting term) and his gang history from his initiation rite (he holds up a candy store dressed as a whore) to his orgiastic welcoming bash into the gang. Is this any way for a college-bound boy to behave? Trent AKA Ceelow comes to belong.

Television or Not?—It doesn't seem to be a question anymore. Statistics show that on any given night 80 million Americans are sitting passively in front of their television sets, but what is all that staring into the "idiot box" doing to their minds? Does television broaden our horizons or limit them in a dangerous and profound way? Former advertising executive Jerry Mander takes on television in the March *Penthouse* with dramatic and terrifying results. Is television manipulating your thoughts and dominating your existence? Studies show that roughly half of the nonsleeping, nonworking time of adult America is spent in watching television. What price have we paid?

hind while I was sucking on a cock in the front. So I mentioned this to my husband, and he got very turned on, started fingering me like hell, and we both had great climaxes.

Afterward we discussed it a little further and decided to try it out the following weekend. We knew we both loved each other, and we were just going to experiment a little. So the following Friday night I put on a sexy new dress, which Johnny had bought me. It was pretty short and very low cut. I put on a garter and stockings with no panties or bra. Then we took off to a town about sixty miles away from our house and drove until we found a lively disco. We entered, and it seemed that all the guys were looking me over. This was a big turn-on for both Johnny and me. Soon after we sat down, he got up to get us drinks, and a good-looking guy walked up to me and asked me to dance. The dance was over soon, but it didn't take long for me to give him the necessary seductive looks. And I didn't hesitate to rub his back and press against his crotch, where I could feel his rock-hard cock. I knew that he couldn't believe what was happening to him when I asked him to join us at our table. There I introduced him to Johnny.

After a little conversation we left for the hotel room. On the way I got our new friend, Mike, a little more at ease by rubbing his balls and sucking him off. When we got into the room, we all headed straight for the bed. Both men undressed first, and then I gave them a little strip show. By the time I was finished stripping, both men looked incredibly horny, their cocks bulging with lust. We sucked, kissed, and licked for a while, and I started sucking Johnny off and invitingly put my ass high in the air. It didn't take long for Mike to get the message: he promptly stuck his dick into my wet pussy and slid it all the way in. We sucked and fucked, and I had about five or six orgasms—more than I'd ever had at one time. Both men exploded at about the same time and filled me with come from both ends. It was unbelievably good sex.—*Name and address withheld*

Bank holidays

I would like to inform all your readers of a low-cost service provided by your friendly neighborhood bank at a cost of only five or six dollars per year. You can rent your own safe-deposit box for that pittance. The bank provides rooms that are carpeted and soundproof and can be locked from within, so that a customer and his "secretary" can examine the contents of their box in private. Most banks have their safe-deposit vaults in their downtown office locations. This makes it handy to sneak away from the office and avoid the expense of a motel.—*J.F., Chicopeen, Mass.*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy. Send $1.25 to **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

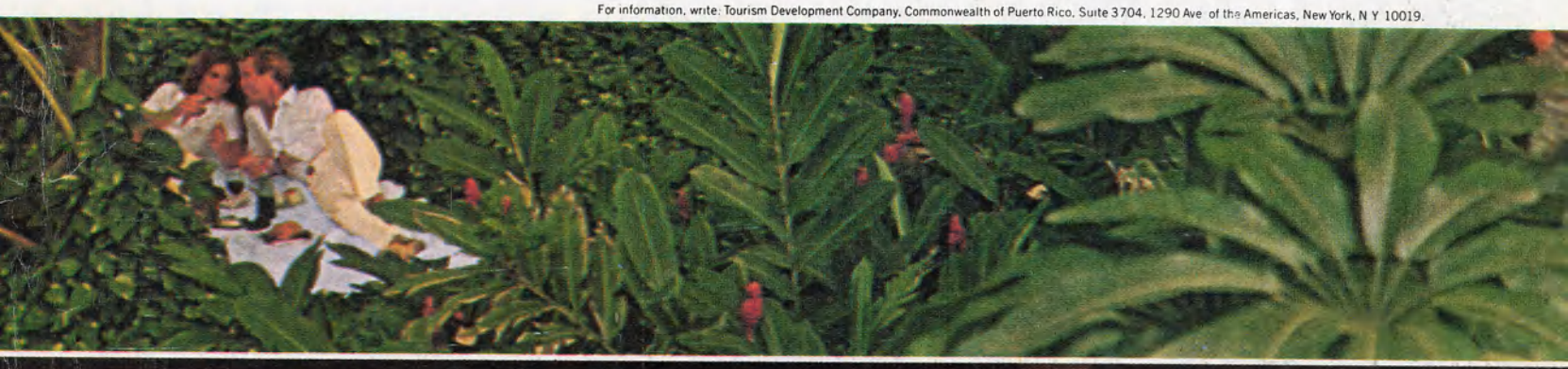
Where else can you choose to do nothing or everything?

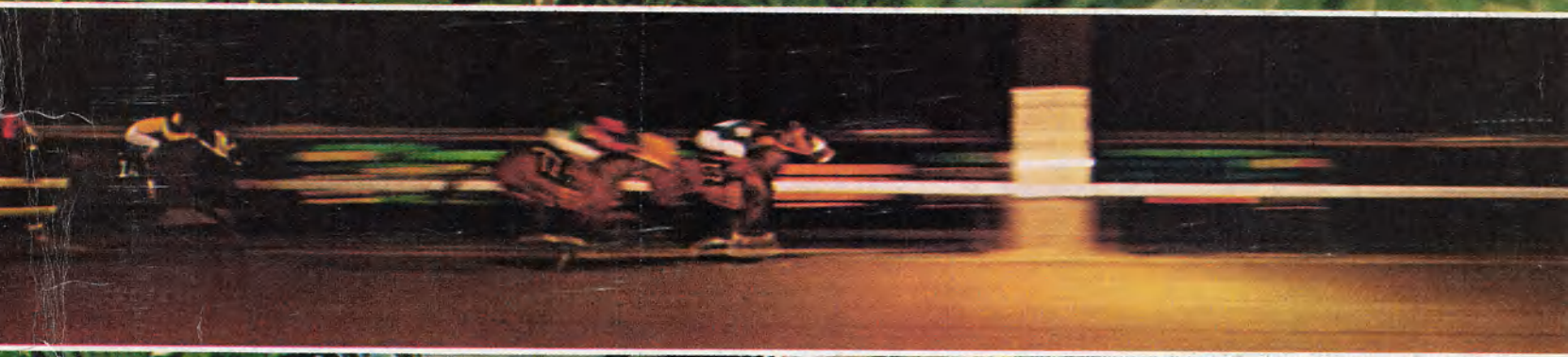
In Puerto Rico, after you've had your fill of sunning and snoozing, you can exhilarate yourself with sailing and tennis. And fascinate yourself with the magnificent fortresses of Old San Juan. And awe yourself with our primitive rain forest. And electrify yourself with our nightlife and casinos.

You see, the nice thing about Puerto Rico is that when you do nothing, it's because you want to. Not because it's the only thing to do.

PUERTO RICO
The vacation that lasts a lifetime.

For information, write: Tourism Development Company, Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Suite 3704, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.





Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Brand D	12	0.8
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Brand M	8	0.6
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton
AIR-STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged:
"TAR" ..... LESS THAN 1 MG
NICOTINE ..... 0.1 MG

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Carlton 100's
AIR-STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged:
"TAR" 5 MG*... PER CIGARETTE
NICOTINE 0.5 MG ... PER CIGARETTE
*Average of analysis rounded to nearest whole milligram.
Carlton 100's

Only 5 mg. tar.

Carlton *brings you* the lighter 100.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Send your check or money order ($12.00 for 1 year of **FORUM**) along with this card to:

Penthouse
FORUM
Subscription Dept.
P.O. Box 930
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

Check One: ____1-year ____2-years

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

Send a GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to:

Check One. ____1-year ____2-years.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Print clearly please. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping. Rates for U.S., Canada APO and FPO addresses.

Penthouse PF278

Keep in Touch with Penthouse

12 issues for only

$20.00

A saving of
$5.00
on the newsstand rate

Send your check or money order ($20.00 for 1-year of PENTHOUSE) along with this card to:

PENTHOUSE
Subscription Dept.
P.O. Box 900
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

Start PENTHOUSE Coming to:

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

Treat a Friend!

Send Penthouse to:

Name

Address

City State Zip

Print clearly please. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping. Rates for U.S., APO and FPO addresses. Canada and elsewhere: $26.00 for 12 issues.

PP278

YOU NEED FORUM!

PENTHOUSE FORUM

SUBSCRIBE AT SPECIAL RATES

1 YEAR OF FORUM ONLY
$12.00
save $3.25

EXTRA SAVINGS ONLY
$22.00
for a 2-year subscription

See reverse side of this card for mailing instructions.